

State Tracts :
CONTAINING
Many Necessary
OBSERVATIONS
AND
REFLECTIONS
ON THE
STATE of our AFFAIRS
AT
HOME and ABROAD ;
With Some
Secret Memoirs.

By the Author of the EXAMINER.

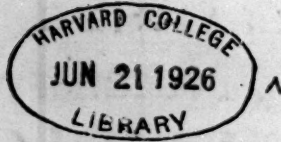
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Cupio ut recte capiam.

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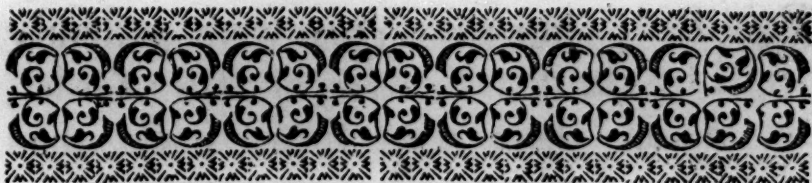
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PREFACE.



T will be expected that I shou'd give some Account of the following Pieces, the Occasion of their Writing, and the Order of Time in which they were Publish'd ; because there are none of these Tracts, but what have seen the Light before ; and yet I believe some of them liv'd so short a Time, that it is scarce possible any Body can say they have seen them, except the *Author*, *Bookseller*, *Printer*, or *Publisher* ; and particularly the *Dialogues between Church and No Church*, Printed, 1706, at a Time when the *Author* lay under the greatest Difficulties and heaviest Censure from the *Secretaries Office*, so that it was rarely any one of them was

P R E F A C E.

Publiſh'd, but the *Copies* were preſently ſeiz'd by the then *Secretary of State's* Order, by reaſon there were ſome *Facts* then clearing, that wou'd be a manifeſt Prejudice to the *underhand Practices* of a *Great Miniſter*, who kept *Hirelings* at Work to do his *State-Drudgery*.

The Year following, which was the Time the *Union* took place, the Picture of a *Modern Whig* was publiſh'd, in a Dialogue held at *Tom's Coffee-Houſe* in *Covent-Garden*, betwixt *Whiglove* and *Double*, after the manner of *Dr. Davenant*; and this has Relation purely to the *Transactions* of thoſe Times, and the *Secret Management* of that Important Affair. What Progreſs this *Tract* might make in the World the Author is a Stranger to, being then oblig'd to withdraw for a while, to avoid the Fury of certain Men, who were ſo purblind in Politicks they wou'd bear the Sight of no Man, who pretended to ſee as far into a Mill-Stone as themſelves.

In 1709, was printed the Dialogue between

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tween *Lewis le Petite* and *Harlequin le Grand*; by which the Reader may plainly see the Secret Workings and Underhand Designs of those two grand Politicians, which yet were not managed so *cunningly*, tho' that was their paramount Talent, but they were smok'd by some insignificant trivial Observers.

The Political Discourse of the two *super-eminent* States-Women, *Maintenon* and *M—ss—m*, discovers to us a great deal of *Forefight* and *Penetration* which they had, of the Management of Affairs at that time, and tho' this was before the great Change at *Dr. Sacheverel's* Tryal, they had Strange *prophetick Views* of what *Harlequin le Grand* wou'd attempt. To oblige all sorts of People, the ill-natur'd Snarling Critick, as well as the buzzing Inquisitive *politick Wou'd-bee's*; I have given you *Diogenes* robb'd of his Tub, or a perpetual Complaint of the Mismanagements and Corruptions of the Age; which shews, when a Man cannot enjoy what he wou'd, he has the Vanity to despise the World. The

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The *Coffee-House Chat*, is a Medley of Conversation ; which, from the Variety of Characters, the Reader may observe, admits of Pleasure or Business, things Serious or Jocular, Wit, Raillery, Trade, Dress, News, Poetry, Projects, Criticism, and what not.

After this, the Reader is entertain'd with a Secret History of great Intrigues, both in Love and Politicks, which may be the Admiration of some Ages to come, as it has been of those past : And the kind Reception of the two Parts of that Story have met with from the World already, encourages the Author to present them now, as being quite out of Print, and therefore he hopes they may be as acceptable as formerly ; for tho' the Story be a *Fiction*, and there be no such Country or Persons as are there Characteriz'd ; yet we doubt not but the Reader may collect something from thence, which may be Useful and Instructive, as well as Diverting.

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THE

(1)

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Church *and* No-Church:

OR, A

REHEARSAL

OF THE

REVIEW.

Containing many necessary Reflections on the State
of Affairs, both at Home and Abroad.

Introduction.

SOME may think there will be
need of great Strength of Argument
to support and carry on a Design
of this Nature, against so Potent an ad-
versary in his own Opinion, as the Au-
thor of the REVIEW: However, plain
Truth and Matter of Fact, shall be the
B Weapons

Weapons with which I shall Fight this Great Goliath of Gath; like David against the Philistine, depending on the Justice of my Cause, I shall chuse a few smooth Stones out of the Brook, to smite the Brazen Forehead of this insulting Champion of our Israel, so that some of them may sink deep into his Brain, or at least make the triumphing Philistines asham'd to own their Giant-Boaster, who hath defy'd the Lord of Hosts.

No-Church. **A**R E you satisfied now, who has ruin'd the Nation? Who betray'd Her Liberties, and rendred the *Church* odious to those that profess themselves of her Communion; so that She is become a *By-Name* to us, and we ridicule Her by such Appellations, as She us'd formerly to glory in? I think Mr. *Review* has made this plain to every Body: The Government you see connives at the Liberty he is pleas'd to take at those, who took his *Ironical* meaning in a *Shorter Way* than he design'd it. Pray, Sir, give me your Opinion of him, for I have heard many honest Church-Men cry him up for a Great Defender both of Church and State.

Ch. I doubt, Neighbour *No-Church*, those you term honest *Church Men*, are such as Mr. *Review* calls so, which are men that turn with every Wind, and are of every Perswasion, but that which is conformable to the Doctrine and Discipline of the

the Establish'd Church of *England*, against which they have a great deal to say, but nothing to prove, but as Mr. *Review* proves all his Arguments by his own infallible *ipse dixit*. To give you my Opinion of this Author, and to do him Justice, he writes with a great deal of Clearness and Perspicuity, when he meddles with what he understands; but when he attempts Subjects he neither is, nor can be suppos'd a Master of, he is a meer Trifler, one that asks more Impertinent Questions, than a Thousand wise Men can Answer. Therefore I would give him *Appelles's* Advice to the Cobler, *Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam*.

I acknowledge he has treated the Affairs of the Nation, in relation to Trade and Commerce; particularly in his late *Reviews* about the *Bankrupts*, with a great deal of Compassion towards the Unfortunate, and with many home Arguments to such unmerciful *Creditors* as would treat their *Debtors* worse than *Turks* use their Dogs, tho' they are not assur'd but that the same Case they are prosecuting with such Severity, may be their own another day.

But then again, when this Author turns *Critic*, *Casuis*, *Virtuoso*, and *Politician*, he is like a Man travelling in a strange Country, that has lost his Way, and troubles every Body he meets, with Questions to set him right again. I shall not therefore pretend to attack Mr. *Review*, when he keeps himself within the Compass of his own Sphere, but when he launches into the Depths of *Religion*, *Politicks*, *Philosophy* &c. I shall endeavour to Reclaim him, at least keep him within the Bounds of Truth and Reason, or represent his Falsities fairly to the World.

No-Ch. Well, Sir, but what think you of the *Review* of *April* the Second, does he not Lash somebody there delicately? Is it not fine to see him beat a Man without hurting him; and show us who we

may blame for all the Miscarriages of our Affairs; without the Vulgar Way of naming Persons so familiar to the *Observer* and *Rehearsal*? Observe the following Paragraph.

“ Here I must examine by whose Conduct the
 “ Aid of 10000 Men stipulated by Ancient Leagues
 “ with the *Dutch*, to be furnish’d whenever they
 “ were invaded by the *French*, were so long delay’d,
 “ and left uncertain at the beginning of this War,
 “ as drove the *Dutch* and Us too, to the necessity
 “ of that unhappy Amusement to the *French*; I
 “ mean acknowledging the King of *Spain*.

Cb. Why, this is his old Method of Arguing, by way of Interrogation: He has been examining long enough one would think to speak Truth once in his Life, but that his Talent lies another way, Here he would make the World believe that our Leagues with the *Dutch* had been of vast Antiquity, and that we had made many of them, when he might have known, if he had desired to represent Things truly, that these Leagues, as he calls ’em, was but *One*, made in the Year 1673. to assist the *Dutch* against the *French*, and that was faithfully perform’d by the last Parliament in King *William*’s Reign, even before the Acknowledgment of the Duke of *Anjou* for King of *Spain*, which he, tho’ in a contrary Sense, rightly calls, *An unhappy Amusement to the French*. And if Mr. *Review* knew not the Secret of that *Acknowledgment*, I’ll let him into it, in my Reflections on his next Argumentative Query.

No-Cb. Then you would infer from thence that there was no Delay, or if there was, that it can be laid upon no Body but the whole Nation; I mean the late King and Parliament, whom I never heard blam’d in that Particular before, because his Majesty sent the Ten Thousand men directly away, and went over that Summer in Person; the Troops he
 thus

thus talks of being but demanded the preceding Spring. So that at this rate, you make it clear no Body's Conduct can be censured, as Mr. *Review* would reflect. But what will you say to the next, viz. *By whose Mismanagement, the Elector of Bavaria was lost, and all Flanders deliver'd into the Hands of the French.*

Cb. This is a palpable Reflection on the Memory of King *William*, whom I should have thought he had had more Veneration for, but you may see by this, he spares no Body that seems to interfere with the Conceit he has got of his own Parts, to magnify which, he would even lessen his Maker.

But how easy it is to answer one Question, by asking another; Who brib'd the Elector of *Bavaria* to forsake his old Allies? It may be answer'd, *France*. Who sent him Troops and paid 'em? *France*. Who tempted his Ambition with an Empire, but *France*? Then what a trifling Enquiry is it, to examine by whose Management the Elector of *Bavaria* was lost, or why *Flanders* was deliver'd into the Hands of the *French*, since *Charles* the Second dispos'd of it, to a Son of that Monarch? A Treaty was then executed to protect him in it, and no War declar'd, that could disturb him. And to satisfy Mr. *Review* why afterwards he was acknowledged King of *Spain*; it was to amuse *France* until the Troops of *Holland* were restored again, which they had treacherously detain'd in *Namure* and other *Spanish* Garrisons in *Flanders*. So that by this, it may evidently appear what Mr. *Review* is pleas'd to call Mismanagement in *Us*, was plain Treachery in *France*.

No-Cb. Hey day! Mr. *Church*, at this rate you make Mr. *Review* a meer *Moon-Calf*, that talks Politicks like a Parrot, and is as whimsical as if he had a *Full Moon* like a *Green Cheese* swimming in his Brain. Well Sir, but how will you answer this?

“ Here I must examine by whose Negligence the
 “ King of *Portugal* was lost for near two Years,
 “ and vast Sums of Money expended, as well as
 “ great Opportunities against *Spain* lost, before that
 “ false Step could be recover’d, to the giving *Philip*
 “ *V.* leisure to root his Interest in the Kingdom
 “ of *Spain*, and take an uninterrupted Possession of
 “ that vast Monarchy?

Cb. Perhaps some Men would answer, tho’ it may
 not be my Opinion, that that somebody he speaks
 of had been better lost than found: And they will
 tell him we had then sav’d some Millions of Money,
 and got *Spain* into the bargain, Our Fleets had
 Winter’d at Home, our Sailors eat our own Bread
 and Cheese, and fill’d their Bellies with *Spanish* Wine
 in Summer. We need not have gone so far as *Bar-*
celona for *Laurels*, since we might have brought more
 home from *Galicia* or *Cadix*.

No-Cb. These may be your High-Church Poli-
 ticks, but they are none of ours. Mind him again.
 “ Here I should be obliged to Reproach somebody,
 “ with rejecting the Proposal of assisting, and in
 “ time relieving the Brave *Camisars*, upon that
 “ weak Party Pretence, that it was not Honourable
 “ to encourage Subjects to Rebel against their Prince,
 “ tho’ the Prince they fought against, was not only
 “ in open War with us, but practis’d the very same
 “ thing at the same time in *Hungary* against the
 “ Emperor,

Cb. It will be very hard but Mr. *Review* will re-
 proach every Body, therefore I don’t wonder at his
 throwing Dirt at a Noble Peer he here aims at,
 tho’ he was convinced it was false; he owes him a
 Debt of Reproach which he designs shall never be
 fully paid. I suppose by this, Mr. *Review* was the
 Author of a scandalous Paper industriously distribu-
 ted about several Coffee-Houses late at Night, im-
 porting

porting that that Night a Council had been held about assisting the *Camisars*; but that this Noble Peer he points at being then S—y of St —e, had oppos'd it with effect; when at the same time there was neither Council that Night held, nor any such Proposal made. Tho' Mr. *Review* takes upon him to know what Reasons were urg'd against it, one whereof he says was that weak Party-Pretence, " That it " was not Honourable to encourage Subjects to Rebel against their Prince. I suppose he means by that *Party*, the *Church*. Observe his Insolence, to call the *Church* a *Party*, that he may level it with the *Separatists*, which are distinguish'd by *Parties*, as if *Church* and *No Church* were upon an equal Establishment.

But to let him know what the Effect of this he calls a *Party Pretence* was in King *Charles* the First's Time, I shall refer him to the Story of that Prince's unhappily Assisting the *Rochellers*, tho' it was a Religious Cause, yet it was Encouraging Subjects to Rebel against their Prince: Which that subtil Statesman *Richlieu* observing, soon turn'd his own Stratagem upon himself, and by forming the *Solemn League and Covenant* in *Scotland*, in a short Time brought about the Destruction of that Unhappy Monarch, I hope the *French King's* Example will never be propos'd, by any honest Man, as a Pattern for an *English* Prince to imitate.

No-Ch. You are now making good what the *Review* charges you with, and instead of a *Cessation*, are become the *Aggressor* of a renew'd Dispute.

Ch. He is always raising Apparitions in the Air, Encountering Fanatick *Demons* in his Imagination, or Fighting with his own Shadow, else how comes he to Charge me with Assaulting the Government, the Queen, the Ministry, the Church, and the General Peace? But I hope he'll Write his Recantation,

tion, to shew the World he is a Man of Peace: Or prove what he has laid to my Charge, as true, to shew, that I am what he calls me; among the rest, that he is so Liberal of throwing his Aspersions on me as a Man of Clamour and Fury against the Peace and Welfare of my Country: But I rest satisfy'd, Mr. *Review* will shew me wherein I have rais'd any Disputes in Church or State, and in return, I will do him the Justice to acknowledge my Error.

DIALOGUE II.

No-Church. I'M glad to meet you, Mr. *Church*, so opportunely, that I may satisfy you now, who are the Men that are guilty of abusing us, and disturbing her Majesties best Subjects, and that are fast Friends to the Government, notwithstanding they wou'd not pay Taxes to encourage a *Ravenous Party*, as honest Mr. *Review* says. Have you seen his *Letter*? I think that will convince you who are the Men of *Clamour* and *Fury*.

Church. Thou call'st it right, Neighbour *No-Church*, it is his *Letter*; for if he produces any other Author for it, I will never own the Name of *Church* again. This is not the First of his Forgeries that I can prove, by some Hundreds. But my Business is not to raise Scandal, but to free the *Church*, and all its honest Members, from the Reflections of Mr. *Review*'s industrious Falshoods, as I shall demonstrate both from Matter of Fact and Reason.

No-Ch. Are you sure then, that there was no such Letter as he pretends?

Ch. I have a reasonable and moral Certainty, that the Case he relates, both in the *Letter*, and in the succeeding Case of a certain Collector, in a certain Country,

try, he certainly cannot tell where, is a meer Sham put upon the World, to create ill Blood betwixt the *Church* and the *Dissenters*, because there are no such things practicable, as he pretends to relate.

No-Cb. Surely, Mr. *Church*, you must be mistaken, and judge too rashly, for Mr. *Review* could never be guilty of such a notorious *Mischief*, since he is a Man of so much Peace, he talks of it sleeping and waking.

Cb. I don't know what he may Dream of asleep, but rest assur'd, when he is awake, he's for blowing the Trumpet of *Rebellion*: Nothing less upon my Word. For he exhorts the *Dissenting Ministers* to resist with Violence paying the Queens Taxes. Observe him well, he says again, resist with Violence, though he wou'd not have that understood, a moving to Rebellion, or resisting the Magistrate, because it is consonant to the Laws, and the Law has put a powerful Weapon into their Hand. Now if it appears after all this, that what he avers is directly contrary to the Law, then he directly has preach'd up *Rebellion*, nay, the worst kind of *Rebellion*, that which has the old *Leaven* of 1641 in it, which was attended with such dismal Consequences, I tremble to think of. Did not they then Preach up Peace while they were preparing for War? Admonishing the People to resist *Magistrates*, not to pay *Ship-Money*, the Tax then laid upon the People by the Judgment of all the Kings Judges at that time of Day, and tho' some may think that *Arbitrary*, I hope they will not be so audacious with Mr. *Review* to call this Tax so, as he does, that is laid by the Legal Representatives of our Constitution.

No-Cb. Dear Mr. *Church*, take no further notice of this Business, for if you pursue this Argument any further, poor Mr. *Review*, may come to swing for't. O Heavens, *Rebellion*! What will become of us all
at

at this rate? My Neck has got a *Crick* in it already, to think of a *Halter*.

Cb. Indeed you may well be frighted at this rashness of your Champion, who is resolved to hazard all at once for the *Good old Cause*. For speaking of the Dissenting Ministers paying Taxes, he says, "There is no manner of Pretence in the least, why they should be Taxed; and I cannot but recommend to them, to desire the Commissioners or Assessors to shew them the Clause from whence they pretend to claim such a Power. And a little farther he says, "He is somewhat uneasy in expecting an Answer to his fair Challenge, to shew 'em from what in the Act, they pretend to Assess the Ministers of any sort, as to their Stipends.

What a wretched Lawyer, Neighbour, have you got for your Advocate; who discovers at the same time, both his Roguery and his Ignorance, for had such a *Letter* been sent him as he pretends, if he had consulted either the Act of Parliament, or any of the Commissioners of what Capacity soever, he wou'd never have Publish'd it; for if such a *Letter* was sent him, it must be design'd as a Banter upon him. Because first, it mentions carrying the Party before a Justice of the Peace, by a Warrant; when the Act in particular directs no such thing, but says, any two of the Commissioners shall have Power to grant a Warrant, to Seize Goods, not as *Justices of the Peace*, but as *Commissioners*. Next he says, the Justice preach'd a long Lecture of Disloyalty and Disaffection to the Government to him: I think he had a great deal of Reason, since he refused to pay the Taxes for carrying on so just and necessary a War; but these are the Teachers of those People, who pretend to be the Queens best Friends. But here observe the contradiction of this honest Man's Answer to the *Justice*, who told him fairly he should have appeal'd

to

to the Commissioners, he answer'd, " He had appeal'd, but could not have Justice, and being Sick and Lame, was not able to go and speak for himself; mind this pretty Story: He had appeal'd, but was never there; a delicate Appeal truly, for a man to pretend to be Sick of the Gout at Home, and then say the Commissioners wou'd not do him Justice. What ridiculous stuff is this to amuse the Mob with, as if the People did not understand Common Sense, and know that an Appeal was a personal Appearance, design'd to relieve those that were griev'd, by tendering them their Corporal Oaths. Now this *Pains-taking Minister* does not say one Word of his being refus'd or admitted to take the Oath which he might have demanded of the Commissioners, if he had appeal'd, but it is evident he did not Appeal; so that this *Letter* is a plain inconsistent Piece of Forgery, Villanously design'd to Traduce the Government, which has appointed such *Justices* and *Commissioners*, as wou'd do such Injustice as the *Review* lays to their charge.

To make this the more Evident, I shall shew that the Dissenting Ministers are liable to pay this Tax, not only from the Intent and Meaning of the Act, but from the Letter too, unless they can Swear, they neither receive *Salary, Gratuity, Bounty-Money, Reward, Fee, or Profit* by their *Ministry, Profession, or Employment*.

The Words of the Act are, " That all and every Person and Persons, having, using, or exercising any publick Office, or Employment of Profit whatsoever, shall yield and pay unto Her Majesty the Sum of Four Shillings for every Twenty Shillings, which he or they do receive in one Year, by Virtue of any Salaries, Gratuities, Bounty-Money, Reward, Fees, or Profit to him or
 " them

“ them accreving, for or by reason, or occasion
 “ of their several Offices or Employments.

How durst Mr. *Review* after such plain Conviction as this, publish his Invective Libels against the Queen and her Officers, in the Legal discharge of their Duty, by calling this, “ The intollerable
 “ Treatment the Dissenting Ministers meet with in
 “ the peaceable Exercise of their Function; And in another Place he says “ this is Imposing on the
 “ Ignorant in the Law, and the peaceable Temper
 “ of the Dissenting Ministers. This is rare Cant to draw the Unwary into a Snare, and make those who would pay their Taxes peaceably and chearfully, the worst sort of Malecontents in the Nation, while they are encourag’d by this *Peace-Preacher* to resist the Collectors and Assessors, under the Pretence that their Authority is illegal, when at the same time he might know, that what they do is always founded upon the Act, or the Direction of the Commissioners; but perhaps the *Review* does not call that *Law*: He must have some such Evasion, or he durst not be so barefac’d, to give the following Advice; “ It is certainly the Duty of every Man thus
 “ oppress’d, not to submit to the Imposition of Arbitrary men. Who does he call Arbitrary men? undoubtedly they must be Magistrates, Men in Authority, or they could not stand in his way. Observe his *levelling* Principles; observe his Religion; he is a mover to Strife and Sedition.

Therefore, for full Satisfaction to the World, I shall transcribe the Direction the Act gives for collecting, and distreining, or committing in these Cases, having shewn that the Dissenting Ministers are liable to pay for their Employments, against which, Mr. *Review* ignorantly objects, as well as his Letter-Man, who says, that neither the Church of *England* Ministers, nor the Dissenters, were to be taxed, in which
 they

they both discover, they know nothing of the Matter, because the Church of *England* Ministers pay in every Land-Tax for their Benefices, as *Free-holds*, whereas the others are assess'd for their Employments or Professions, as *Lawyers, Physicians, &c.* So that this Advocate of your *No-Church* Ministry, had better have let his Advice alone, than have pretended to encourage the Brethren, by recommending to them such as he calls, " a regular and exact method, " to deal with those Extenders of the Law, and " back his Prescription with a late Example, which may perhaps make an *Example* of him, from ever attempting to meddle with such a dangerous Point of Law again, unless he has a Mind to bring both the Army and Navy on his Back. For does he think the Gentlemen concern'd in either of those, will forgive a Man that is making a Body of men discontented and unwilling to pay their Taxes, who receive such Priviledges and Favours from the Lenity of the Government, which no Body endeavours to disturb 'em in, and from which they would have been well satisfy'd to have paid double Taxes in a late Reign.

But this shews their Moderation, this shews the Men of Peace, or rather the Men of Clamour and Fury, who wou'd pray all the Year for *Peace, Peace*, but not pay a twelve Months Tax to purchase it. Nay, Mr. *Review* tells you in his Case of a certain Collector, " The Minister patiently suffer'd their " Violences of all Sorts, without any Opposition, but as an Instance of his Moderation. mind the Sequell, " And following the Instructions of his Lawyer, brings his Action at Law against all the Parties, as well the Justices, who sign'd the Warrant, " as the Commissioners; and I think the Assessors " and Collectors.

This

This is all of a Piece, with his Letter, a foolish Invention of the *Review*'s own Brain, to talk of bringing Actions against the *Commissioners*, who are absolute Judges in this Case, before whom " all Appeals are final, without any further Appeal " upon any Pretence whatsoever. These are the Words of the Act, and if they won't satisfy him, I cannot tell what will; but to proceed.

" The Collectors are required to demand all, and " every the Sum and Sums of Money which shall " be taxed and assessed of the Parties themselves, as " the same shall become due, if they can be found, " or else at the Place of their last abode, or upon " the Premises charg'd with the Assessment.

" And be it further Enacted and Declared, that " if any Person shall refuse or neglect to pay any " Sum of Money, whereat he shall be rated and assessed by this Act, upon demand by the said Collectors of that Place, according to the Precept or Estreats to him or them, delivered by the said Commissioners, that then, and in every such Case, it shall, and may be lawful to and for the said Collectors, or any of them; and they are hereby authoriz'd and required to Levy the Sum assessed, by distress and Sale of the Goods and Chattels of such Persons so refusing or neglecting to pay, &c.

It is plain by this, what Power the Collectors have, and next I shall shew that of the Commissioners, which Mr. *Review* mistakes, and throws upon the Justices of the Peace, not as Commissioners, but as Justices, tho' there are scarce any Gentlemen in the Commission of the Peace, but what are generally Commissioners in all Acts, if qualified. The Case is thus related, " The Collector goes back to " his Principals, and receives a Warrant from the " Justices of the Peace, to Distrain upon the Mini-
sters

“sters Goods, which accordingly was done, and
 “some more than common Violence, as unjustifi-
 “ble as the rest, put in practice at the Seizure.

I do not understand what he means by the Col-
 lector going back to his Principals, for I fancy all
 Collectors Principals alike. And I find he does not
 understand the difference between the Justices of the
 Peace and the Commissioners yet; for their Autho-
 rity proceeds from being the latter, not the former,
 as by the Act may appear.

“And if any Person or Persons shall neglect or
 “refuse to pay his or their Assessment, by the Space
 “of four Days after demand, or convey away his
 “or their Goods, or other Personal Estate, where-
 “by the Sums of Money so assess’d, cannot be levied
 “according to this Act; in every such Case, any two
 “or more of the Commissioners, by Warrants un-
 “der their Hands and Seals, are hereby authoriz’d
 “to commit such Person or Persons (except a Peer
 “or Peerefs of this Realm) to the common Goal,
 “there to be kept without Bail or Mainprize, until
 “Payment be made of the Money assess’d, and Charges
 “for bringing in of the same be paid, and no
 “longer.

D I A L O G U E III.

Church. **W**HAT says your Champion now,
 Neighbour, is he assured that the
 Dissenting Ministers ought not to pay Taxes yet?
 Or has he any new *Letters* or *Cases* to produce,
 that will vouch for his *Forgeries*? In my Opinion,
 he has a strange Front, to think the World will be
 always impos’d on at this rate, while, instead of
justifying himself, of which he has the greatest need,
 he

he is still attacking the *Church*, which he never fails to call a *Party*, notwithstanding his poor Shifts and Evasions to come off of it in his *Review* of the 9th, which he calls the 8th of *April*; but he has so many *Jesuitical* Distinctions, it is hard to catch him at any thing but *Lying*, there the Devil leaves him in the *Lurch* still.

Pray observe him now, what a dextrous Quibler he is, to evade the Imputation of charging the *Church* with being a *Party*, which he has pretended, after his fulsom manner hitherto to flatter, that is, such a *Party* of 'em as he calls the *Church*. These are his Words, " He supposes that by *Party*, I mean the " *Church*, and charges me with Insolence upon the " Supposition, (I think with a great deal of Reason.) " Excellent Logick! that is, to serve a Cause; which, " good Sir, why may I not as well mean a *French* " *Party*, or a *Jacobite Party*? What a wretched Excuse is this! here he wanted a little of his usual Assurance, to have stood to it, after he had said it so often, and in the very same Paper. For he says my *Party* are used to accuse upon Supposition, and then says I write in Defence of the *Church*; so that the *Church* is my *Party*, but this was coin'd in the common Mint of Contradiction, where *Daniel* is the Hammer-Smith, and *No-Church* blows the Bellows?

No-Cb. Indeed Mr. *Church*, I scorn to blow the Bellows to Mr. *Review*, he has Wind enough in his own Emptiness to blow a Nation up into Civil Wars and Divisions. I must confess I don't like his shuffling about that wicked *Letter* you tax him with; I wou'd gladly have had him nam'd the *Author*, and produc'd the *Letter*, as he promises he will do; but I find he fears you will demand his Promise of him then, to give up the Cause, and never write more, if there should be neither *Author* nor *Letter* to be prov'd,

prov'd, as I am now well satisfy'd there is not, This will be detecting him of a *wilful design'd Mistake*, which he has oblig'd himself to *recant*, and if he has *done any Man Injury*, to make all possible Reparation.

Cb. And do you believe, Neighbour *No-Church*, that your *Prophet* will ever own himself to be fallible? No, no, he fancies he may write what he pleases *Jure Divino*; he has wheedled the People in, to believe him, and is now resolved to carry on the Imposture, like the pretended Esquire *Wickham*, to the last Stage of his Life, and till he has secured himself in a *Velvet Coffin*.

No-Cb. Well, Mr. *Church*, but how do you pretend to justify those Gentlemen that have calumniated the Government, abus'd the Queen, and affronted the Ministry, and who have own'd themselves guilty both of Lying and Slander?

Cb. It is none of my Business or Design to justify *Villains*, as all those are who are guilty of such Crimes, let 'em be of what Denominations soever. If I can free the Church as by Law Establish'd, and all the worthy Members that sincerely profess her Doctrine and Discipline, from the scandalous Misrepresentations of the *Review*, I shall gain the End I aim at: And as for my self, I value not his Reflections, because I am sure to an impartial Reader, they will always be below his Consideration. But I was surpriz'd to find his Arguments against me made use of by a Minister of State, because I suppos'd he might have been fully convinc'd to the contrary.

No-Cb. Come, come, Mr. *Church*, don't talk at this rate; you are a High Church Scribler, and every Body says you deserve to be treated worse, if possible, and you know what Mr. *Review* calls 'em, a parcel of Names that would fill this Paper to rehearse.

C

Cb.

Ch. His Pen is no *Slander*, for all *Slander* is punish'd with *Informations* and Binding to the *Queens-Bench* Barr every Term. but I deny the Appellation of High-Church, Mr. *Stephens*, and Mr. *Review*, are High Church; they are *Fire and Faggot Men*, but only differ about the Materials, one is for burning down the Church with *Moderation*, the other is for burning down *Moderation* with the Church, and each of these have acknowledg'd their Crimes, *St——ns* by his *Recantation*, and Mr. *R——w* by his *Shortest Way*. But pray Neighbour, which of these Extravagancies have I been guilty of? Have I rail'd against *Occasional Conformity*? Have I ever abus'd the *Toleration*, or vindicated those that have? Have I aspers'd the Bishops, or so much as charg'd the Dissenters with Schism? Have I ever said the Church was in Danger, or given them the Lie that said it was not? These are the Marks of the Beast, which I carry not about me, though I own the Name of *Church*, I hope that is no Scandal in a Christian Country.

No-Ch. No, no, Mr. *Church*, owning the Name is no Scandal; but owning the *Party*, and writing in their Defence, to disturb the Peace of the Government, and create groundless Fears and Jealousies.

Ch. I defend no Body but whom the Establish'd Laws are oblig'd to defend, not only to maintain the Constitution entire, which otherwise must fall in pieces, but to prevent an Usurpation from Mr. *Review*, and his *Party*; who tho' they are for an Independent Power, call themselves the Establish'd Church, or at least would be so understood, and he does not question but in a little time to see it effected, by extending the *Toleration Act* into an Establishment. For which end he contends so warmly for the Encouragement of their Academies or Seminaries, and so to secure to the Nation a perpetual Dissension.

sention. But this he calls being guilty of Absurdities, and affronting the Queen ; as if there was no difference betwixt her Majesty's *Inviolably* keeping the *Toleration*, which all honest Men would certainly have her to do, and her giving Encouragement to the erecting and perpetuating of their Academies, that they might have a Succession of Ministry, as Mr. *Review* would have her do. Nay, I wonder he had not Confidence enough to move her Majesty to endow their Seminaries, that their Ministry might have a Subsistence, as well as a Succession too, since she had been so Gracious to extend her Compassion to the Poor Clergy of the Establish'd Church. The *Review* must needs think it very hard the *Toleration Church* had not a share of her Majesty's Bounty, since they deserv'd it, by paying the Taxes so chearfully and readily, that a Collector can no sooner demand 'em, but whip there's an " Action at Law " brought against all the Parties, as well the Justices " who sign'd the Warrant, as the Commissioners, " Assessors and Collectors, as he thinks: Nay, it was but all a Thought, I dare Sware, tho' a very unlucky one, as it happen'd out.

No-Church. Poor Mr. *Review*! I even pity him now ; he has quite run himself out of Breath, and says, I find, what comes next him, without considering the Consequences. I begin to be asham'd of him, since I perceive he's not so impatient now, as he was before, in expecting an Answer to his Challenge about Assessing the Dissenting Ministers. Indeed Mr. *Church*, you have so maul'd him there, I doubt he'll never answer it, and then I must forsake his Party, for I hate Lies, and Shams, and Prevarications mortally.

Ch. You see he shews his good Will, he tells us plainly what he would be at, but I think the Gentlemen of the Dissenting Ministry have no great rea-

son to thank him for inventing such a Story for them, that tends so much to their Prejudice, as this seems to do, in all Appearance, *For*, says he, “ to
 “ Tax them, and levy Money upon them without
 “ Law, and where the Law Visibly leaves them out,
 “ has a great many unhappy Constructions in it,
 “ which I could improve very much to the disadvantage of the Persons concern’d. Dear Mr. *Review*, you had better let it alone, for the Persons concern’d are the Dissenting Ministers, and you have improv’d the Business enough to their disadvantage already.

Therefore I desire he would not enlarge this, or any other of his Stories, with any more Variety of Circumstances, but refrain writing, till he is able to clear this.

DIALOGUE IV.

No-Church. **Y**OU are right in your Judgment, Mr. *Church*; for this same Mr. *Review*, I doubt, at last, is a shuffling Knave, I find he’s sneaking his Neck out of the Collar: How silent he is about the Tax Letter, the Justices, Commissioners and Assessors, that were prosecuted by his Dissenting Minister in the Country; he makes no Boasts of any Triumph there; I wish he is not inventing some Mischief, or making Clauses in the Act of Parliament to brave it out a little to the World.

Church. No, no, Neighbour, that won’t do now, I must have nothing but Matter of Fact, his Shams shall not do any longer; let him produce his Letter in the first place, and leave it at some Place of Credit, to be inspected into; then tell the Justice of Peace’s

Peace's Name, or the Commissioner that had the Action brought against him; or at least let us know this formidable Dissenting Minister that brought it, or his Attorney, I want to examine into this Business, and if there be any Truth in it, I'll fairly acknowledge my Error, in falsely accusing Mr. *Review*; but if this be a Forgery of his, let him depend upon it, I will not rest 'till all the World are satisfied, that they may be no longer deceiv'd by specious Pretences of *Truth* and *Honesty*.

No-Cb. I hope you would not pretend to Prosecute him, you have Business enough of that kind on your Hands already.

Cb. I would not Prosecute him in the *Crown-Office*, but in this Paper, for I hate *Informations*, as I do the Name of an *Informer*. Mr. *Review* may suppose by my Acquaintance, I could pick up Matter against him sufficient to charge him with strange Things; but as it is not consistent with my Design to throw Dirt, so I abhor Personal Reflections, especially where they relate not to the Merits of the Cause, I would either clear or defend. But if he have any Sense of Gratitude, perhaps he may thank me for cautioning him against giving too much Credit, to some People, who make it their Business to deceive.

Perhaps I may discover some of his *Spies* to be remarkable for Cheats and Impostors, particularly his chief Intelligencer *D——M——n*, who was *Fuller's* great Assistant, and now supplies him, with many of the Lies, and a great deal of Trumpery Ware, with which he obliges the Town weekly: And for which I suppose he pays him largely out of the Charity he is frequently intrusted with. This is one of those kind of Charity-Pads, who pleads Poverty to rob the Poor, when at the same time he has defrauded his Creditors to live upon Delicacies all Day, and pamper himself up with *Chocolate* and *Canary*, the

Expence whereof would keep some honest Families. This same Jugler runs from Church to Conventicle, and from Conventicle to the Church again, to pick up Cases of Conscience as he pretends, but really to pick up Money.

No-Cb. But pray Mr. *Church*, what makes the *Review* talk of the Danger of the Church now, I thought that Argument had been quite out of Doors, and no Body had been allow'd to have enquired, whether there was any Danger or no.

Cb. Certainly no Body has that Priviledge but Mr. *Review*; he's a sort of lawless Person now, I suppose that's the Reason there is no Cognizance taken of what he says or does, or else he has purchas'd a Patent to sell Scandal by Retail, and make a Monopoly of it, that if any Person presume to Trade in it beside himself, they shall be prosecuted according to Law, as practis'd in the S———s O———e. He must have some such Pretence to justify his Proceedings in open Defiance to *Truth*, *Honesty*, *Good Manners*, or Religion; for speaking in *Review*, April 23. about electing the last Speaker of the House of Commons, he Villainously traduces the Clergy as follows.

I could enlarge here, *says he*, “ on the Behaviour
“ of the Parties, upon the Expectation of this Suc-
“ cess; how they laid the Roads with Expresses,
“ to carry the first of the News into the remotest
“ Parts; I could tell some diverting Stories of their
“ Management under the Disappointment; how
“ the Clergy in many Places caus'd the Keys of the
“ Churches to be secured, that the Bells should not
“ be rung, and on the contrary, what Rejoicings
“ they had prepared, if their dear Mr. *Bromley* had
“ been chosen.

Now I challenge Mr. *Review* to make it appear among the Clergy in many Places, as he calls 'em,
that

that there was one Clergy-man in any Place, that caus'd the Keys of the Church to be secured.

No-Ch. Indeed, Mr. *Church*, I don't like this Story my self, it smells a little rank of his last about the Justices and Commissioners sending the Minister to Goal, &c.

Ch. Why, really Neighbour, *No-Church*, it does look a little like it, as you say, it seems to be of the same Stamp, and carries *Daniel's* Effigies on the Front of it. He has a very unlucky way with him, of making his Stories too improbable to gain a Belief with any, but either Fools that swallow down every thing he says for Truth, or else Knaves that would have every thing he says to be true. For I would fain know what Ministers he is acquainted withal, that have the Keys of the Church, for I know of none; indeed the Chancel or Choir is the Parsons, and he may demand the Keys that enter there, but as for the Church, they are commonly under the Command of the Church-wardens, and are commonly committed to the Sexton or Clerk, according to the different Custom of different Places. It falls out now very oddly, that Mr. *Review* should calculate his Matters no better, than not to know 'tis out of the way for the Parsons to keep the Church-Keys, except he means to pun upon the Clergy, by saying, they always keep the *Keys of the Church*, in a spiritual Sense, which gives them a sort of *Jure Divino* Right.

And then again, he must be out in the account that they stopt the Bells from Ringing, when any one would think they should rather have caused them to be rung backwards, to let the People know the *Church was then in Danger*; but instead of that, he would have you to believe they went to eat up the Rejoicings they had prepared, and mourn'd the Night away in *Sack* and *Claret*.

No-Cb. At this rate you'll believe nothing Mr. Review says, can you think he durst impose upon every Body, and not be taken notice of, among so many as he has charg'd, and then challeng'd them to make Reply's to him; or else that he would take the Fact *pro confesso* against them: In my poor Judgment this looks like fair Dealing, and would convince me, that what he says against such Men must needs be true.

Cb. You are still mistaken in Mr. Review, this is his Play, first, to make an open downright *Lye*, and then make such a Noise about the Truth of it, that the Persons concern'd in it dare not meddle with him, being really so amaz'd at such audacious Inventions, they are frighted from the Undertaking. What think you Neighbour? Would not his positive Assertions in his last daring attempt, have deluded any Body into a Belief of what he related? For he is arriv'd to such a Perfection in this Villanous Practice to support his Undertaking of Scandal and Reflection, that he values nothing he says, so it will but afford him any Assistance towards the carrying on his Designs.

Observe but how rascally he treats the Clergy, and pretends to know Particulars, which I shall oblige him to descend to; or weary him out of this scandalous Road he is got into, where like a Highway-man, he Robs every Body of their Reputation that he meets with. For speaking of the Clergy, who had received her Majesty's Royal Bounty, " but
 " would any Man think, *says he*, that the very
 " same Clergy, who ought to have thought them-
 " selves particularly concern'd in this Grace of the
 " Queens, and bound in behalf of their Brethren,
 " that had the Benefit of it, and in behalf of the
 " Church of *England* her self, in which as Mem-
 " bers they shared the Honour. I say, would any
 Man

Man think, I dare say, and sware it too, no Body but Mr. *Review* would think so, “ that among “ these should be found some that should forget all “ this Goodness, fly in the Face of their Royal Benefactor; and while their more thankful Brethren were giving Thanks to God and the Queen, “ for this unparallel’d Bounty; should fly (*again*) “ in the Face of this very Queen that had thus treated them, and that with the most ridiculous Scandal of deserting the Church.

Dear Mr. *Review*, among these some Clergy-men, pick us out one, that has flown in the Face of the Queen, and accused her of *deserting the Church*, let us know this ungrateful Church-Man, and I promise you he shall be made an Example on; but if you do not produce one, what must you expect, think you from all the Nation, for laying such a general Charge upon her Majesty? For positively, ’tis you are the Author of that ridiculous Scandal, as it really is, upon the Queen, till you bring one that will own it.

Your *Wiltshire* Parson, without a Name too, will not serve your turn, for his Answer was a just Reflection on the Ingratitude of the Clergy, directly opposite to the purpose the *Review* brings it; but this is not the first time he has been guilty of bringing Instances *Mal-a-propos*. Would any Man think, with his idle Repetitions again, “ that it could be the “ Answer of a Clergy-Man in *Wiltshire*, when a “ Gentleman upbraided his Ingratitude on this very “ Score, and put him in mind what the Queen had “ given the Church, ——— that he should reply “ with a slight Pshaw, — I may give a Dog a Bone “ and he may bite me by the Fingers.

Would any Man think the *Review* could be such a Fool? What a silly Question is that now? Would any Man think he could be otherwise? Who puts the
the

the Dissenters first in mind of their former Persecutions as he calls 'em, that they may forget those Inquiries, and " leave the Blood of their Relations " Murther'd in Goals, and stifled in Dungeons unlamented. What a pity it is that he who strives at this rate to promote Union and Charity, should not remind these People of that hot Persecution, carried on so lately against the Dissenting Minister, who was threatned with a Commitment for obstinately refusing to pay the Queen's Taxes; or why did he not refresh their Memories with the Story of that patient *Pains-Taker*, who brought his Action at Law against the Commissioners, &c. rather than yeild his lawful Obedience to the Magistrate. But these things are better forgotten; 'tis an ungrateful Subject to hit a Man in the Teeth so often with a thing he cannot help. For if Mr. *Review* could be detected of every Forgery he has been guilty of, they would appear more monstrous than the Story of *Mahomet's Cock*, or the *Arabian Legends*.

No-Ch. Well, but Mr. *Church*, for all these Reflections you cast upon him, you cannot but own he has been a Friend to the Queen and Government, and gave great Assistance to the People in telling them, who were the fittest Men to be chose Members of Parliament in the last Election.

Ch. Yes, he was a Friend indeed, if you call such a one so, that was for setting the Nation together by the Ears, in order to settle Peace and Union; a great Promoter of Charity too; who, instead of speaking well of his Betters, revil'd every Body that had the Character of a Gentleman, or a Man of Honour: He recommended no Body, as fit to serve their Country, but *sneaking Cits*, *Coffee-House Politicians*, and *Occasional Sinners*. He writ Letters to Boroughs and Corporations to create Tumults and Sedition, and when he could not furnish them with apt Stories to
their

their purpose, he corresponded with the Moon, from which he brought down his *Consolidator*, and a thousand other Monsters, that were never heard of before nor since. But ever since that Expedition he has been persuading every Body, that the *Moon* is made of *Green Cheese*; that Contradictions are the best Sense, and that the only way to be believed, is to write nothing but Things incredible, nay, almost impossible; that Scandal is the best Breeding, and Modesty not fit for Conversation; that Truth and Honesty are not proper Companions for Men of Wit, but the common Distinctions of the Rascality. These and many the like Notions he transplanted from the *Moon*, and cultivates with great Industry, and to his great Advantage here.

DIALOGUE V.

No-Church. WELL, Mr. *Church*, I have got something here will please you: Honest Mr. *Review* has reflected on what you said, and is now got into his Hymns, and Songs, and Penitential Psalms. Nay, he cannot forbear thanking you, for being such a kind Monitor to him: He is so sensible of the Favour, he has sent you a very modish Present.

Church. Prethee what is't, good Neighbour *No-Church*, that the *Review* can find in his Heart to bestow on me?

No-Ch. I'll assure you, you may take it as a Favour, for it is a Rarity, and the whole Kingdom can but produce one besides, which was given as a Pattern to the World of his Christian Condescension, and *No-Church* Humility,

Ch.

Cb. But all this while you don't tell me what it is?

No-Cb. Why, I cannot well tell what it is, but I take it to be a kind of a *Petition*, or *Repetition*, or *Recantation*; call it what you will, but something it is, that shows something he did, or said, or writ was very wicked.

Cb. I doubt it's like the *Irish-Man's* Singing Bird, while you are telling the Story, flown away.

No-Cb. No, Mr. *Church*, I have it too secure to escape, besides its no *Highb-flying* Business, but true *No Church* every Line of it. I'll read it to you.

" I D—t D' *Foe*, alias *Foe*, of the Parish of St. *Nicholas*, alias *No-Church*, not having the fear of
 " Law or Gospel before my Eyes, but presuming on
 " the Assistance of my Familiar Associate, the Devil,
 " did wittingly, wilfully, and according to old Use
 " and Custom, forge, counterfeit, and invent a Letter
 " from the Town of *Blank*, in the County of
 " the same, wherein, to the great Dishonour of the
 " godly and peaceful Dissenting Ministry; I have
 " scandaliz'd, vilified, and traduc'd several worthy
 " Gentlemen of the Church of *England*, who are
 " Justices of the Peace and Commissioners in the
 " Land Tax Bill, for the said County of *Blank*,
 " besides many honest Neighbours, who are Collectors and Assessors for the same. And I do hereby acknowledge and declare, that the said Letter,
 " and every thing therein contained, was Villianously
 " design'd to throw an Odium upon such Church Magistrates as the Government has wisely appointed
 " and constituted to put the Laws in Execution
 " against such a Malicious-Turbulent-Jesuitical-
 " Commonwealth-Incendiary, as I openly declare
 " my self to be, by all my Lies, Cheats, Shams, and
 " Prevarications.

" And

“ And for the sake of the Saints, who for these
 “ many Years last past I have deluded with specious
 “ pretences of Peace and Charity, by which
 “ means I have juggled them out of their Money and
 “ their Reason : By these Presents, I own my self to
 “ be a Hypocritical Slanderer, a scandalous Scribler,
 “ a Seditious Subject, an Enthusiastical Religioſo, a
 “ cheating Hoſier, an ignorant Author, and a false
 “ Prophet. And if there be any thing else more
 “ Wicked than I can at present think of, this is to let
 “ all the World know I am, and ever have been ready
 “ and Willing to perpetrate it; for my Zeal to
 “ the Party hath eaten me up, and my Rage and
 “ Fury against the Church hath almost confound-
 “ me, while my Pride hath worn my *Stockings out*
 “ *at the Heels.*

“ And because no Man, for the future, may be
 “ deceived; Know then, that how sanctified soever
 “ I may pretend to write, I design nothing but Scandal
 “ by it; and when ever I relate Matter of Fact,
 “ depend upon it, every Letter is a Lie; and this I
 “ solemnly declare, as I promis'd to the *Rehearsal* of
 “ the *Review*, I would do, that he might take no
 “ further Pains to Convict me; for since, a certain
 “ Case of a certain Collector, in a certain County,
 “ not a Hundred Miles from *London*, and not quite so
 “ many from the County of ———, came to a Dis-
 “ senting Minister to demand ——— &c. “ has appear'd
 “ so plain against me, I have had a Remorse of
 “ Conscience for such evil Doings, and therefore to
 “ prevent my being believed any more, tho' I can-
 “ not prevent my self from Lying, no more than I
 “ can from Writing, tho' I have given Security never
 “ to write again, I have caus'd this my free and vo-
 “ luntary Recantation and Confession to be publish'd
 “ by *No-Church*, as a Person that I know has weekly
 “ Confabulations with Mr. *Church*, whom I hereby
 “ autho-

“ authorise and appoint to acquaint the World with
 “ my Intentions, he having gain’d that Credit, as
 “ to be believ’d even by those that put such Trust in
 “ me, that they are as well pleas’d in being deceiv’d,
 “ tho’ they know it, as I am to deceive, tho’ I know
 “ it not.

“ Therefore, that I may be as good as my Word,
 “ tho’ it be the first time that ever I was so, I will
 “ own I have been fairly detect’d of three wilful
 “ Mistakes; the first of which is that Villainous Let-
 “ ter which I foolishly, as well as maliciously, forg’d
 “ to make the Church of *England-Men* hated by the
 “ Dissenters, as I endeavour’d to insinuate by this
 “ part of the Letter, their Cruelty and want of
 “ Compassion, saying, But among the rest, our Mi-
 “ nister being an ancient Man, and having no visible
 “ Effects to seize upon, they brought a Warrant from
 “ a Justice of Peace for him; the poor Gentleman
 “ being lame of the Gout, “ observe now here how
 “ movingly I worded it, on purpose to make Mis-
 “ chief, was oblig’d to get a Cart, for want of a
 “ Coach, “ mind, I put in the word *Cart* designedly,
 “ that some warm Zealots for the Church might
 “ discover their want of Charity to the Dissenters,
 “ by saying perhaps he deserved a Cart better than
 “ a Coach, to carry him to the Justice, who threat-
 “ ned him to send him to a Goal, and so over-aw’d
 “ the poor Man, that to be quiet, he chose rather to
 “ pay the Money, than dispute with him.

“ The next Mistake I wilfully committed, and
 “ which appears to be done on purpose to support
 “ the first, was the Case of the Minister bringing his
 “ Action at Law against the Justices, Commissio-
 “ ners, &c. And the third, more silly, but not
 “ less Villainous than the rest, was that of the Clergy
 “ keeping the Keys of the Church to hinder the
 “ Bells from Ringing. All these I acknowledge the
 “ natural

“ natural Productions of my own fruitful Brain,
 “ which I heartily and freely Recant: And since I
 “ have done so much Injury, I would gladly make
 “ some Reparation if possible, and since I cannot con-
 “ fute or defend one thing laid to my Charge by the
 “ *Rehearsal*, I would fain give up the Cause, if the
 “ Devil would give me leave, and never write more.

Cb. Well, Neighbour, but what do you think
 Mr. *Review* will say to you, for exposing him at
 this rate, since *Recantations* don't make a Man's Case
 better, but worse at this time of day, when a Man
 may be Pillory'd for saying some People are *Wise*,
 and Hang'd for ought I know, if he should say other-
 wise? 'Tis a Crime I find, to write at all, but a
 much greater one to repent, either in part, or by
 Wholesale.

No-Cb. You need not trouble your Head about
 that, Mr. *Church*, for the *Review*, tho' he may Re-
 cant three times a Week, he'll never Repent as long
 as he lives, I know him better than so; he's none of
 your whining Sinners, but dares be — because he
 dares. You need not trouble your self about this *Re-
 cantation* I have brought you, for he is resolved you
 shall not provoke him to expose himself by entring
 afresh into an Argument, wherein he is baffled, and
 knows well you have found out his blind Side. He
 has more cunning than a Fox, for when he has done
 Mischief, he will not come near the place again till
 'tis forgot; and he has more Doublings and Wind-
 ings than a Hare, to extricate himself out of a Snare,
 or to draw others into one. In short, Mr. *Church*,
 he's an Original Jugler, a meer *Proteus*, a Saint in
 his Expressions, and Devil in his Designs. I thought
 you had *Hamstring'd* him; but since that, he is run
 as far from you as to the Mines in *Cardiganshire*;
 from whence he can take a trip to *Hannover*, in search
 of Sir *Rowland Gwin's* Letter; in a Word, he has
 found

found a nearer Passage to the *East* and *West-Indies*, and travels all the Globe with as much ease as a Squirrel leaps from one Tree to another: Therefore if you design to follow him, you must be a *Low-flyer*, as well as a *High-one*.

DIALOGUE VI.

No-Church. **M**R. *Review* says you have not publish'd his Recantation fairly, as he has manifested to the World; every Tittle he delivers, to be the pure Effect of a generous Zeal to serve his Country; and tho' what he says may have neither *Truth* nor *Honesty* in it, he is sure it is on the *Right Side*, and that's a sufficient Reason enough for a Man of his *Machiavilian* Head to pawn his Soul upon, if a Political Occasion requir'd it of him.

Church. Why, really I was afraid I had not done him that Justice due to his Character, since I was so intimately acquainted with his *Principles*, as to know, that he never valued *denouncing* those to Day, that a Man would have thought he would have *swung*, rather than departed from the Day before; for a small time agoe he told us, that neither King *Charles* nor King *Philip* had any Right to the *Spanish* Throne; and we may easily read his Opinion in his wise Letter from the *Moon* on that Occasion. Where he Banters the Title of King *Charles*, and exposes the Politicks of the *English* Court to the Measure of every trifling *Coffee-House* Statesman, who crys up the *Consolidator* for one of the most penetrating *Politicians* of this *Nation*. But notwithstanding all his base Endeavours so lately us'd to ridicule the Design of the Government in owning the

Arch^d

Arch-Duke for King of Spain, and all their vast Preparations and Expences to place him on that Throne; at last seeing the Success of our Arms there, and the Likelyhood of effecting that Grand Project, like a servile Flatterer and Time-pleasing Prostitute, he turns his Pen against himself, in Defence, as he calls it, of King Charles, and his just Pretensions.

These, I must own, are Strokes beyond the Capacities of common Writers, who dully drudge on in the usual Road, while Mr. Review, to distinguish himself from all Mankind beside, never keeps any known Way, or trodden Path; that he may thereby pass undiscover'd, and conceal his hidden *Mysteries of Iniquity* from vulgar Eyes. Herein I must confess I have been short in tracing all the secret Steps and Windings of his *Folly* or his *Falsehood*: For no Man would believe the evident Contradiction, the plain Nonsense, and design'd Partiality of his Lines, that did not enquire a little farther, beyond the plausible Outside of a few incoherent Words, and the superficial Cant of vast Pretensions, into all the unaccountable, and I may say, almost incredible Rogueries of his Life and Conversation.

No-Ch. I'm of your Opinion, Mr. Church, that the Review talks more Nonsense than any Parrot in Town. I read his Paper of May the 4th, wherein he *Bambouzes* his Reader so, I could make nothing of this Paragraph; " If it be objected, says he, that
 " the Season for taking and keeping the Field in
 " Spain, being at the beginning and end of the Year,
 " we should have provided accordingly, are to be
 " answered, that this being the first Year of this
 " War, that Question is resolved in it self, by com-
 " paring the Time between the Attempt, or the
 " Success of the Attempt, with the Succours sent
 " from hence, which being calculated right, it will
 D " appear

“ appear impossible to have done it sooner. Pray, Mr. *Church*, can you tell me the *Meaning* of all this Stuff?

Cb. Not I indeed, Neighbour *No-Church*, for 'tis enough for the *Review*, if he can but put a Number of Words together, he'll leave any Body to find out the *Meaning* of 'em that can: I fancy sometimes he has no *Meaning* at all, or if he has, 'tis to banter his Reader out of his Senses, 'till he has made a *Puppy* of him, that he may use him as *Puppies* ought to be us'd; for else would any Man think he can read over what he writes, and let this pass. *If it be objected, &c. are to be answered.* There are no Words to be inserted that will make this Paragraph either Grammar or Sense. When a little farther he says, *That Question is resolved in it self* when there is never a Question in the whole Period. But perhaps he may mean the knotty one that goes a little before, enough to puzzle all the wise Men of *Gorham*. *Some who hardly know Toulon from Portsmouth, as to Situation, ask this wild Question, Why should not we be at Sea, as soon as the French Fleet?* I would fain know what Fool asked him this Question? Or else for what Fool he did make it? For I must own I never yet met with one so foolish as to ask such a Question, or that would be satisfied with such an Answer, “ To such I am not talking, but when they have “ measured the Distances, I shall give them a more “ direct Answer.

Now, you have oblig'd me, Neighbour, to look into that Paper; I shall run *Retrograde* with it, as the *Review* does in Sense and Politicks. I doubt the last great *Eclipse* has had a considerable Influence over his Body, for since his Journey to the *Moon*, he may perhaps be more subject to the Influence of the *Cœlestial Bodies*, as being something nearer ally'd to 'em, than the rest of his Fellow Creatures. But however the Matter is, which I will no more undertake

undertake to explain, than Mr. *Review* did that strange *Apparition* in the Heavens, of which he had an Account from *Dudley*, April the 20th last past. I fancy he keeps a Correspondence still with the *Moon*, or at least delights in strange monstrous Stories, Things that are not familiarly known or believed, but out of the common way of vulgar Thinking. I can tell him a Thing as *true*, tho' may be not so *strange*, for without the help of *Telescopes*, or any Astronomical Assistance, I have plainly discovered an *Eclipse* of Mr. *Review's* Understanding; but whether it was occasioned by that unusual Light that appeared in the Air, whereby the great Flames of Fire without him, might extinguish the Light within him, or whether his diving into the hidden Cause of that terrible Exhalation, was the Cause, I shall not at present determine, but examine into the several *Phænomena* occasioned by this portentous and uncommon Revolution in his Brain.

No-Ch. I hope, Mr. *Church*, you don't design to dissect him; but if you did, I fancy you would find more *Knick-knacks* in his *Cranium*, than all the *Royal Society* can produce: I fancy you would discover the *Perpetual Motion* there, for I am sure he has it at his *Fingers ends*, and then it must be in his *Head*, one would think.

Ch. Why, do you believe, Neighbour *No-Church*, he always thinks when he writes? For my part, I am of a contrary Opinion.

No-Ch. You make such queer Reflections on him, I believe he often thinks of you when he would not. But really, Mr. *Church*, I believe if you had him to *Anatomise*, you would certainly find out the *Longitude* so much enquired after for the perfecting of *Navigation*.

Ch. I doubt not, Neighbour, for tho' I have long since discovered the *Review's Longitude*, the Marriner had

had better Sail without a *Compass*, than be troubled to be informed by his tedious *Circumlocutions*, which e'er they understand, they may make a Voyage to *Japan*, and home again.

No-Cb, At this rate the *Virtuoso's* will get nothing by him, and he must be useless indeed, if they cannot extract something Rare or Curious from him.

Cb. You are much mistaken now, in those Philosophical Gentlemen, for if he was of any Use to the rest of the World, he would be of no Use at all to them. It is below Men of their profound Speculations, to concern themselves about those common things provided for the Use and Necessities of Mankind, but their Business is to imploy themselves about things more *Rare* and *Curious*, things *strange* and *unheard* of; for which Reason the *Review* was cut out on purpose for them; he is made up of *Monstrosities*, and every *Particle* of him will afford Matter enough for the World's Wonder.

No-Cb. Well, well, but for all this, I believe he is able to shew a Man the *Shortest way to Heaven*, and never trouble them to go by the *North-Pole*, away, that is, never to go by *Tyburn*. If a Man wants Money, the only way, if he can get none, is to hang himself: And whoever is troubled with the *Spleen* or *Vapours*, the *Cold Bath* is a certain Cure, one *Immersion* will do the Business, if they stay but long enough under Water. This seems to be the shortest way in the World.

Cb. You mean the shortest way out of the World, Neighbour; but to leave trifling, I'll turn back to Mr. *Review's* elaborate *Politicks*, where speaking of *Savoy*, *Bavaria*, *Portugal*, and the miserably abandoned *Camisars*, *He says*, " He is not for denouncing
" Judgments, or confining Heaven to personal Re-
" tributions, but without doubt, had our Ministers
" of State espous'd that Cause heartily, and with
" the

“ the same Force as now, by the like Attempt in
 “ *Spain*, the Blood of those poor People might have
 “ been sav’d, or spent more to the Service of the
 “ general Protestant Interest.

I would ask the *Review*, what general Protestant Interest is concern’d in this War? That is not a Religious Confederacy we are engag’d in, but an honest and honourable Alliance, to maintain or at least establish the Ballance of *Europe*, secure and defend our *Trade*, and place such a Prince on the Throne of *Spain*, as has not only the best Title to it, but which is most for the Advantage, Peace, and Tranquility of all *Christendom*. But the *Review* would foolishly suggest to the World as if the Protestant Religion was concern’d in this Affair, which is so far to the contrary, that if the *Spaniards* imagined we had such a Design, it might prove highly disadvantageous to King *Charles*, who is assisted by us, not with any Thoughts as if he should be any Friend to the Protestant Interest, any farther than the Protestant Interest Contributes to the Interest of all the Allies engag’d in this War.

Thus we may observe the *Review* a Busy-body, that turns every thing almost to a wrong purpose, by his impertinent Queries, false Suggestions, and idle Insinuations, which he raises and torments himself, on purpose to create ill Blood. “ This leaves
 “ those People, *says he*, without Excuse, who say
 “ my Lord P — b has been abandon’d, and that Ex-
 “ pedition neglected. I dare say there are now left
 none, since S — — is pardon’d, as guilty of such a Crime that need have any excuse to be made for them, but the *Review* loves mischief in his Heart, and is pleas’d he can but sow it thick enough for a plentiful Harvest; but I hope the Season, tho’ plentiful enough for other things, will never produce him his desir’d Crop.

DIALOGUE VII.

No-Church. WELL, Mr. *Church*, I find you have brought the *Review* to something at last : He seems resolv'd to stand a Tryal with you, and proposes a fair and friendly Meeting to shew his *Originals*, to name *Persons*, *Places* and *Things*, and he says, that the Matter may be determin'd " before 5 or 500 " of a side, of Men of Honesty and Indifference, who " are the Lyars, who the Forgers of Letters, who " imposes on the World, and who not.

Church. With all my Heart, Neighbour, I'll give him a Meeting when and where he shall appoint publickly by his Paper ; and he shall have the naming of his own Judges. If he refuses this fair Proposal, I only desire of him, for the Satisfaction of the Publick, to leave his *Originals*, as he calls them, with any Friend that he dares confide in, to be inspected and examined into by every Body, that has a mind to be satisfied in any of the Particulars I have objected against as spurious.

No Ch. I doubt he won't consent to this publick Method you propose, for then those honourable Gentlemen, who have been his *Informers*, will be liable to be *expos'd*, *banter'd*, *bully'd*, and *abus'd* by the two scurrilous *Rehearsals*. If he gives you a private Meeting, it's possible, among his Friends, he may pick up a Dissenting Minister, and some knavish Attorney to own that the first was illegally plunder'd by the *Commissioners*, *Collectors*, and *Assessors*, and that the last made them all *Eat Humble Pye*, as he wittily calls it.

Ch. Why truly, I think, your Supposition is very rational, and therefore I shall insist, that he appoint

a publick Meeting, and name a few known Persons, since the Matter in dispute is of great concern to the Publick; by this means his Innocence will appear the clearer, and those who charge him with such notorious Crimes, as *Forgery, Falsehood, &c.* without being able to prove them, will not only expose themselves to the World to be base Men, but Villains, that have neither *Charity* nor *Honesty*.

Now all the Proof requisite on my side, in this Case, is to show that Mr. *De Foe* is Author of those *Reviews*, wherein the *Letter*, the *Case*, and the Story of the Clergy-men that kept the Keys of the Church that the Bells might not Ring, are all publish'd. And the *Review*, on his part, is to produce such a Letter, and the Author who will own it; to give the Minister's Name, and bring Vouchers that there is such a Person, who was us'd after the manner the Letter relates. In the next place he is to bring forth this notable Lawyer that sued the Commissioners, and made them refund: Tho' I doubt that will be a little too hard for him, notwithstanding he promises to do it, I will tell him before hand, that he may not be too bold, it is next to an impossibility. because the Commissioners are not authoriz'd to meddle with the money; and if they did, it was a Robbery, and no doubt but that *cunning Man*, who advis'd him to sue the Commissioners, "before whom
"all Appeals are final, without any further Appeal,
"upon any pretence whatsoever, would rather have persuaded him to have *Indicted* the *Commissioners* for a Robbery, since this was a Prosecution of *Malice* or *Revenge*; for to be sure the *Commissioners* could not refund the Money if they had it not, and they could not have it, without they robb'd the Dissenting Minister or the Collectors of it.

No-Cb. If you make all these Difficulties, do you think the *Review* will ever be brought to the *Test*?

Cb. No, I think he will honestly lay down his Paper, rather than maintain a Cause he cannot defend, when his hired Witnesſes are detected, which us'd to ſupport all his Follies and Extravagancies. I wonder, Neighbour *No-Church*, you have not obſerv'd them in ſome of his late Papers, where, inſtead of uſing Rhetorical Tropes and Figures, he is not able to write plain Grammer. But I told you before, the *Review* does not *think* when he writes, as may appear from his of the 16th of May laſt, Page 234. " That if the *French* had but ſent 10000 Men " more from *Rouſſillon*, to ſtrengthen their Army, " it had been eaſie to carry on that Siege, tho' our " Fleet rode Maſters of the Sea, and how near they " are already to the effecting it; what follows then, dear Mr. *Review*, to make your Senſe compleat? why truly, " the Fort being taken, and the Town not " extraordinary ſtrong on that ſide. I would gladly find the Coherance of this Period, or know when the Fort was taken; but that I ſuppoſe we may gueſs it may be ſo very ſuddenly, from what he ſays in the next; " If we conſider the Vigilance of the " *French*, how rarely 'tis that they concert wrong " Measures, and how ſeldom fail in the Execution " of their Projects. What an unlucky Gueſs was this now, juſt at a time, when they have fail'd with a Vengeance in the Execution of all their Projects, which ſeem now to be almoſt at an end with *France*. But here we may find the *Review* is a meer *Dreamer of Dreams*, and his Spirit of Prophecy, which I have known him boaſt of, has quite forſaken him.

Pray obſerve his next Paragraph: " If they conſider, Says he, our Fleet carries no Forces capable " to add any ſufficient Strength to the Garrifon, ſo " as to make them able to face the *French*, when " the Batteries having ruin'd the Defences of the " Place,

" Place, they shall march in at the Breach in Order
 " of Battel. Were all these things consider'd, it
 " would appear very rash to conclude the Siege
 " rais'd, and the *French* in their Wits. I wonder
 who are in their Wits, or out of their Wits now
 the Siege is rais'd? and the Wise managing *French*,
 the *Review* has all along magnified and extolled so,
 are routed and beaten both out of *Spain* and *Flanders*?
 This must be a sad Mortification to all those, who
 boast their great Originals from that Nation, and
 fancy themselves more Polite than the rest of the
 World, because they are descended from the Families
 of the *De Foe's*, the *De Dew's*, and the rest of the
De, Du, and Do's. But I find he is not so intimately
 acquainted with his Country Folks, as to distinguish
 Monsieur *Chanvillard*, from Monsieur *Chamillard*, who
 is Grand Financier of *France*: And therefore I can-
 not guess, how he should come to be acquainted
 with that great Man's Resolutions, so as to know or
 imagine he was bent upon the Siege of *Turin*, in Fa-
 vour of the Duke of *Feuillade*, since he's no General,
 nor otherways concern'd in the War, than in the Re-
 mittance of Monies, He might as well say, my Lord
 Treasurer was resolv'd on the Battel of *Rammelies*,
 and therefore it was done for the private Family-
 Glory of his Son, who is married to the Daughter
 of that Great Captain the Duke of *Marlborough*.
 These are trifling Conjectures and Imaginations of
 the *Review's* empty Brain, which runs now, as we
 may say, a *Wooll-gathering*.

No-Ch. Mr. *Church*, you ought not to be so hard
 with Mr. *Review*, considering he is sensible of his
 Mistakes, and cries *peccavi* in his last Paper; where
 you have a fine Stroke of Poetry on the last unpa-
 rallel'd Victory over the *French*.

Ch. A fine Stroke do you call it, why, I dare Sware,
 Neighbour *No-Church*, you do not understand it;
 if

if you do, I must confess you are too hard for me. A Man had need of a Dictionary of the *World of Words* to read him; I am sure he has more Cramp Words than an Apothecary's Bill, and full as unintelligible. I really fancy he has had a rumbling in his Guts lately, or else he has rid on a hard trotting Horse. His Numbers flow so by *Fits* and *Girds*, some of 'em gave me the *Gripes*, and others set my *Teeth on Edge* to repeat them.

But to return to Mr. *Review*'s very rational Conjectures, in his Paper of *May* the 18th, where he tells us "the Sum of the Matter is not in *Flanders*, nor "on the *Rhine*, nor in *Italy*, but in *Spain*: That is "the Nail that will go, and that must be driven. Mind now what comes of conjecturing, that nothing was to be done in *Flanders* this Year, when the very Day this Paper came abroad, the whole Nation was made sensible of his Folly and his Impertinence. But now *Spain* is to be the Place of all our Success; tho' in his last Paper he tells us, "there was no good "to be done at *Barcelona*, since the Fort was Taken, "and the Town not extraordinary strong on that "side. Thus he runs backwards and forwards, and contradicts himself as sure as he writes; and yet this Man has Assurance enough to set up for a Wit, a Politician, and God knows what beside: Pretends to find fault with the Management of Affairs at Home and Abroad, and Censures the Actions of all sorts of Men without respect either to their Character or Qualities; nay, he enters into the secret Councils and Negotiations of Princes, as familiarly as if he was of the Cabinet Council of every Nation, of whose Concerns he prates as Pragmatically as a Pedant to his Scholar.

I desire Neighbour, you would take particular notice of this dogmatical Censure of his, on the Conferences and Debates the Duke of *Marlborough* had at the

the *Hague*, and from thence observe his notable Conjecture. " But after all, I will not deny, to me 'tis plain from the Nature of Things, and without any Assistance yet, from Information. He is afraid here, the World should think he has any Intelligence, but that all proceeds from his own Politick Brain; that he Builds upon a rational Train of Consequences, founded on his great Knowledge, and Experience of the Affairs of *Europe*. For 'tis plain, says he from this Conjecture of his, " that his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* has certainly met with some unexpected Difficulties and Disappointments in the Measures and Designs he had laid for the Publick Good.

And this seems apparent to him from several Reasons he offers, which make not one good Reason amongst them all. For now where are all those Difficulties vanish'd? And what are become of the *English* Troops loitering in their Quarters so long? Why truly, they are in the midst of *Flanders*, Revelling and Refreshing themselves in *Brussels*, *Mechlin*, and *Ghent*, I hope before this, nay, perhaps may take their Summers Refreshment in *Paris*, notwithstanding the long, long, long, delay of the March of the *Palatine Forces* to Italy, and that something, that Mr. Review says, has certainly happen'd, that has quite inverted the Schemes of this Summers War. I say, notwithstanding this, and all that he has seen in his Political Prospective Glass of this Campaign being no where promising; I hope to see his Conquering *French Men*, as he calls 'em, driven out of all their strong Holds and unjust Possessions, both in *Europe* and *America*.

DIOGENES

DIOGENES

Robb'd of his TUB;

OR,

The WORLD Despis'd.

NUMBER I.

WHoever is over-run with the Itch of Scribling cou'd not have been born in a better time. The good Breeding of the Age is in nothing more observable than the civill Reception that is given to all. But why a Man of my Reserved humour shou'd crow'd in with those that daily appear for Mirth and Amusement, may be a little wonder'd at. The truth is, short Visits are in fashion, and we must, if we'd be welcome, make 'em when our Friends are at leisure. How many learned Treatises lie neglected, while Those that require but a short attention are read? My Ambition is to entertain the Company in my turn with something Useful; rather to give Hints of things out of the way and rarely touch'd by others, than pretend to Method and Exactness. I can't but retain so good an Opinion of the World from whence I have retired, as to conclude half a dozen minutes in a Week will not be grudg'd to a
serious

serious Subject. And upon the word of an Author, whenever I die a Natural death, or in other words, the World grows weary of my Works, it shall not be imputed to the want of Encouragement, but failure in the performance.

There's nothing that occasions louder Complaints, nor has indeed given more just Offence than the present Liberty of the Press. So openly has the Christian Faith been attack'd by Pretence of Reasoning, or undermined by a revival of the ancient Heresies. The Discipline of the Church brought into such contempt by Those that Refine upon its Institutions, Our Obligation to the Moral part of Religion so treacherously given up, or distinguish'd away, One can hardly help wishing the Inventer of the Art had kept to his first less destructive Employment.

That the Turkish Policy has not yet admitted any Printing at all, seems to be for this reason, that the Christian Religion may not that way find an entrance and prevail against Theirs. This wou'd be, They reckon, doing more Hurt than Good, as it might do so to the Cause of *Mabomet*. We may learn so much of our Enemies, to prefer the Interests of our Religion to secular advantage. And since the Abuse is so plain, to condemn that as heartily as They do the Use of it. 'Twere better we wanted some Modern Improvements, and a few Politick Ends were not served, than These shou'd take into their Train the Pest and Scandal of the Age, and give 'em a Protection. If the Prosperity of this Weapon since it has been form'd against *Zion*, has not something of Horror in it, *Mabomitan* Zeal will rise in Judgment against us.

As bad as the Case is, there's no Remedy feisible. Every Attempt to redress, has miscarried. There's no Medium : No Prohibition of unwholsome Diet without downright Starving.

Since

Since Force can't be had, will Fair means do any thing? Will an Author be persuaded to lay down his Arms when they can't be taken from him? Will he reflect upon the Bloodshed and Confusion to which many a Volunteer hath been an Instrument? This might be expected to prevail with some. Tho' not with those who engage with ill Design or for Hire, yet with others that do Mischief while they mean none. But there's a sort of Possession in this Spirit of Dictating. A Man must make a Figure in the World. It passes under so good a Colour of being Wise and making others so, He can hardly suspect himself. One ushers in t'other. 'Tis no easie matter to shew Moderation in the Opinion of our own Endowments, nor generous to keep our Knowledge to our selves. *Semper Ego Auditor tantum*, is not to be Born. Appear they must whatever comes of it.

Some out of Love to an Hypothesis, blindly follow it, and fall foul upon any that stands in their way. They beat down Scripture and Authority, and overlook all Objections to the dear Scheme they doat on. Another has got a new Notion, or has improved one, that will perpetuate his Learning, and give him a Place among the Inventors of Arts and Sciences. Tho' this perhaps can't thrive, but in the Ruins of some Christian Doctrine, or by its Consequences make way for Enthusiasm.

One willing to receive and submit to every Article of Faith upon the Church's Authority that has deliver'd it down, and observing the reluctance of Mankind to admit of Mysteries, goes about to remove that exception by explaining them. And whilst he endeavours thus to bring Men over to a Confession of the Truth, leads them into the most dangerous Heresies. Not considering that it is the Nature of a Mystery not to be comprehended. And
if

if he cou'd make out one or two to the understanding of the World, if he did not the same by all, the force of the Objection were as great. And he may as well leave all as some for the exercise of our Faith.

Our measuring the Divine Perfections by his own scanty Reason, and in his Natural Temper, perhaps addicted to Compassion, what seems harsh and severe, he endeavours to reconcile with his own apprehension of things. He can't see why Things are, and therefore they are not. If he were to govern, he'd punish but in proportion to the Fault, and not make the forfeiture so much exceed the Trespass. Thence concludes, we have been hitherto deceiv'd. And new Interpretations may be given. Tho' Words can make nothing plainer than the Duration of the Punishment to be inflicted for Temporary Crimes. Tho' the Crime is not to be measured by the Time in which, but the Authority against which it was committed, and the Resistance that might have been made to the Temptation. Tho' the Law, as it stands guarded with all its Terrors, has but just enough to enforce our Obedience.

Every Year produces some great Genius or other, that pulls down a Pillar of Scripture to build a Pleasure-house of his own. How has *Moses* been mangled to erect a new Figure of the Deluge? What a claim has the Under-Engineer put in to our Admiration, tho' he went away with another Man's Fancy till he had run it out of breath?

Can any Man in his Wits think we want Evidence of a Deity, that we must fetch in Sprights and Goblins to prove it? Or if we did, the Dreams of Madmen and Children would do the Work! But they go, it may be, upon the strength of a Proverb, that *These tell Truth.*

What

What extremity were we in, to defend Providence and get a notion of Original Corruption, that we must call in the Doctrine of Transmigration to our assistance?

What new Revelations have been lately made to set aside Apostolick and Primitive Authority? What Power to throw open the Church's Pale for those that make Inroads to claim a Right to her Privileges?

To mention no more, for 'twere endless to go through with 'em: How has Scripture been abus'd, Antiquity made a Jest of, the Positive Institutions of our Church not only called Obsolete, but Marks of Antichrist, by those of our own Communion, because they are maintain'd in our Churches, to which we have a just Exception?

If these cou'd be taken off, it might weaken the Legion, but there's little Hope even of these. We have seen many a Man confounded, but seldom convinced. If Meekness and Modesty be never so long applied to, and the Pride of challenging all the Wisdom of Mankind exposed, he shews the force of natural Affection. They are his Children still, the dear Fruit of his Brain, and the Comliest part of the Creation. Tho' he thinks no Man Infallible, and that himself has erred before now, and believes to make him right now, all the World must be in Ignorance; that's a difficulty got over with abundance more ease, than setting too small a Value upon the Gifts of Bounteous Nature, and condemning so many Hours Study to the Flames.

With humble submission I wou'd enquire; Is there not a Power in the Church to put a stop to these proceedings? Wou'd not the Authority Christ has given Her, if it were exerted, be sufficient? Has not every Bishop a Right to govern his Flock? To exclude from his Communion such as are unworthy of its Privileges? And have not those that write to the
disservice

differvice of Religion, upon whom the milder Methods of Admonition could not prevail, justly incur'd a Sentence as severe?

It's but too true, Spiritual Censures have lost their Terrors, and what in the first Ages was worse than Death, is by most reckon'd a Trifle, any farther than the Peril it brings upon Body and Goods. For such Bravery are we become Famous.

And it must be granted, this Remedy would not reach every Constitution. The Free-thinking part of us that fight the Battels of Atheism, tho' without prospect of present or future recompence, and in Zeal and Diligence are seldom out-done by those that look at both, will never stand in awe of that Priestcraft that has no foundation but Convenience. Tho' by the way, such is the Convenience of it, that they enjoy the blessings of security under its shadow, and some of them Plenty, which would soon be laid common amongst the Beasts of the People, to be torn and devoured, if it were not for these Notions the World is possess'd with. They shou'd rather set up a Statue for the first Contriver if they could find him out. But since Gratitude can't work upon 'em where the Benefit is so Visible, they must stand for a Scandal to a Christian Common-wealth.

There's another sort of Offenders as much out of reach of the Church's Arms. Such as make nothing of an Article of our Creed; tho' they believe every word of the Scriptures, pretend to be govern'd by them, and Them alone. They have no Notion of the Church as a Society; as a House at Unity with it self; of whose Privileges none can partake, without being incorporated in the Body, and observing the Laws of it. It *must* be One, but according to them, *may* be Divided. The Authority it has over its Members, and Succession of its Governors, tho' establish'd by Christ himself, and through all Ages

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maintained with Reverence, is at length so little esteemed, that every one who pleases, forms a Society in Opposition, and calls it the Church of Christ; invades the Office of Transacting between God and Man, as tho' he were anointed with Oyl.

When our Enthusiasts have wrought themselves up to this, that they know the Mind of God better than those he has employ'd to reveal it; that there's no necessity to be of the one Communion, and to observe our Station in it; tho' there was from the beginning in the Church of the First-born; and after in the Jewish, when the Priesthood was confined to particular Families; and as much in the Christian, where the Persons are appointed and set aside by those who only have Authority to do it, in this Case it were vain to exclude those who have already excluded themselves.

It must be confess'd here's a great Number struck out, that Compassion makes one with sensible of these useful Terrors. Yet those who remain in Communion, and dread being cut off from it, are not so inconsiderable a part of the Authors of the Age, but it might be of great service to the cause of Religion, if the License they take had the punishment it deserves.

These only are a Scandal to the Church, because they are yet a part of it, and since Exhortations with all long-suffering of Doctrine have been lost, 'tis pity but those who can Rebuke with all Authority, would exercise some upon Them.

This would as well reach the Laity as Clergy; for what exemption have the former from its Jurisdiction, indeed from the general Privileges of Christianity, of which wholesome Discipline is one, if rightly understood? They are alike admitted into the Church, and equally Subjects to their Bishop while they are in it.

And

And who would go about to hinder a Bishop in the Government of his Family? Who would take it amiss that he suffered none there that Christ has commanded him to shut out?

And for those performances which are worthy to see the Light, whose Authors deserve the Rewards of the present, and their Names the Praise of future Ages, were They not more honourably and decently introduced *By Episcopal Allowance or Command*, than Gratitude to a Kind Patron, under whose Roof they were writ, or the kinder Importunity of Friends?

NUMBER II.

WHEN I consider the Noble Endowments of the Church, I can't but admire the Spirit of our Ancestors, whose Zeal for Religion, carried Them to Honour it with their Substance. On the other Hand, when I reflect upon the small Remains of that Zeal, the *Moderation* shall I call it of the present Age, I must with *Gildas*, but upon far greater Reason, bewail the *Excidium Britannicæ*.

How much of Superstition there was in Theirs I shall not here enquire; whether All things dedicated were equally Sacred or not. Some of their Gifts were certainly of less Use and Service to Religion. But this must be said, 'Twas their own to give, and they intended well. The rest are out of the reach of Avarice to except against. Such I mean as were bestow'd upon the Parochial Clergy. That an Honourable Maintenance shewed Respect to their Office needs no proof. Not only *Moses* and the Prophets, but Pagans and Enthusiasts say the same.

Our Country, as it was famous for the first Christian Monarch, might have put in a Claim to the most Christian People. No other can boast of such ample provision for those that waited at the Altar: If we reckon up what was given out of private Estates, as well as the Tythes that were due upon a prior Right, before they were Appropriated to Monasteries, and the Churches thereby Robb'd. If our Clergy were possess'd of those Lands and Revenues their Predecessors enjoy'd, 'twere enough to secure 'em from the contempt they are come to.

The Magnificence of the Churches our Forefathers built, and the Bounty of their Endowments, shew'd the Reverence they had to the Divine Worship, and that they would not make an Offering of that which cost them nothing. From the settlement of a Glebe or Mansion-House, or both, came the Right of Patronage. Which tho' Originally in the Church, was, upon so valuable a consideration, conferr'd upon the Donors. And it could not be thought but Those, who so liberally contributed to the Support and Convenience of the Priesthood, would as well look at the Honour of Religion in the Choice of the Persons they recommended to the Cure. As any thing is valued according to the Money 'twill bring, Sincerity is least to be suspected in those that part with it. But here alas is to be seen a manifest decay. The Practice of the present Race sadly unsuitable to the Piety of their Ancestors. How is this great Trust abused? Instead of looking for the most Worthy, are not the most Corrupt frequently sought for? By the most Worthy, I mean Men of Probity and Virtue, in opposition to the Traders, who make the Temple a Den of Thieves.

Not but from the beginning these Preferments were bestowed, and honestly might, upon Consideration of Friendship or Relation, where the Persons
were

were otherwise qualifi'd for their Office. If Nepotism can't be charg'd with greater crimes than such a Partiality, it will do no damage to the Church. Nor am I here speaking against buying and selling Advoufons or Presentations, where the Law does not make it Simony. As the Estates are past away These Rights go with them or without them as the owner pleases. Tho' it does not sound well, there seems to be no more objections to this Practice than what would lie against Private Patronage in general.

But the Scandalous Trade of selling them when they are void, which the Law has made as good provision against as Human Wisdom can invent, The Terrors of this World and the next, Present forfeiture, and Future punishment, one wou'd think so good a Security to Merit, it cou'd not fail of its Rights and Privileges. There will be corrupt Men as long as the World stands. Yet if there were no Sellers, there could be no Buyers. And surely, if the Sellers would a little reflect upon the part they have in so flagrant a crime as Perjury, they would as much dread fingering Gold at the price they do, as bringing home the Plague to their Family. It's true, the Patron is not sworn, He makes his bargain as artfully as he can to avoid the Law, The poor Clerke only comes in for the Curse of it. And where's the difference between the Actor and the Abettor? Is there any Case where the One is not as deep as the Other? "Thou sawest a Thief and consentedst unto Him, and hast been Partaker with the Adulterers.

What dismal Images must it present to a thinking Man, that He has brought a Brother into such a Snare? That He has been the Author of calling down all the Plagues of this World and the next upon his Head? Of his defying the Avenger of Fraud and Falshood? And owning himself such a Miscreant as to do it upon mature deliberation? Can He put up

his share of this without remorse, and enjoy Himself in such Company and upon such entertainment?

And who is the Man He thus introduces to the Cure of Souls? Is He not the Worst that He could have found? Or if He be not, has He not reason to believe him so? For what will a Man stick at that makes nothing of Perjury? Is Honour and Conscience after to be depended upon which has been so avowedly violated? What temptation can we expect He shall resist for the future? What should stop him, when He has thus got the better of his Virtue? Will sacrificing to his Interest once, prepare Him for future Self denials? And the World is like enough to furnish occasions for 'em. We have but few Martyrs and Confessors to expect from such a beginning. But little probability from such a Pattern, Those that look at it, should prove either. How will He keep his Flock to the Truth, and confirm their Pious Resolutions? How will the Patron answer for the Souls of that Flock He has put under so corrupt a Guide? How unfriendly and base is it to expose even a Neighbour, those He has no other relation to? But can it enter his Heart to be guilty of such Barbarity to his own Flesh? To commit his Children and his Family to such an Example, and such Instructions? So complicated a Crime as this, carries that Horror in it, that to arrive at the acting it, and to find a satisfaction in the profit that rises from it, is much the same as Renouncing all that's Honest and Just. A fair Confession, that a little Money goes beyond all consideration of Duty, Friendship, and even Natural Affection. But He confesses only to the Priest, who by mutual guilt is obliged to keep the Secret.

What makes the thing blacker, 'tis seldom so much for Necessity as Covetousness. The poor Purchaser is perhaps urged to it by distress, He cannot support Himself without it, and dares not look Want in the Face.

Face. While his Chapman sacrifices his Integrity for a meer Convenience; And so far outstrips the cruelty of *Depart in Peace. Be thou warmed and cloathed,* that He teaches him for Hunger and Nakedness. to *take the Name of his God in vain.* And what Restitution is this capable of? How shall a Man give Satisfaction for such a train of mischiefs? Can He, if he live an hundred Years, make amends for the damage He has done? The Injury may be so far propagated, as not to be in the power of Repentance to repair.

And what a Melancholick prospect of Increase will He have from such Spoils of the Church? How many Estates has this sort of Good Husbandry eat out? How many flourishing Fortunes have mouldred away by adding something accursed to encrease their bulk? It makes but a small addition to the heap, but may be a Canker to destroy it all. The truth is, we can't be sure All that's Ill gotten shall be Ill-spent. There are frequent exceptions to that common observation. We don't so constantly see it come to pass as to pronounce it will be so. Providence for ought we know leaves some Examples of Thriving for a proof of Virtue; stoops low enough to convince us of, tho' not to deter us from doing ill. Yet if we consider the dayly Instances of these Temporal Punishments, we may well stand in awe of the Retributions of Providence. And it must be allowed, there are Unfortunate Persons and Unfortunate Possessions, which we can't charge with any thing of this. Nor is it fit we should have every thing accounted for in present. Yet it's possible the Owner knows where the Canker lies, tho' Strangers may not see it. Some Collections have been of the misfortunes that attend particular Estates, and so visibly is the Vengeance taken upon the Possessors, as may well sink the value of so uncertain Tenures. The Incumbrance goes along with them, and often outlasts the Entail.

What a Multitude does, is contentedly followed. Company authorizes a fault, and gives it a Reputation. No-body cares to let go what He can keep with so good a Countenance. Convictions of Injustice, which would shock a single Man, He makes a shift to struggle with when tis the fashion. Yet I never saw a disinterested Person that did not rejoice he had no hand in it. And if we'll depend upon any Body's Opinion, such a Man is worse than ten thousand of the People that are bribed to say the contrary.

This I foresee may be construed taking too great a Freedom. Exposing our Nakedness to those that delight to hear of it, That a brave Nation should lie under such a Scandal as This. But the Man would have a harder task that went about to excuse it. That should plead for concealing so notorious a Practice, rather than correcting it. Will the Wound be healed without laying open? The rest of the World have their Faults too no question. Vice is the growth of every Soil, and happy is that place that has the least of it, if our Neighbours Reproaches will promote our Amendment, we may bear the shame with patience. If we are so much better than the rest of Mankind in other respects, 'tis pity the British Character should have such a Blemish in it. The Shame will be to continue it, not to wipe it off. And we never heard of an Ill Custom that wore away of it's self when Interest was at the Bottom. Which of our Corruptions has been cured by Time? Has kindly resign'd to Virtue upon the encrease of Power? Doth not Vice fortify wherever it gets Footing? And plead Precedents and Possession for an Establishment? To suffer it's growth shews a Courteous Age, but argues less Zeal than Breeding. If it be exposed, Who will be offended but the Guilty? 'Tis too great a Compliment to leave it undisturbed. Such a Respect to the Vicious, is Respect to the Vice, or may be justly
taken

taken so. The Affront is on the contrary. 'Tis sup-
 posing the Majority are in fault when Truth must
 not be spoken. Silence makes a Man a Party to
 what He's concerned to speak against. What He don't
 condemn, He's supposed to approve. It was once
 reckon'd *Sowing Pillows under the Armes*, supporting
 wickedness not to reprove it, A Complacence the
 Old Prophets were Strangers to. They cried aloud
 and spared not the Vices of the Age, whatever Of-
 fence might be taken at it. It never entred their
 Heart to conceal a growing Evil to prevent the Re-
 proaches of their Neighbours. It's true, their People
 were in favour above all the Nations round about.
 They had Laws and Ordinances immediately from
 Heaven. They had the Sword of the Lord to fight
 their Battles. In all cases of difficulty they had the
 clearest discoveries of his will, and were the peculiar
 Charge of Providence. Had their Obedience been
 suitable to the encouragement that was given to it,
 had they remembred the Judgments that still over-
 took their perverseness, they might have been the
 Glory of all the Earth. The Happiness of such a
 People might have induced the Neighbour Nations
 to throw off their Idolatry and desire to be Profelytes
 to so prosperous a Religion. The prospect of so great
 a good might have silenced their Prophets and their
 Seers, least the Crimes of that Rebellious House, and
 the Vengeance denounced against them shou'd give
 Strangers a prejudice to their Constitution. But they
 left no single Vice Uncensured by which *the Hands of*
the Wicked would be strengthened: Nor suffer'd *one Jota*
of the Law to be expunged, because it did not suit the
 Inclination of the People. They wou'd not connive
 at *Spiritual Wickedness* tho in *Highb Places*, nor coun-
 tenance *Lies which made the Heart of the Righteous sad*.
 If the Corruptions of the Age were such as made *the*
Land mourn, and the Herb of every Field to wither, They
 put

put them in mind of the *Woful Day*, in which *They should be ashamed*. For the Honour of Religion, they shewed its Author and Avenger would not bear with the Violation of his Laws and contempt of his Authority. And proclaimed the Wisdom of Providence in the Justice of it's Punishments.

Amongst the rest of those Practices, we have reason to lament This of Simony is not the least, tho' far, I hope, from a general Crime. Yet as it is so abominable in its self, and seems to be growing more into a fashion, it were well if we knew how to drop it. Tho' not much of a Projector, I can't help wishing the Right of Private Patronage were alter'd. That there were an Equivalent given. And considering at best 'tis but Providing for a Relation or obliging a Friend: And sometimes doing neither, but an Honorary Appendix to an Estate, the Price perhaps would not be very high: And what the most candid part of the Possessors would deny themselves for so publick a Good.

Not but Preferments, if in the Church again, might possibly be unduly disposed of. The Inconveniences that attend any thing while it goes in its proper Channel, must be submitted to. Perfection is not attainable. When we go upon Projects, break in upon Order and Authority, we leave Matters generally worse than we found them. And how can we expect better? If we could set up Infallible in the room of Fallible, much might be. But We Change for Changings sake. There's no security against Humane Mismanagements. Yet if we take the pains to compare, we shall find a more general Cry against the Private than Publick Disposers; As to ready Money, Future Payments, Resignation Bonds to get more, Putting off Women and the like.

The Honour, it may be hop'd of many Lay Patrons, upon which they prefer the most deserving to
their

their Livings. wou'd induce them to part with a Trust so liable to Abuse amongst others. They can't answer for their Posterity, that they shall not thro' Expensive Pleasures or Itch of Covetousness, swerve from the Generous Example of their Fathers. And may rejoice to leave their Heirs out of a Temptation They see prevail so often. The pious impressions of a good Education may be defaced by the Company of loose and ill-principled Men. He may fall into the acquaintance of some prudent Neighbour that understands the World and how to make the best of it. Both Ears are open to Interest, scarce one to Honour. They might with better prospect *call their Lands by their own Names*, and hope *their Dwelling-places may continue to many Generations*. This would be truly *doing well to Themselves*. That part of the World they at present most value, and have the most reason for so doing, would *speak good of Them* for it, and *Virtuous Posterity would praise their sayings*.

N U M B E R III.

THE two things Men generally Love best, are their Children and their Money. The first is highly Commendable in all. And so may the other be in such as use it well. They have scarce any Rival Passion but one another. And tho' such are the Charms of Wealth it takes up the whole Heart, and hurries some beyond the fear of Want or Power of Enjoyment who have none but themselves to take Care for; it must still give place as it is a Servant to natural Affection, which is oftner the Motive, and almost always the pretence of desiring it. This Instinct of Nature we have in common with the Beasts, who provide for, and defend
their

their Young. The difference is only in expectation of Returns. They concern themselves no farther than the short state of Infancy, leave their Brood to shift at full growth, and all the tender Sense of Relation to each other is extinguished. The Endowments of Reason and Improvements of Religion, of which our Species is capable, instruct us to acknowledge from whence we sprung, and repay our Parents Solitude. As our Minority lasts longer, and their Care extends its self till a great part of our Life is gone before we are fit to be trusted with our selves, Gratitude would give them a Title to Obedience in the Remainder. When we are past the Age of absolute Subjection, and are able to question the Wisdom of their Commands (which with the most is an early Attainment) 'tis hard their Authority should be suffer'd to sink, and their Power fall short of a Mistress or a Friend.

Children were once the Parents Property, who could Dedicate them in their Infancy, and oblige them to Austerities through the course of their Life. Thus *Samuel* was made a *Nazarite* according to his Mothers Vow his Father consenting to it. Thus the *Rechabites* were by their Father's Command forbid to drink Wine, they, or their Posterity for ever. To Build Houses, to Sow Seed, to Plant Vineyards, or to have any. They kept it too, and it is by the Prophet called their Obedience, and a singular Reward promised to it. So in the Case of a Woman's Vow the Fathers disallowing it made it void. She could not bind her Soul with any Bond that would stand good without his Approbation. The Stubborn and Rebellious Son that would not obey the Voice of his Father, or the Voice of his Mother, was to be brought to Judgment before the Elders of the City; and all the Men of the City were to Stone him 'till he Died.

This

This they were obliged to do, and it is called *Putting Evil away from among them.*

If Reverence and Respect even in this large extent, was due under the Law, how has Christianity taken it away? If the Relation be the same, why is not the Duty? Is not the Perfection of our Nature to be aim'd at; and the greater Rewards to Obedience the stronger the Obligation; the case is strangely altered. *Fathers provoke not your Children to Wrath,* is much better understood, *Then Children obey your Parents.* The Father is born for the Son, not the Son for the Father. He's reckoned but a sort of Guardian, to manage in the Minority. The old Fellow lives too long when ever the Heir's One and Twenty. The Mother or Grandame is become a Nuisance to the Family, for keeping a part of the Estate or a Place by the Fire-side. When she groans under the weight of Affliction or decay of Strength, the Youth wishes Her in her Coffin, and perhaps tells Her so. Thus is the Indulgent tenderness of a Parent requited. All they could do too little to merit a Being in the World from those they brought into it. If they were maintain'd out of the Poor's Rate, 'twere inhuman for the Parish to wish 'em Dead. But they must not be suffered to enjoy their own for fear of disturbing their Heirs. The tedious Days and waking Nights they have endured to Nurse up or Provide for an Undutiful Race are not over when the work is done. They have as many more of the sort from the Disappointment of their Hopes. From the Melancholick Reflections of their Childrens Stubbornness and Follies. From the Prospect of those Miseries they are bringing upon themselves or one another. May they not envy the Miser's Choice, who made Gold his Happiness, For that makes a return. His Bags will be true to him and speak with his Enemies in the Gate, when Children would leave

leave him to his Luck, and it may be take part against him.

And what after all is it, that Spirits us thus with Disobedience? Is it not our Advantage to be govern'd? *Days should Speak, and Multitude of Tears should teach Wisdom.* 'Tis time indeed to wish the old Man out of the way, if he be not worthy to Advise his Son. He has spent his Days to little purpose, who knows no more than a Stripling. He that thinks forty Years Experience of no Use to One and Twenty, wants it the most of any. And where's the Parents Temptation to direct his Son amiss? Can he have any Aim but the good of his Family? Will a Man quitting the World do so unnatural a Mischief, as to put his Heir in the way of Ruin; but my Father was of the same Mind when he was young. And is he sorry he had not his Humour now he's Old? Does the following his Fancy or the baulking it give him the severest Reproaches? Besides, there is, and ever will be to a Rational being the most solid Satisfaction from Obedience. I did as I was Com-manded, will keep up our Courage tho' the Battel is lost. There's nothing worth laying to Heart but what was of our own doing, but what we might have prevented. Nor is any thing so fruitful of regret as being Wise against Authority. Would a Man consult his Ease and be an Epicure, it is not to be imagined in a World of uncertainty he should be so well pleased in his own Advice, as if he had it to say, I came into this Disaster by doing my Duty. Our Guide may lead us amiss, but is he not more like to know the way than a Stranger; 'twill hold in every difficulty of Life. What Volleys of Sighs would fill our Ears if we had a fair Confession of all the Unadvised; who has escaped the revenge of neglected Duty and not paid dear for the contempt of Council; 'Tis at least the best excuse

cuse for our Errors that our Modesty occasioned them. Even Human Compassion reaches a great way to shelter us from the reproach of such Mismanagements. And makes large Allowances for the Damages we do our selves through the want of Sufficiency and Confidence. A Man may be so unhappy to be directed wrong, But how much oftner do the Positive and Conceited go astray? Reason should always have a part in Grief, as well as in Action? Then it carries a Remedy for the Wounds it makes. Erring with Authority will ever afford more manly Satisfaction than being in the Right against it.

The requital we are to make our Parents, should put us upon enquiring which way we can best shew our Honour and Gratitude; avoiding what gives them most uneasiness, and doing what will be most acceptable. Not looking upon our selves as Hired Servants, to do as little, but under a Superiour Obligation to do all we can. Not measuring our Obedience by how far we may resist, but how far we may submit to their Pleasure. 'Twere too much to run through all the Branches of this Duty, I shall content my self with one or two Instances in which tho' of great consequence it's too little regarded.

The first is choice of Company; for which unexperienced Youth is not qualified. The Benefit of Education lies chiefly in restraint. Virtue may be set forth as its own reward, and the deformity of Vice laid open. Yet remote Consequences are not so much minded as present Satisfaction. Passion and Desire are forwarder Plants than Reflection and Mistrust. The Misery of it is, we think our selves Men long before we are so. When our Leading-strings are off we may be trusted any where, Because we can go upon even Ground, we may be ventur'd upon a Precipice: Such truly is the danger of our setting out. We have not more need of
Assist-

Assistance in our Childhood than after. Better we had perished then, than miscarry when the Care is over. 'Tis putting to Sea without a Compass. Exposing our selves to Rocks and Shelves: Of which there is not greater plenty in the Ocean, than Conversation furnishes to split upon. How many sorrowful Examples are to be met with of those that were in their Nonage, the Hope and Delight of Mankind, yet as soon as they came to their own Conduct, were cast away? Who by the strength of Education might have stemm'd the Tide, had they fallen into good Hands? But when Vice came recommended by Wit and Humour, and the prejudice was taken off by Example, they easily gave in to a prevailing Passion. Soon came to find the sweet of Liberty, and learned the common Topicks to defend it. To value a thriving Principle, and wonder at the nice Honour of those that despise it: To plead the difficulty and discouragements of Virtue, our propensity to do amiss, and the merciful allowances Human Frailty will find: Or to be thoroughly accomplished, got a stock of Atheistical Cant to deliver themselves at once from the Reproof of their Friends; the Token upon which they might give 'em over.

It is no wonder Temptations should prevail upon those that throw themselves into the way of them. As Vice goes with the Tide, self-denial is to be practised some time or other, and good Impressions will best prepare us for it; But it will hardly go down at an unthinking Age, unless we are under better Government than our own. Resistance, if rightly understood, is almost the Business of our Life. A Fundamental Principle, since Nature is corrupted. We have more to do with our selves than with other Men: And more to fear too from our selves than them, if we don't put it in Practice. Let it
begin

begin where the chief danger is; go on and prosper till it has restrain'd our Exorbitant Appetites, and we shall have a better return from our Pruning Hooks than our Spears.

Another great Article of our Obedience to Parents is that of Marriage. The Question is not which shall be pleased, but which can see the farthest. Where there's nothing certain, happy is the Man that can judge of the most probable: That esteems things according to their Intrinsic Value, not by the Appearance they make. That looks beyond the present Minute, and distinguishes between Charming and Durable. It would be harder to resolve whether Father or Son were to have his Way, if their Interests were really different: But when they are the same, 'tis pity so many Misunderstandings should happen upon the Matter. Duty to the Superiour will seldom fail of Indulgence in return. Since it's a Business for our Life, and an Error in it may be out of any bodies Power to Correct, we should weigh it so well, as to prevent a lasting Vexation on his part, and Repentance on our own. A needless Act is to be dreaded from its Consequences. Some rash and unadvised Enterprises are quickly over; they hurt us but for a time, and are so far of use, that the Wit we have bought may be worth our Money. Tho' we paid dear for our Fancy, we are not undone by it. But it is not so in, for better for worse. If we set before our Eyes the Melancholick State of being to our Lives end, disagreeable to those we should chiefly desire to be in Favour with; the severe Retorts we may meet with, instead of Condolance in the bitterness of our Soul; that it was of our own doing; the Fire of Youth would be damp'd by approaching Sorrow, and the Dreams of Imaginary Felicities give place to a prudent and secure Obedience.

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What Ungenerous part a Stranger has in assisting and abetting the wild Inclinations of another Man's Children, deserves to be considered. Is he not partaker of the most unnatural Crimes? Are not his Children his own as much as any thing he possesses? How outrageous would he be to be served so himself? Would he not curse the Match-making Trade ever after, that robb'd him of his dearest Treasure? Do as you would be done by, saith every Man to the Invader of his Property. But the Case is alter'd when himself is strong enough to be the Aggressor: Then he calls in the Casuists that share in the Plunder, to set up convenience for a Rule.

But may not the Parent be sometimes in Fault? Are not some of their Commands unreasonable, unjust? He may be Passionate, or a Lunatick, may destroy his whole Family. Is there any Reverence due to such a Man? Can he be invested with Divine Authority, that is void of Natural Affection? As long as there are Men there will be Mismanagements. Authority can be trusted no where but it may be abused. This is perfectly Modern: To argue from Things that never did, nor ever will happen. My Father will put me upon an Inconvenience sometime or another, therefore I will obey him in nothing at all. I have heard of a Man that threaten'd to kill his Son, therefore if my Father looks angry, I will cut his Throat. One slip betrays his unfitness to govern. The least Act of Severity discovers the cruelty of his Temper. Self-preservation is the prime Law of all. If he invades my Property let him look to himself. I can give two or three Instances of his serving others so. And as I have reason to suspect him, I'll take care to prevent his Design. For it may be too late if I stay till it's executed.

May he not speak for himself before Sentence. My Son has his Failings as well as I. Would he
take

take it well, if I disinherit him for a few slips of Youth? If I took those Advantages, the Law has given me a Power to do? If I turn'd him out of Doors after he had spent his Fortune, would not he plead the Bowels of a Father? He is my Son still, and hop'd I could forgive him? But Forgiveness is like an Inheritance, never Ascends. Can he suspect my Affection whom Nature has influenced me to love above all Things? Have I an Interest to Butcher my own Flesh? To live an old Parricide in an empty House? Or to please my self in the thoughts of a Virtuous and Happy Posterity? Could I not have over-laid him in his Infancy, or sent him to the *Indies* since, if I had not placed my Comfort in his Posterity, and delighted to do him good?

Admitting all this; That a Parent is not only liable to mislead his Children, but even to do it with a Design: Which way shall we find a Remedy? Shall we have recourse to Confusion, to produce Order? If we are in a state of Nature, doth not even Instinct direct a Parent to be Faithful and a Son to be Grateful and Obedient? Is a Scheme for being accused of two or three Inconveniences to be rejected for another that carries Ten Thousand with it? Will the Country-man disown the Favours of Providence, and the Blessing of various Seasons, because he has sometime a Shower in Harvest? Can he find an expedient to settle it with his Neighbours of the Hills and the Vallies upon such a Foot as none of 'em shall complain? *Æsop's* Swains were convinced by the first Experiment and never Projected more.

 N U M B E R IV.

I AM weary of this Manner of Living, and would willingly shake Hands with Life; for I see nothing in the World but what displeases me; Mankind is become one great Monster; a Giant of Iniquity, that is full of nothing but *Pride, Envy, Violence, and Cruelty*; all the Debaucheries and Excesses of Nature, are his Sport and Pastime; and the best of his Vertues, are *Flattery, Lying, and Deceit*. His Conversation is the very Reverse of a moral Man; and he has nothing of Nature in him, but what belongs to the *Tyger, the Boar, the Wolf, the Goat, and the Swine*: In the Rage of his Passion he is a *Centaure, Gryphon, Dragon*, and whatever Prodigy you can frame, that Nature starts at.

The highest Gratifications to the last of these Kind of Men, are *Oppression and Revenge*. Do you not find 'em all *Nimrods, Men-hunters*, that delight in the Ruin of their fellow Creatures, and who boast in the Satisfaction of making Dice of Mens Bones? For which Reason they encourage all *Extortion, Perjury, Malice, and Deceit*; Pity and Compassion are Vices of so odious a Nature, that they are banish'd out of the World by a Law, that makes no Man such a Villain as the Unfortunate, and casualty is punish'd as a more heinous Crime than willful Murder, *Gaming*, which is the Mother of *Lies, Perjury, Theft, Quarrels, and Injustice*, we have seen hugg'd and cherish'd in the Arms of the Great, and, as it were, receiv'd the Sanction of Authority, while Trade has been depress'd, discourag'd, and neglected; the unfortunate Trader brow-beat, prosecuted, and at last immerc'd, by Men whose Mercies are the severest Cruelty;

Daring

*Daring to act, yet fearing to endure
The Punishments provided for the Poor.*

These are a wicked Generation, who, like greedy *Vultures*, are always hunting after thier Prey; and if any Misfortune befall their Friend or Acquaintance, think they ought to make their Advantage of it, and not pity any Man's Calamity, but repay former Favours and Kindnesses with Hatred and Envy, 'till they grow grey with Fraud, inexorable to Compassion, harden'd in all Barbarous and Inhuman Actions, 'till base Ingratitude sink 'em down into Perdition, while they are gratifying their insatiable Desires of Malice and Revenge upon their helpless and insolvent Debtors.

One would be apt to think the Wisdom of Man should find out an Expedient by Human Laws, to put a Stop to such like brutal Cruelties; whereas they have taken Care to punish Robbery and Murder with Death, on the contrary the Law encourages the Extortioner and cruel Man to punish the Poor and Indigent with worse than Death; that is, Want and Imprisonment, attended with the most aggravating Reflexions of Dispair; for as Affluences of Riches elevates Men above the Sphere of Moderation and Goodness, so Want depresses Men beyond all Patience, Pride despising even Power it self, as that despises *Poverty*: I mean that Part of it which claims our Charity and Compassion; that is, such who have liv'd in Plenty, Credit, and Esteem, and who, by the Frowns of the World, the Casualty of Fortune, Suretyship, &c. have been reduc'd to Want, and are under such Confinement, as they cannot assist themselves; who are treated now by a wicked World, as if they were *Infectious*, and are not only forsaken of all, but expos'd to the Tyranny of every Hand that

desires to oppress them: That Law it self, a Friend to all else, is so heavy an Enemy to the poor Debtor, that it not only takes from him that valuable Blessing of Liberty, but it Robs the Commonwealth of a Subject, by making such useless to the State, as if they were already dead in Nature, as they really are in Law; which leaves Men under the Weight of such a heavy and insupportable Calamity, which produceth every Thing that is disagreeable and hateful to Nature. He that is in Debt, and has not wherewithal to pay, is like a Soldier that is detach'd upon the *forlorn Hope*, who, if he escapes the Danger of the Engagement, is sure to meet with nothing but *Famine*, or some Malignant Disease in his Quarters; for tho' the Sword spare him, it is not out of Mercy but Contempt; so that he is in a Condition not capable of becoming worse, and which he must despair of seeing better: 'Tho he hears nothing talk'd of round about him, but the Felicity of his Country, the Liberty of his Country-men, and the Slavery of the Nations round him, he only is the unhappy Man that can neither enjoy the one or the other; but as he lives under a Government that has spent so much Blood and Treasure for the Purchase of Liberty, he must lament his Misfortune, that incapacitates him from enjoying the very Shadow of it, but on the other Hand subjects him, to an insupportable Tyranny and Oppression.

Reflections on such kind of Barbarity, are enough to make a Man ashamed, as well as weary, of human Life; where we find even Legislators, who would flatter us into an Opinion, that their Principles are fair and honest, while their Practices are Horrid and amazing: This is a matter much to be lamented, but which *Diogenes* must Despair of redressing; he can never talk *Crassus* out of the Love of Money, or *Verres* that of Voluptuousness, Treachery, or Revenge.

Dear

*Dear shall be to Verres, in whose Power
The Life of Verres lies.*

These are truly Noble Vertues, whereby some claim the Merit of Honour and Dignity; or those that cannot attain to such, as to be guilty of all manner of Vice; let 'em only flatter great Men, pimp for *Sylla*, prostitute their Wife to *Atticus*, or their Daughters to *Verres*; for this is the high Road, these the Steps and Ladders, by which a Man may come to Honour or Riches. To be a Foot-man, a Vagabond, a Fugitive, guilty of a thousand infamous Actions, is a sufficient Recommendation to make a *Tribune*, or a *Centurion* under *Crassus*, But to be of a vertuous Family, and Poor, is fit to recommend you no where, but to a Prison; for in order to Preferment, you ought to be instructed in a Repacious Desire of Gain, contrary to all Law and Equity; in Pleasure and Luxury, in Liberty and Violence, in Ambition and Villany; and to compleat all, to be a cunning tricking Gamster, that will not start at Poyson, or grow pale at Murder.

But there is another sort, excellent above all others; to recommend themselves to the World for just and honest Men, famous for Liberality, Goodness, and Wisdom; all which are counterfited by fair shows of Vertue, fine Words, affable Looks and cringing Bows; They talk free and open with a smooth Tongue, but a deceitful Heart, who by robbing one, and giving to another, even gain the Opinion of being Liberal: They are reputed good Men, by undertaking Differences, among poor People, but it is only with design to employ the Coffers of the rich; under the Notions of Justice and Piety, they become the greatest Libertines in the World, using all manner of Violence where it will gratifie

their Pride, Ambition, or Revenge, and oppressing every Body that put their Confidence in them. The provok'd Power of such, is like a contagious Pestilence, it sweeps off all before it: A Man possess'd with it, or rather a Beast, shall presume to do any thing, he shall revile all Men, talk ill of them privately, Correct 'em publickly, Bully till all Men dread him, spurn at his Inferiors, contemn his Equals, disdain his Superiors; and whoever is not pleas'd, or applauds him not when he has done ill, is therefore guilty, for he shall be thought either to envy his good Fortune, or not to give him his due Honour. Men like these may fitly be call'd *Verres's*, who are not only troublesome to their Equals and Inferiors, but pestilent to their Princes themselves, instigating them, or those in Power under them, to commit the most horrid Crimes, as in *Lugan*. *Curio* instigates *Cæsar*:

*What remis Power with-holds thy potent Arms?
 It it mistrust of us thy Courage Charms?
 While in my breathing Veins, warm Blood doth flow,
 And brawny Arms the Massy Pile can throw;
 Cæsar shall never brook the Senate's Reign,
 Nor the degenerate Gown.*

Such Incendiaries as these had *Alexander*, who being hot-headed enough of himself, when he was in his mad Humours, stirr'd him up the more to War, Mischief, and Desolation.

Mankind in the first Ages of the World, thought it sufficient if they cou'd defend themselves from wild Beasts: But at this time of Day we are forc'd to guard our selves against our own *Species*; *Mankind is the greatest Enemy to Mankind*. When the *Satyr* upon the first Shrine and Novelty of the Fire wou'd have entertain'd it with Kisses, *Take heed, Goat*, said *Pro-*

Prometheus, or it will make thy Chin smart; if we kiss Fire, it will burn our Lips; and if we are too familiar and trusting in our fellow Creatures, they will deceive us; there is nothing but Deceit in the World. This made Crates, as well as I, banish our selves from Society, and seek retirement as the only Means to acquire Content and knowledge. I always lov'd Zeno for that saying of his, when it was told him, That the Ship he had sent to Sea with his Goods, was cast away: Thou hast done very well, Fortune, for thou hast taught me to make use again of my thred bare cast Coat. I wish I cou'd teach every Body to be of this Opinion, there would then neither be so many vain or discontented Wretches living; but People would be taught in time to submit to the Will of the Gods, then they would be good Men, and not Study to be reveng'd on their Enemies, or think so contemptible of their Friends.

N U M B E R V.

MEN now-adays do not read cursory Papers so much to improve themselves, as to gratify their Appetites, according as they are delighted in Scandal and Reflection; by which Means, the Pen is become the Bubble of the Rabble. Neither is this Frenzy capable of any Reformation, so long as all sorts of Men contend for a Liberty of saying what they please; from whose Divisions, Books run the Fate of the middle-ag'd Men in the Fable, who became Bald by endeavouring to gratifie the Humours of all Sides: Nor does the Knavery of a few
obscure

obscure Writers, contribute a little to the Disencouragement of Knowledge, who, by foul-mouth'd Scandal and base Language, debauch the Reader's Understanding, especially in this Age, wherein the Gods, and those that Represent them here on Earth, lie Blasphem'd on every Stall. If my Years and Infirmities that stand ready at the Gate to hurry me out of this World, cannot shroud me from the Pelting of reproachful Tongues, I ask the Favour of their Malice, rather than be obliged to come under the Misery of their Pity; yet I must own the World is not much mended, or I my self much better for my Age and Continuance, which makes me still complain against Injustice and Oppression, upbraid Youth with Folly and Vice, rail at Governours who countenance all Things by their own Practice, since in the worst of Times *Tyranny* could but be us'd to satiate their Lust and Revenge, any more than it is now; tho' sometimes it may be palliated with the Pretence of seeming Necessity. It passes sometimes for *Sanctity*, veil'd under a proper Cloak; for it 'tis the outward Appearance makes all the Difference discernable between what is call'd *Wicked* and *Just*.

Who ever reads this Paper, may smile without Danger of puffing me up with the Vanity of being proud of my self, and be pleas'd, without making me angry; for I know well enough every Man will applaud or dispraise whatever he has a Mind to do, according as it is agreeable to his own Notion, or suits his present Opinion. This is not what I seek after, wish for, or expect, but only to employ a busie Spirit, that would otherwise break its Vessel, had it nothing to work upon but it self.

I have hitherto been unhappy beyond Expression, in seeing the unnatural Oppressors of Mankind
perish

perish and languish, through as wonderful Means, as I have been preserv'd, and by which I am brought to the Contemplation of higher and more durable Pleasures, than the poor and despicable Consideration of Profit is able to reach to, since I reflect what a flatulent Impertinency it is to court the World, or think to raise a Party in the Behalf of any Thing that wears not the Livery of Truth and Reason; against which, *Prejudice* and *Hypocrisie* have maintain'd so long an Usurpation, that we almost despair of ever seeing them wrested out of their Hands. These are the Things that make so many stagger between Hope and Fear in their Opinions, that they know not what Side to take, out of Dread to be accounted Traitors and Fools; though sometimes it is safer to appear wanton than serious; liker a Fool, than a *Censor*; yet we have seen Ignorance, under a supercilious Gravity, obtain in the World, before all the Learning of the Schools.

I cannot allow any Body to laugh out of Season: You may cry, if you can, 'till your Belly's full; but who can make a Jest of Misery, or smile at a Wretch in Affliction; raving in a Fit of Madness, under Stone, Gout, or Rheumatism? If any Man would but search himself within, what Variety of Distempers would he find there? Giddy Distractions, blind Conceit, fantastick Folly, ruling all his Actions, as Lords paramount; and these are as familiar to Mankind as a Fever to the Body, Blushes to Modesty, or Paleness to the Green-sickness: But to disguise all our vicious Appetites, we give false Names to our Passions, and call *Anger* Fortitude, *Lust* Love, *Envy* Emulation, and *Cowardice* Conduct. With these Opinions the promiscuous Multitude meet together, jostle and shoulder one another from Street to Street, and Place to Place, till when you come to examine into the Cause of all their Disturbances

bances and Contentions, you shall find them arise from themselves, their own Malice, Anger and Revenge pushing them on to Dissention, 'till there is no Difference betwixt the *Undoer* and the *Undone*.

When *Pericles* was Duke of *Athens*, a City govern'd by *Democracy*, and burden'd with a great and populous Multitude, large in Jurisdiction, powerful for Riches, and stor'd with many and eminent Commanders; the Plague then ripe in *Aethiopia*, where it first began, pass'd thence into *Persia*, and afterwards to *Athens*, where having taken Footing, it encreas'd daily, and afflicted the City: To augment this Misery, it happen'd at the same Time, that they had open War with the *Peloponnesians*; In this State therefore, when the County lay wasted by the Enemy, the Inhabitants tortur'd, their Houses rifled, their Armies defeated, and the whole Body of the Commonwealth expos'd to Pillage and Destruction, *Pericles* the good Prince being then in Health himself, rebuilds the City, recruits their Armies, retrieves their Courage, and dividing himself betwixt the Sword and the Pest-house, with the one Hand subdu'd the Infection, and with the other the Enemy. When the Infection ceas'd, and the Commonwealth again took Breath, and recover'd those Persons in the City, who had the Charge of the Republick, as popular Governments hath ever too many so burnt with Hatred, Ambition and Covetousness, one towards another, that they seem'd rather to be out of their Wits, than rightly in them, these Maladies in a short Time, so encreas'd and dispers'd, that all *Athens* was infected; and so prevalent was the Contagion, that it took also the common People; and why not? For here they had not one *Cleon* to rave with, or one *Alcibiades* to burn with; but as the Nature of *Democracy* is a Hundred or more, and these ply'd several Interests, one this Way, another

ther that Way; *Alcibiades* shew'd them *Sicily*, *Cleon* *Sphacteria*; another some other Territory or Ocean.

O blessed Statesmen! This was your Reformation! Ruin, Confusion, prodigious Changes, National Miseries, and civil Broils, were the Religion and Liberty they had from you! so wofully pernicious was this State-Disease.

Alcibiades is so infected, that an outrageous restless Fire feeds upon him, overthrows his Reason, hurries him up and down from *Lycæum*, to the Multitude; from the Multitude, to the Sea; from the Sea, to *Sicily*; from *Sicily*, to *Lacedemon*; from *Lacedemon*, to *Persia*; from *Persia*, to *Samos*; from *Samos*, to *Athens*; from *Athens*, to the *Hellepont*; and from the *Hellepont*, I know not where. *Critias* lies Sick of an intolerable Disease, burthensome to a whole Common-wealth; but these had all handsome proper Bodies; spruce *Cleon*, beautiful *Alcibiades*, and portly *Critias*; but in Men of such Dispositions, I never lov'd Health; let *Critias* then be Sick, until he can play the Tyrant again; *Alcibiades*, because he cannot bring *Athens* into *Sicily*; and for *Cleon*, let him be Sick to Death; nay, let every one perish who is fruitful in Mischief, and fertil in propagating Iniquity: For as running Sores, where they once seize, spread further still, prevailing against all Medicines, 'till the very seat and hold of the Disease be cut out; so those Minds which are corrupted with dishonest Intentions, will, like infected People, endanger all that have Commerce with them; and therefore, in such Persons, the Strength and Spring of the Disease should be removed, as the Hand of a Thief, the Eye of a Lecher, and the Belly of a Glutton: For though against those Enormities thou shouldst constitute Judges, Prisons, and Tortures; yet would the Evil encrease, prevail, and overflow; for the headiness of Vice, where it finds a free Disposition,

spoliation, and grows once habitual, is altogether incredible, and attended with most desperate Licentiousness, and a frontless Audacity.

I just now receiv'd this Copy of a Letter, which it seems came from *Spain* to a Friend at *Brussels*.

Toledo, New-Years-day.

Dear Cousin,

I Doubt not but you have heard of our Misfortune at *Bribuega*. Indeed in some Measure it may be said, that sweet Meat had sour Sawce. It is true, we found Viſtuals; whereas if we had taken the other Rout nearer to *Stavemberg*, we had been starv'd. We were all looking out sharp, though not towards the Enemy, when they came upon us with their whole Army. After we had Capitulated, they Plunder'd some of us most barbarously, upon Pretence of searching for Church-Plate. You know who I was Corporal to at Port St. *Mary's*, when I got the Jewels for his Lady, by taking 'em from the Image of another Lady; but what I got at present, I design'd for my own Spouse, if I had not been prevented. My Sacks were like those of *Joseph's* Brethren, when they went out of *Egypt*, there was Corn and Treasure in all of them, and Cups and Chalices in most of them. We meet with a huge deal of Kindness; the great ones are caress'd with a thousand Civilities. The *Spaniards* know on which Side their Bread's Butter'd, and what might have happen'd, if all had been of the same Mind: They are glad they 'scap'd as they did. Because they owe their good Fortune to our good Stomachs, we are promis'd to have Leave to eat Flesh upon Fasting-days. They have got some of *Sacheverell's* Tryals among the Plunder; some of the Speeches they commend, but have be-divell'd him where they found his Name.

Name. I shall be glad to see you; for I am almost weary of Barrel Figs and *Malaga* Raisins. My Love to *Hannah*; I have something still in Reserve for her,

Your loving Kinsman,

John Mayton.

N U M B E R VI.

I Have been reflecting on the modest Ignorance of Antiquity, and the boasted Wisdom of the Men of these Days: The former were so wanting in their *Assurance*, that they built their Houses in Valleys, lest the Inclemency of a dry Season, should bring them to a Necessity of praying for a little Water to quench their Thirst: The latter were so bold as to bid Defiance to Heaven, and venture their Situation upon the highest Hills, that they might have the Satisfaction of looking with Contempt on the Valleys beneath them, and despise those dirty Acres their Ancestors purchas'd with the Sweat of their Brows.

Antiquity knew no better than to build their Dwellings for the Conveniency of Life, and that the outward Frame of their Houses might be adapted to the inward Furniture. In the Hall were plac'd Tables, Forms, and Chairs, that the Doors would neither admit free Ingress or Egress to: The Kitchen was built on Purpose to dress Victuals in, and the Brew-house for the Sake of its Coppers, Leads, Marishing-Tubs, and the like.

But

But the Moderns, Wiser in their Generation than their Fore-fathers, have erected magnificent Structures, with noble Stair-cases, *Italian* Paintings, and stately Portico's, beautiful enough to invite the wandering Traveller in, who is no sooner entred, but he fancies himself in some enchanted Castle, where no Body inhabits, but some old Witch or Wizard, who shows him all the Rooms of State; and a Bunch of Keys, the Ensign of their Authority, denote as if they were Keepers of that Royal Foundation; excepting then some comfortable Refreshment, to ease his weary'd Limbs, The Stranger asks who is the generous Founder? The Hag replies, " my Lord —— has never seen the House but
 " once since it was finish'd, and that was last E-
 " lection, and then his Servants were all at Board-
 " Wages. Alas! They neither Brew'd nor Bak'd
 " since his good Father dy'd, and that was Lord
 knows how long. Had you but been here then,
 " *quoth she*, you need not ask'd who was the Ma-
 " ster of this House: I mean, Sir, pardon me, this
 " House that was, where you, and many Strangers
 " more, might have been kindly entertain'd with-
 " out a Question; but now we han't a drop of
 " Water, but what we fetch at yonder Pond you
 " see at a Distance.

Nor are the Citizens less provident in these wise Times, who build their Houses with so much Fore-sight against Contingencies, that whereas their Doors were formerly too small to admit of Furniture convenient for their Trade and Living, now they make their Windows large enough to remove their Goods, without Suspicion, every Quarter-day.

Alas! your Tradesmen heretofore were Ignorant of their own Ease, and the Repose of their Families: A Parcel of drudging Fools, they knew not what belong'd to a Citizen; but, as if they had
 nothing

nothing else to do, employ'd their Prentices to wipe their Shoes, the present Age, more provident of their Labour, will not permit them to wipe their own, but instead thereof, a Porter is hir'd for that Drudgery, as likewise to shut up their Shops, least such filthy Work should spoil a white Hand, so necessary to show in the exposing a rich Piece of Silk, or a Piece of Holland or Muslin. Besides such dirty Work may daub their Cloaths, or spot their Neck-cloths, so that they would not be fit to wait upon their Mistresses to the Play-house, or entertain their Master's Daughter at a Consort.

An ancient Citizen of *London* was content, because he knew no better, with a plain home-spun Suit of Cloaths, a Collar Band, and a High-crown'd Hat: His Wife, like a good Woman that minded the Business of her House, and not gadding Abroad, now call'd Visiting, thought her self very fine in a Faradine Gown, and a clean white Apron on *Sundays*, in which she appear'd for seven Years together; but how would one be laugh'd at now, that had not seven new Gowns and Petticoats every Year, the Value of which had been sufficient to have set up an able Tradesman then? Alas! a handsome young Mercer cannot carry on his Business with any Reputation, without an embroider'd Coat to stand at the Shop door in, instead of a Sign, or a Footman in a Lac'd Livery, to invite in his Customers. It would be a manifest Scandal to a Tradesman's Wife of any Figure, if she kept a Maid Servant in her House without a Furbelow'd-Scarf, or that was not new Rigg'd four times a Year; for as Brewing and Baking are grown useless Things, so that is counted a Prejudice to Trade, and beneath the Consideration of a rich Tradesman's Wife or Daughter, to understand the making of a Pye or Pudding; for at that Rate the Pastry-Cooks would be discour-

rag'd, and could not get Estates; whereas ever Body ought to be as luxurious and extravagant as possible in a trading Nation, where Frugality and Parsimony are the most pernicious Vices; for if Pride and Vanity were not encourag'd, what would become of all our Foreign Merchandize, that mounts so many up to the Peerage of a Coach and Six, who think themselves then qualified to prye into the Secrets of State, the Councils of Princes, and the Projects of Senates?

Plato, I remember, blam'd the too great Encouragement of Merchandize, as the chiefest Corruption of good Manners; and therefore would have it ordain'd, that the wanton Exuberances of Foreign Countries, shou'd not be imported into a well constituted Government; that no Person should be permitted to Travel, under the Age of Forty Years; and that all Foreigners shall be sent Home, knowing that there was nothing which sooner caused the People to forget, and hate the frugality of their Ancestors, and their old Country Customs, than the contagion of Novelty brought in by Strangers, which generally makes Cities wicked, and fills them full of Lust and Luxury.

To other Day I was resolved to see some of the Devotion in the City, I went to what they called heretofore the *Evening-Change*: And about Six a Clock there were Prayers at a Church, called *St. Christophers*; and I was told, there was a Revenue paid for the Performance of them by a pious Citizen. I came as soon as the Bell Toll'd, and sat down in a Seat. I had but just come in, when a very grave Man, with a decent Habit, came into the Pew above me, and falling on his Knees, began thus: "Thou know'st that I come hither only for
" a Cloak, that my Heart is not with the ceremonious Party, but I deal with them, let it be to
" their

“ their Confusion, and the preservation of the
 “ Righteous. Teach me to pass safely through the
 “ perilous Paths of the *Custom-House* Officers; and
 “ let my Wine and Brandies, dropt in the Hun-
 “ dreds of *Essex*, arrive safe at my Hands. Oh!
 “ prosper the Spirits that I have sent to *Dover*, to
 “ be sold at *Canterbury* for *French* Brandies. I have
 “ made free with an Oath or two, but Charity be-
 “ gins at home; and he that does not provide for
 “ his Family, is worse than an Infidel. Oh! let
 “ me not be found out, and then I shall verily re-
 “ joice; for why should my Substance contribute to
 “ the enriching of them who are richer than my
 “ self, when a few Words, a pious Expression, and
 “ a solemn Countenance, may preserve it? Oh give
 “ a prosperous Gale to the Ship I have sent out, that
 “ she may fall into the Hands of the *French* Private-
 “ teers, being Loaden with Corn, Beef, and Wool;
 “ thou know’st they want them, and it is fitting
 “ we relieve our Brethren in Necessity. Oh! grant
 “ that my Correspondent there be not treacherous,
 “ and that the Persons with whom I have Insur’d,
 “ may not Fail, so shall I gain a double Advantage,
 “ both from Friend and Enemy, as we call the
 “ *French* vulgarly. I must praise thee for all Bles-
 “ sings, particularly for that of Black Currans,
 “ Red Goosberries, and Elder-berries: Oh! let the
 “ Juice of them be sold by Lots, and let it pass in
 “ the Name of neat *French* Wine, and Cask *Flo-*
 “ *rence*. Thou knowest the Effects of *Devonshire*
 “ Cyder, thou art a Protector; nay, I may say a
 “ *Shepherd* of the Flock, who by *Measure* deals for
 “ *Normandy* Cyder, from *Guernsey* and *Jersy*. Oh!
 “ prosper this, under the Hands of the Industrious.
 “ Let *Kent* and *Hertfordshire* Flourish, that the Juice
 “ of the Red Cherry, intermixt with the Black,
 “ may produce a Vinous Liquor, bright and spark-

“ ling to the Eye, and that pays no Custom ; what-
 “ ever the Effect of it may be by Gripes or Purg-
 “ ing, thou hast provided the Apothecary and Phy-
 “ sician. It seemeth now that it is time that I at-
 “ tend upon the *Form*, from whence I shall adjourn
 “ to the *Club*, where I expect something that may
 “ turn to *Advantage*.

I thought the imaginary Deities, presiding over
Theft, Fraud, and Deceit, had been long forgotten ;
 but to find Applications, Render'd to them here,
 makes me Despair, Groul, and Foam, and think that
 the World will never grow better.

Several Scriblers having deserted from Mrs. *Ann Baldwin*, desiring that she will take Care of her self,
 and they being entertain'd in the Service of *John Morpheu*, to write a Paper call'd the *Tatler* ; these
 are to give Notice, That if Mrs. *Ann Baldwin* will
 come to *John Ashford's*, Esq; in *Golden-Square*, she
 shall have Protection fitting for a Person who is
 so useful to the Publick, and who hitherto has had
 the good Word of all that have employ'd her, and
 never deserv'd otherwise. And if any of the Scrib-
 blers will come to the *Savoy*, they shall be list'd ac-
 cording to their Quality, and Lodgings shall be ap-
 pointed for them, where they may write and print
 'till their Transportation to *Flanders*.

All Emperors, Kings, Princes, and other inferior
 Potentates, who have vulgarly made their Appear-
 ances at the *Opera, Theatre-Royal, Greenwich, or Wind-
 mill-hill*, are desir'd to keep close to their Garrets,
 for the Preservation of their Persons, the rude pres-
 sing Gang paying no Regard to their Characters,
 have insolently made the famous King *Latinus* Pri-
 soner.

N U M B E R VII.

DIOGENE be sick, very well ; he no naturaliz'd ; me be de more sick ; me be naturaliz'd ; me be de provok'd ; me be in de Passion ; me will write de Paper for him ; me will groul like de very Dog ; for vat do me get by being de *Engelish*-man ? Vat ha me for me Shilling ? Vat do de Parliament make a de Vark about ? Me no Benefit by all a de Votes ; me no Regard, begar, for de whole of de Nation, for vat, begar, me no Consideration ; me no Respect, yet me make e de Dance ; me make e de Fence, me make e de Peruke, de Hat, de Shoe, de Glove ; me make e de fine Shape ; begar, me make e de very fine Shentleman.

Vat do me get in Return , but de poltroon Language, de grand Abuse of de *littel Monsir, de Refugee, de pauvre French-e-man*, when, begar, in me own Country, me be de Marquis de *Gentilhome*, de Marchand ? Me weré de Sword, de Ribbond, de Muff ; me never stir without de Coach de Haak de Remise, or de Chair. If me take de Shape of de fine Gentleman, me try on the Shoe of de Belle Dame, or carry Home de Peruke of de Colonel ; me hate de darty Fellow of de *Engelish*, dat go scrape e de scrape at de Door of de Lord or de great Quality, to clean a de Shoe. Ma foy ! it look liker de Clown, than de Taylor, or de Peruke-maker : But de Tradesman of *Londre* be de scoundrel Fellow to de *French* Nation ; de Haberdasher of de small Wares, that sell de Pin, de Needle, de Lace ; and de Chandler dat do sell de Farthing Candle, de Sand, de Brush, de Brandy Vin, de Neceffair for de Life humane, dey be de Grand Marchand de Paris ; but dey be de littel Fel-

lows in *Engeland*. De *Engelish* be de very proud Man, and do scorn de *Refugee*; tho' de *Freneb*-man, de *German*, be all very good Gentilhome, begar, but de *Dutch*-man be de Boor, and de *Palatine* de idle Beast; de Disgrace to de *Refugee* of de *French* Nation, be asham'd to look upon dem, dey be de very unlick'd Cubs of de Bear, dey no Figure, no Air, no Phantastie, no Genie, begar, no nothing at all.

Me Lord *Galway* gave de Pension of twenty five thousand Pounds Sterling to de *French* every Year, but where? In *Ireland* and de *Irish* do no like, but snarl and grin at de *French*, who do serve der Nation, do save dem de Trouble of der Trade, and do der Drudgery to eat der Beef, where be de Favour to take der Money? It be de Favour to live in der Country! Vat would dey do for de Consumption of de Flesh? For de *Irish* do love *Potato*, but de *French* do take de Mutton, de Veal, de Poulet, de Pidgeon, de any Ting for de Soup, de Ragou, de Frichasie; so de *French* be de Fool to de *Irish*; he be de Pack-horse to work for dem, for a littel Money, a littel Vittels, a littel Cloaths, dat be all dey do get for de Study of de Brain, and de great Travel,

In *Engeland* me be de Companion for de Quality; dey do say very oft, *Monsieur, do me de Honour to get me de French Wine*: You no like de *Port*, den you drink with me. Vat be all dis Civility for? To give de *French* man de Trouble. Me go to de Cellar, me carry de *Bisquet*, de *Anchovie*, de *Cheese* in my *Poquet*; me tast de *Wine*, me buy de *Galicia* for de *French*; de *Quality* be very fond, do say de *Marquis* bought it; me tell 'em it be *Fort bon*, me know de *Vinyard* whence it came, and me have the Correspondence with me *Unckle*, who is de *New Convert*, do profess de *Papist*, but be de very good *Protestant*. Begar, me do profess de *Protestant* among de *Engelish*, but me be de true *Catholick*, where der be de Occasion,

caſion. Helàs ! a great Noiſe , and noting got by all diſ: Ma *femme* my Wiſe have only de Gold Watch, de Diamond Ear-Rings, me Children be bred at *Eaſton-School*; me have de ſmall Eſtate, with de Gardin and de Chaiſe to take de Pleaſure, but me no Reliſh; for de want of me own Country give me de Spleen, and de grand Monarch no here; no *Paris*, no *Versailles*, no *St. Clou*, no Gallentry, no Grandeur, no Carouſals, no Apartment of de Dutcheſs *Burgoigne*.

Me vent to help de *Engeliſh* Nation to chuſe dar Parliament for *Weſtminſter*; me was for Sir *Har* the littel Horſe; no, no, not de littel Horſe, vat do you call, de young Horſe? Oh ! oh ! de *Colt*. Me was for de great General *Stanup*, who do kill and take all de *Jack Spaniard* Priſoner; me put on de long *Peruke*, de Sword, de Snuff-Box, de clean Ruffle, de Muſſ; me do come to de Place in *Covent-Jardin*, dere be grand Mob, de rude Boy, de Canaille de Dirt, de filthy Fellow; dere be noting of de *French* Civility, no d' Addeſs, no d' Compliment. Dey do ſay, der be de *Monſir*, who be you vor, *Monſir*? One do hit me on de Back, one do ſteal my Hat from my Arm, one do tread my Toe, one do give me de Puſh and de Hurt, one do kick my Breech, begar: Oh ! *Monſir*, *Monſir*, vat do you vote for *Medelicot*, and de Croſs? Me ſay, de Diable of de Croſs, de Diable of de *Medelicot*, tout enſemble both togedar; me be for me Country man de *Stanup*, who no born in de *Engeland*, and for de *Colt*, who be de fine Gentilman, do love de *Piquet* and de *Baſſet a la mode de France*. Begar, the Mob do holloe, cry diſ be de *French* Taylor, dat do live in de Garret in de *Soho*; this be de Barber, dat ſhawe and let Blood for de Penny at de Corner of de Street de *Monmouth*. Me do den wiſh me ſelf at Home with all mine Heart: Me do draw mine Sword; me do ſay me puſh, me kill, me put my *Peruke*

ruke in my Breeches, de Mob cry den *Knock down Knock down*, den come de fine Gentelman from de Bench, with de Gold Lace and de Scarlet, he do take me in his Arms, and do kiss a me tree four time; he do ask for my Hat and Peruke, de Hat is gone; I do a-just my Wig, as well as can; I go a long with him to vote for my Country-man, dere be de *Cross*, say you *French-man*, do you pay *Scot and Lot*, be you de House-keeper? Me say me have de *Lodgin* convenient for mine Family; me no care to be disturb'd in my Privacy; me live tree Pair of Stair; me have de good Air of de *Highbate* and de *Hampstead*; me no need de Medicine; me pay de Shilling for being de *Engelish-man*; me pay two Shilling de Week to mine Landlord; me pay all de *Scot and de Lot* be demanded of me; de House be no Loser by me; me keep de House, and de Family in de House. Begar, de Mob do holloe again, me cannot tell for vat, but de fine Gentelman do put off his Hat, and thank'd me, den me do tell my Name, and de *Cross* do say, *The French man ha no Vote, he be de Garreteer*: Me do say, he no drink de Wine, de *Champagne*, de *Burgundy*; he brew de Beer, he drink de Belch. The Mob holloe, begar, again, car me away, cry, *Stock, Orse-Pond*; me be de *Lodger, de Pimp, no Vote, no Sh* — — t *Pulpet, no Card Sunday*: Vat be dat? Me be no shrit *Pulpet*, no *Card Sunday*; me be de *Engelish-man*; me wish my self den de *French-man* again; dis be de *Gratitude Engelish*, me came to serve de scarlet Gentleman me no protect; me no chuse Parliament once more,

De *Engelish* be de very barbarous People, dey use de stranger *Rudiment*; me have de Pension, me put de Money in de Funds, me be de very good Subject; me have noting but de Interest for mine Money, me make de Jewel: Vat be de fine *Engelish* Lady without de Jewel? Me make de fine Stay for de Shape of de Lady; me have the Poppet, de Baby from
France

France every Year; and yet me no Love from de *Engelish*-man. My Wife know better than me; they no salute her according to her Distinction. 'Tis very certain she go in de Morn in Dishabile; she no take de Care to make de grand Figure; she were de Mask, de Scarf Furbeloe, de Patin; for vat do she do all this? No Necessity, but to oblige de Ladies; she carry de Box, de Ribbon, de Fan, de fine Wash, de Pulvil; for dis dey call her de *Slatern*, they say she smell of de Onion, de Garlick, de Sweat of her Toe: Begar, she be very sweet, her Breath be Perfume; she smell de Violet, de Jessamine, de Jonquil, de Tuberoze. They say she no clean Linnen; she wash every Week her own self, and de *Engelish* Woman be de Dowdy to her.

Begar, me be as tir'd as *Diogene*; me write no more; let him write himself for de *French*-man. Me go to *France* with me Country-man *M. Tallard*.

Since Dogs have lost their Places in the *Gazette*, and the Elopement of Wives have succeeded, if any Person should lose a good-for-nothing Cur, which they value, the Description of the Beasts, with the Names and Places of Abode of their Owners, shall be inserted in this Paper, *gratis*: And Care shall be taken for the future, of all *Wafe* and *Stray Lap-Dogs*, that they may be fed according to their Palates; nothing more to be paid, than for Diet, Lodging, and *Bagnio*.

Gioseppe Ruggiero, heretofore called, *Joseph Rogers*, a Youth about the Age of Eighteen, of a thin Visage, and a decent fallow Complexion, is something limber Ham'd, and walks as if he was afraid his Joints would fall asunder; has good skill in Musick, but a disagreeable squeaking Voice; went away from *Cavaliero Bernardo Petrucci*, living in the *Venetian Piazza*, near the *Seven Dials*; being indebted to the said

Cavaliero

Cavaliero, for bringing him to his Shape and Complexion, and teaching him to forget his *English*, and making him a Ridgel last Spring : These are to acquaint him, the said *Gioseppe*, that if he will return to the said *Cavaliero*, he shall be kindly receiv'd, and be made a perfect Eunuch, as soon as the Rigor of the Weather will permit, and he shall then have a Salary in the *Opera* ; otherwise, he the said *Gioseppe*, shall be su'd at Law for his just Debts ; and so shall all that venture to entertain him.

The first Edition of *Suffolk-Cheese*, being all bespoke by the Quality ; next Week will be publish'd, for the Benefit of the Poor, a second Edition with many Additions and Improvements, of *Suffolk-Cheese for Servants* ; or, a Way to pay Debts without Money. Being a Discourse concerning the Justice of sending Servants into the Army when they presume to ask for Wages. To which there is added, an Appendix against *Cramming* of Servants, when the Master and Lady have only a boil'd Chicken for Supper. To be sold by the Booksellers of St. James's Westminster.

During the Frosty Weather, there will continue to be given Foot-balls to all young Fellows, who will be so just as to employ them according to the Intention of the Donor ; that is, to the demolishing of Windows, and the enriching of Glaziers, anciently stil'd *Quarrel-Pickers*. Likewise farther Encouragement shall be given to all Servant-Maids, who shall pour down Water upon any Declivity, out of Consideration to the *Bone-setters*, who have been half starv'd almost two Years for want of the charitable Assistance of rich Cripples. Enquire at the Corner Houses of any Lanes leading down into *Thames-street*, where you may meet with the Proposals at large.

T H E

(91)

THE TRUE
PICTURE
OF A

Modern Whig, &c.

IN A
DIALOGUE

Held at *Tom's Coffee-House, Covent-Garden.*

BETWIXT

Whiglove and Double.

Wh. **W**elcome to Town, Mr. *Double*.
Pray what News out of North-
Britain?

Do. Rare News for *Scotland*;
The People wallow in *Gold* and *Silver* there, toss
up their *Bonnets*, and cry, *God bless his good Grace*
the Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain. His Health
is quaff'd off merrily in good *French Claret*, that had
like to have invited me to a longer stay there; but
Business, Friend *Whiglove*, Business has brought me
to Town.

Wh. What Business can you have here in Town in
the Vocation?

Do.

Do. I wonder you should ask such a Question! Have I not Business here and every where, in *Town* and *Country*? I am come for fresh Instructions, and fresh Supplies too; These *Northern* Parts will drain us of all our Money. We have an Election to carry on in *Yorkshire*, I am making an Interest there, by my Lord *W——n*, Mr. *B——l*, and some other great Men of our Party: We are resolv'd to bring in a young Gentleman that has not a Foot of Land in the Kingdom, nor a Grain of —— any where else, only to shew them our Power. That part of the Country are very hungry for Money; you cannot imagine how the Gentlemen that we durst scarce at first think of Bribing, catch at the *Bait*; it will cost us the Devil and all, but what's that, Mr. *Whiglove*, you know the —— pays for it, for if they will be serv'd, they must pay Hirelings well; and it is the Principle of all us Modern *Whigs*, who have taken our Examples from the *Swiss-Soldiery*, to serve them the best that pay the best. I grant you it was quite otherwise in the last Reign, for the *Whigs* then took the Nation's Money to betray them; but the Success we have had, both at Home and Abroad, will justify to the World, the Sincerity and Faithfulness of our Services.

Wh. That's true, or else you had never effected that so long desired Work of the *Union*; the gaining of that Point, has fixed your Interest to all *Intents and Purposes*, you are Riveted now beyond the Power of Fate to alter; but it has cost an immense Sum of Treasure to be sure. I wonder, for my part, how it was ever brought about, considering it was in a Time of War, and when our Foreign Affairs, required such vast Supplies.

Do. Well, well, we know all that, let me whisper you in the Ear, Mr. *Whiglove*, 'tis a Secret of that Nature I dare scarce trust my self with it. Do you know

know that the Money which should have been remitted to ——— was sent another Way? I my self was concerned in Two Hundred Five Thousand and Twenty Pounds, Two Shillings and Eight Pence: You cannot guess what that Business cost us, I would have undertook to have purchased the whole Country at almost half the Price; but that is not the Thing we aim at, we have now purchased the People, and are sure of Sixty odd Votes in the House, beside the Populace, to back us; They have always done us the most Service, and ring the Bells of *Faction* and *Sedition* backwards and forwards, just as we please: As for Example now, my Lord D ——— as stands for *Yorkshire*, he's a Gentleman of a plentiful Estate, and lives Generously and Hospitably in his Country, which will cost us the more Money to raise a Clamour. We set up one we have stamp'd with the Impression of a *True Modern Whig*, and tho' he has not Interest to obtain one single Vote himself, I will engage to manage the Business so that he shall carry his Point. I have hired Men in all the populous Towns in the Country, to cry down my Lord for a *Persecuting High-Church-man*; or if that won't take, to call him a *Perkenite*, a *Jacobite*, a *Black-List-Man*, or any other Scoundrel Name, to render him odious to the People; at the same time, his *Antagonist* is to be cried up for a *Pretty Moderate Gentleman* of the *Church* as by *Law Establish'd*, that love, the Q ——— n and the M ——— ry, and will drink a Health to her Highness ———

Wh. But suppose your *Lies* and *Inventions* should be found out, how would you pacifie the rugged *Freeholders* of the *North*?

Do. Why, if I find Matters run against us, I will not quit my old *Roman Virtue*, but hold firm to my *Principles*, be a true *Whig* all over: I'll cry up my Lord to the People, and say, What a Pity 'tis the Coun-

Country have not all this time discover'd those shining Qualities so visible in his Lordship, and which make him, properly, the only fit Person to serve so large a Country: Besides, they know how faithfully he serv'd them once before, the firm Zeal he shew'd to his Country, for whose sake he resisted such Temptations as few of his Country-men can withstand; and all this I'll say, because I find, the good Nature he expresses to his Friends, the Spirit with which he bears up to his Enemies, his good Understanding, Humanity, Compassion, Candor, Probity, and all his other Vertues and Perfections, have created him such an Interest, that 'tis quite impossible, by all our Industry and Malice, to undermine or blast it.

Wb. And what do you think People will say to you that know you, when they hear you commend a Person that they know you hate, though at the same time he is firm to the Interest of the Nation.

Do. Indeed, Friend *Whiglove*, if you are curious to dive into such Contradictions among us *Whigs*, you'll never do us nor your self any good. Alas Man! we are not of the same Principles we were Twenty Years ago; we have scarce any thing left but the Name of an old *Whig*; such a strange *Medley* we are compos'd of, a Conjuror would be puzzled to know whether we were Men or Monsters; for beside all the old List of *Rebels, Gamesters, Pick-pockets, Libertines, Atheists*, and the like, we have now got *Whig-Lawyers, Physicians, and Divines*, and what is still more monstrous strange, *W ——— B ———*; these stick close to us, nor do we apprehend any one of them will forsake our Side; but we find the Clergy come over to us daily, for there is one thing I advis'd, which we find our Account in, I learn'd it from the Policy of *Rome*, to keep some *Sees* in
Petto,

Petto, as the *Pope* does *Cardinals Hats*, in Order to keep them——to their Duty.

Wb. But the B——s, and C—— are Precarious; What, if after all, they should start from us, shall we not be very weak?

Do. Weak do you call it; we shall be utterly undone, we shall not be able to hold up our Heads, the Inferior Clergy would Tyrannize over us insufferably; but the B——s curb 'em, these uncertain Friends are now our best Foundation: What I and you, and several other crafty Knaves of our Party say, goes for nothing, we are suspected to be Partial in our own Cause; but these forsooth, are the Pillars of the C——, and must be own'd have a regard for Truth and Religion; and though we know 'em for —— we extol them for the best Patriots of their Countrey, as well as Pastors of the Ch——, they are the surest Engines with which we Work, and our Speaking-Trumpets to the People.

Wb. There's H——g——'s Sermon has done us a great deal of Mischief; If they are such fast Friends as you would make them, why is not such a stirrer up of Sedition suppress'd, and be made an Example?

Do. We have almost ruined our Cause by such Examples, Worms will turn again when trod upon; and People will speak Truth when they suffer for it. Had not the same *Highb-flyer* you speak of, been better let alone, than attempted to be Crush'd for only doing his Duty, in warning all honest Christians against the Debaucheries and Corruptions crept into this Age, by Atheistical and Irreligious Men? Our Party thought it was only levelled at them, and so without any more to do, was for laying the Matter open, and discovering themselves at once, till somebody wiser than the rest, put a stop to any further Examination of the Business; I trembled for my
part,

part, dreading the Consequence of what would come of such an Inquiry.

Wh. I own, indeed, those *Preachers* and *Scriblers* have been damn'd *Rubs* in our way all along, one would not think they should be so bold now, considering they have both been severely *Snub'd*; we shall never succeed as we expect, till the way is clear'd by a removal of one, and a total suppression of the other; considering our Superiority in both Houses, I wonder it has not yet been attempted.

Do. The Parliament will never suffer such a Thought, they love Novelty too well to suppress the one, and stand in fear of the Ch—— Canons too much to attempt the other; they are rather inclineable to believe their Spiritual Teachers, than our sham Stories and false Suggestions.

Wh. who knows, but if we make a great deal of Noise, but that we may fright 'em into a Compliance; yet you can hardly imagine, what an ill Opinion we have brought some People to have of the Inferiour Clergy, for their Obstinacy to their *Metropolitan* and the *Queen*, who has been so Gracious towards them; this has brought many Ch——men over to our Party. As to those Clergy we see gaping after Preferments, 'tis incredible to see how quickly they espouse our Interest, and fly in the Faces of their Brethren, who, in the mean time, we take care to keep out, that their Animosities may be kept up, which will the more readily weaken and divide them against themselves.

Do. They seem to see through that already, and I have persuaded our Friends to alter those Measures, and let 'em share Preferments equally with our Party, least their just Resentments should make 'em break out into an open Rupture, and then we are ruin'd all at one stroke. I'll never engage against an Enemy, led up by Ecclesiastical beat of Drum; I never
knew

knew yet, but they gain'd their Point at last. Theirs are not like the pretended *Lord's Battels*, fought by our old *Whigs* in *Forty One*, when the Devil at long run left 'em all in the lurch; but theirs are like *David* against *Goliath*, they smite their Enemy with smooth Stones they chuse out of the Brook, I don't care to provoke such Foes too far.

Wb. But, if you dare not engage them in an open War, how do you think it safe, for our Side to wage a Paper War with them? We were never able to hold the Cudgels against them that way.

Do. But we have some notable Champions on our side, that are a sort of State Enthusiasts, who will be tied to no Rules, but of their own framing, and alterable at their Pleasure; We had had little to boast of among us, of running down the Church in Print, for we are almost all spent, and out of Breath with our Clamours, had we not been oblig'd to Dr. T——l and Mr. C——n's, *They have said we are Gods, and who are Lords over us?* And this is the true Ground of all the Loosness and Wickedness of the Age, to have no Principles, but be Guided wholly by our own Humour or Fancy; in which Disguise, we have done more Mischief to the Church, I may venture to say, than all the open Assaults of *Atheists*, *Deists*, &c. All the present *Schisms*, which disturb and divide the Church, flow from this Fountain, and they generally begin with setting a low esteem of the Clergy, and *outward Ordinances*. The difference betwixt an *Atheist* and us, is this, an *Atheist* thinks nothing *Unlawful*, as believing no God to Judge him: But he is not Zealous to propagate this Notion; because his Principle is not to suffer, all his Hopes being in this Life: And in the next place, though he be under no Obligation of Conscience to other Men, yet he would have them ty'd to him for his greater security. On the other hand, we think every thing

H

that

that serves our Interest *Lawful*, and as such, we are prompted with a Worldly Zeal to propagate it with the hazard of our Lives, the over-turning of Governments, and embroiling of the World.

VVb. Without doubt we are in the right, to confound the People in their *Notions* of *Good and Evil*, and to Poison their Principles, that we may regulate their Practice.

Do. We have manag'd this Matter with so much Artifice, that we have drawn in abundance of the Clergy to Vindicate the Arguments of the *Rights*, and cry out against *Priestcraft* as well as us *VVhigs*, and so to deny the Dignity of their own *Office*, and make themselves a parcel of *Broomsticks*; This tickles the great Men wonderfully, to find a *Learned Dean*, or an *Arch-Deacon*, proving there are no *P-----s*, *B-----s*, or any thing of that kind, but of their Patrons own making; While we make it our Business to Prefer these Men, arguing with them all the while, that we are all *Priests*, and can *Pray* every one for our selves, and what signifies these outward Institutions, they are nought but *Errant Priestcraft*; As if any believ'd, God would Damn a Man for Eating an Apple, though it were forbid; Or for not washing himself, or taking a little *Bread* or *Wine*, though it were Commanded: And what are these *Priests* that would Arrogate this to themselves? Look upon them, what do you see in them more than other Men? By these sort of Arguments we delude many.

VVb. But surely Men of Learning and Sense cannot but easily see through such poor Sophistry.

Do. There never was an Age like this, or ever such a Nation as this, that would embrace Principles of Religion or Government, so *Contradictory* and *Ridiculous*; for say we, the Foundation of Government was the Power that every Man had in the supposed State of Nature over his own *Life*,
Liberty

Liberty and Property, and therefore that these could be taken from him without his own Consent: And that upon this Foot, all Political Governments were at first Erected by the People, giving up freely to those they chose for their Governors, and transferring to them this *Right* which every Man had to dispose of himself, under such *Limitations and Restrictions*, as to the People, thus submitting themselves, did seem meet. This used to be the constant Theme of the *Whigs*; but being utterly baffled out of it, we fell upon a ten times more Foolish and less Tenable Notion, which is, That Men have not Power over their own *Lives or Liberties*; but that every Man has Power over another Man's Life, &c. and that Government was founded upon this Foot: So here we have thrown the World loose again, and left every Man to be his own Judge in all Cases whatsoever, and no Obligation by way of *Conscience* left to any Government. Besides this, the old Contradiction and Impossibility remains as in our former Scheme, of a Man's giving up the Right he had over his own Life; that is, How Mankind could do it, when they could not all do it *Personally*, nor chuse *Representatives*, since that must be done *Personally*; yet the former Scheme seems more *Natural* than this; For it is not more Natural, that a Man should have Power over his own *Life, Liberty or Property*, to dispose of them as he pleases, than that he should have Power over any other Man's Life? &c. How Ridiculous it is to say, I have no Right to dispose of you, because I love my self better? Thus we mend the Matter, and make more *Nonsense*, but never resolve any difficulties at all.

Wb. These are strange Times Mr. *Double*! But we find the *Church-men* are Intrenching themselves; tho' we tell them there is no Danger, they are resolved to stand upon their own Bottom; they distrust they

should lose any of their Rights, and are jealous of their very *Metropolitan*.

Do. We was in hopes they would rather have deny'd the *Queen's Supremacy*, than the *Archbishop's Authority*, because they insisted so much upon the *Apostolical* and *Primitive Rights* of the *Christian Church*; but that Bait would not take, they smelt the *Act of Premunire*, which we would have drive 'em into, and soon Nos'd us all with their Submission to the *Queen's Authority*, which they are ready to Vindicate against the *Whigs*, the *Archbishop*, or any of our *Patrons*, with their *Lives* and *Fortunes*. They have bit us most damnably, and return'd the Arguments we design'd to catch them in, upon our selves; we would have thrown it upon them, That they deny the *Queen's Supremacy*, and that she was Head of the Church; but as ill luck would have it to be, they have made us all expose our selves, and own what we would have disguis'd, to our old Principles of *Whiggish*, which are all thrown upon our Advocate: He is left in the lurch, to prove his own Authority against the *Queen's*; though at the same time, he is forc'd to own her Supreme in all Matters, as well Ecclesiastical as Civil. They laugh in their Sleeves all this time at us, while they have thrown their High-Church Arguments at our Door, and we are puzzled to maintain a Dispute, that if they drop upon our Hands, will undo us.

Vvh. Why, you would not deny sure, that the Queen is Head of the Church!

Do. They have forc'd us to it; or else acknowledge, that the *Archbishop* has taken upon him a *Legatine Power*, in endeavoring to bring the *Prolocutor* of the *Convocation* to a Submission, proceeding against him for a Contempt, after the *Queen* had Prorogued the *Convocation*. But we are oblig'd to these very Men to help us out, by urging as they do, That the

the Power of the *Keys*, or Office of the *Priesthood*, both which we hate Mortally to hear of, is expressly renounc'd by our Princes, and our Queen has not assumed any such Title, as *Head* of the *Church*; and besides, this Title was never given to any of our Kings, till *Henry* the VIIIth, when it was bestow'd on him by a *Convocation* of *Popish Bishops* and *Clergy*; afterwards it was laid aside by Queen *Elizabeth*, and the Word Governor only put into the Oath of *Supremacy*: For the *Protestant Bishops* refused to take the Oath till it was done. But, though the Word *Head* was then taken away, yet many still scrupled even the Word Governor, lest some *Spiritual* Authority might thereby be intended to be plac'd in the *Crown*. To answer which, an Article was made, wherein it was declared, That the Government meant in the Oath of *Supremacy*, to be lodg'd in the *Crown*, was only a *Civil Government*, to restrain with the *Civil Sword*; and all *Spiritual Authority*, to *Preach* the *Word*, or *Administer* the *Sacraments*, is expressly disown'd by our Kings; and all *Pretence* of the *Crown* to it, is for ever barr'd and disclaim'd. With what Modesty now can we turn the Tables upon the Clergy, and say, They deny the *Queen's Supremacy*? We accuse them both for asserting and denying it, and are now forced to do the same thing our selves: There is no Fencing with these Men, they Fight with a Flail, it strikes behind and before! The *Civil Supremacy* of the *Crown*, to *Restrain* with the *Civil Sword*, as well *Ecclesiastical Persons* that are Evil Doers, as *Temporal*; and to inflict Civil Punishment in *Ecclesiastical* Causes, as well as *Temporal*; the *Church* of *England* has fully Recogniz'd, and all her Clergy are obliged by Act of *Parliament* to Subscribe it. But even the *Civil Supremacy* of the *Crown*, is deny'd by the *Pope* and *us*; nay, we both assume to our selves a *Civil Supremacy* over the *Crown*, in *ordine ad Spiritua-*

tualia, and set up the Deposing Doctrine upon this Account: Yet we now must be *Delinquents* for not owning the *Supremacy* of the *Crown*! Was ever a Cause involved in so many Contradictions as we *Whigs* set up! We deny all *Supremacy* in the *Crown*, either *Sacred* or *Civil*, by setting up another above it in both, the *Supremacy* of the *People*; for there cannot be two *Supreams* in the same *Government*, which is our own Argument: And yet we assert a *Supremacy* in the *Crown*, beyond what any others ever allowed, even to invade the Office of the *Priesthood*. The Matter is, we care not how far we extend the *Supremacy* of the *Crown*, against the *Prerogative* of the *Church*; but we would not have it touch upon the *Prerogative* of the *People*; that is our own *Supreme Power* and *Authority*. But notwithstanding all this, by our pretended *Sophistry* and *Quibble*, we have involv'd our selves like a *Wild Bull* in a *Net*, the more we struggle, the faster we are: The poor and shifting Reasons we give for our Conforming to the *Church of England* *Occasionally*, and yet keeping up a *Schism* against Her, renders our Cause Ten-fold more *Senseless* and *Deform'd*; a *Monster* indeed! And it is strange to me, how any Man that can reckon his *Ten Fingers*, should not be frighten'd at the sight of us, and immediately run from us.

VVh. There is a Cause yet behind Friend *Double*, about the *Supreme Power* being seated in the *People*, which will involve us yet more, if more can well be, unless you can tell me, what the *People* is.

Do. This I cannot do; for first, I dare not say the *Women* are part of the *People*, for then we should do them a mighty *Wrong*, in depriving them of their *Moiety* of the *Supreme Power*, which naturally and unalienably belongs unto them, if they must be reckon'd among the *People*; and if they must not, then I profess, I cannot tell where to place them,

them, or what part of the World they are. Upon supposition, that the Men only are the People, then we are as much puzzled to tell at what Age every Man acquires a Right to his particular share of the Sovereign Power: Or if we should fix any Age when Men might enter our Publick Assemblies, then I must ask the Question, If all Men at that Age have an equal Right to enter the Publick Assemblies, and an equal Voice and Suffrage in them? If I am answered No; then I must assert one of these two Absurdities; either that the excepted part are no part of the People; or if they are, then it must be acknowledged, they have manifest Injury done them, in excluding them from their Share of the Sovereign Power; which naturally and Unalienably belongs to them. But if it is affirm'd, That all Men at such an Age have an equal Right to enter the Publick Assemblies, and have equal Voice and Suffrage in them, then we must make our Children and Servants, nay, the Beggars in the Streets, equall with our selves, in all Publick Suffrages and Elections; which I know the errantest *Wbig* of us all, when he thinks of his *Groom* or *Footman*, if he has either, will not Admit. Wherefore this Opinion is true, either with or without Limitation; if without Limitation, then all Men, of what Rank or Condition soever, are Fellows in the Supreme Power: But if with Limitation, then I desire to know, who have Power to admit some, and exclude others out of the Number of the People? And whether the excepted part, which under any Limitation will far exceed those that excepted against them, have not as much Right to Election and Suffrages, as the Excepters themselves? In short, so many *Difficulties*, *Inconveniencies* and *Absurdities*, doth these Notions of ours, carry in themselves, and yet so bewitch'd are some Men with them, as to Swallow them down without Examination, as if

they were Self-evident, though they be really as contrary to Reason or Religion, as Darkness to Light.

Wb. Our Arguments strangely fail us of late; we used formerly to have the better at all Disputes: Do we want Learning among our Party? Or is it the want of *Truth* makes us miscarry?

Do. Our Politicks are strangely changed of late, It use to be of old, No *Liturgy*, no *Lawn-Sleeves*; but now it is quite otherwise, the Wh—— and B——ps are Hand and Glove, 'tis a strange *Metamorphosis*! The *Wbigs* cry up *Ecclesiastical* Supremacy in the Bishops; The *Church-men* cry up the *Queen's Supremacy* in all Causes, as well *Ecclesiastical* as *Civil*; but as dull Politicians as we seem to be, by this means we are for *Curtailing* the *Monarchy*, while we engage that to clip the Wings of the Cl——y, and so in the end, we shall bring one to grind the other to pieces, while we divide the Spoil. Should the Church so plainly have discovered their Purposes to embroil the Nation, as we *Wbigs* have done in the Two last P——ts, by Discouraging and Reproaching the most Orthodox and Honourable Members of it, upon all Occasions; I know the G——m——t would not have had the Patience to have suffered 'em, and let 'em go about and Discourse, and Write, and Print, as we have done all manner of Scandal against the Clergy and Church-men both in Town and Country; especially, since it has been our Designs to suggest to the People, as if the Q——n and her M——ry, were studying to lessen the Power of the Cl——y, and to so fix her P——nts for the future, as that they shall be elected as the C——t shall direct, without those Tumults so frequent on those Occasions. This is a strange Air, quoth the Church-men, we live in, that no Doctrine will take but pulling in Pieces a good old Constitution,

tion, before we are provided of a better to be substituted in its room!

VVb. But it is much more strange, that a few *Jingling Sophisters* among us, who have, as it were, incapacitated and turn'd Able and Honest Men from Offices, either in the C——t or St——, should gain, and still maintain, by their lying Insinuations and Tr——y's, the Ears and Belief of so many Worthy P——rs, whose Eyes they have seal'd up, that they should not see their Designs through all their Pretences. It is much some of these Men cannot remember, when it was they were made Slaves, and by whom; and what manner of Persons these things were done by!

Do. We are all one People now; these Men you talk of, are as Rank *VVhigs* as our selves, else they could not be such Fools but to understand what we aim at, by having seen and felt the Effect of such Humours as are now afloat again; especially, seeing the same Factions are Brewing a fresh, and so visibly, that we scorn to seek Pretences about our Doings, forasmuch as we are Bare-fac'd and Busie, openly acting the *Kindle-Coal* to create Parties; and because we have not yet found such a H—— of C—— as will serve our Turn, we place our Agents every where about the City and Country, to rail at *High-Church*, and preach up the Necessity of throwing such Men out of the P——l——t. This Doctrine has spread through the Nation with good Success, to dispose the People towards us and our Party.

VVb. Is this the *Prologue* to the *Tragedy* we design to Play, as soon as our N——tb B——ns are try'd and prov'd to be of the true Stamp of their Forefathers?

Do. Their Essay is over, I *Ken* 'em every Man: What do you think there was such Pains taken by us, to get these very Men Return'd, but to serve the
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the Party? The U—— it self was a Party U——; the Return to our P——l——t, a Party Jobb, and the P——l——t approaching will be a Party P——t. The little Heats and Discords in the last P——t of S——d, were nothing but artificial Contrivances of the Party who should get the most; their Emulations, not whose Abilities, Integrity or Merits, should recommend the most of his Country; but whose Zeal to make quick Work, should recommend them best to the B——sh C——t. The *Old Party-men* were the first that offered their Service to us, and we, to make sure Work, struck in with the *Old Work-men*, and adopted the *Highb-Kirk-men* there, to serve the *Low-Church* here; in hopes to aggrandize a Faction big enough and loud enough to Roar in *Parliament*, to serve a Turn.

VVb. Upon the whole Matter, I find by you, that there is some Apprehensions when the first Parliament of G—— B—— fits, that there will be a struggle by the Ch——men, before they give up the Constitution, to see if they can quell the Differences and Animosities of the Nation that we keep on foot.

Do. There is not the least doubt to be made of it; and our Opposition against them is not because they will not, but because we know for certain that they will do whatever shall be advantageous to the Queen and Kingdom. 'Tis this Opinion makes us tremble, and think of Measures to prevent it: This is the Reason why the Party seeks to destroy the Credit of the Ch—— as well with the P——l——t, as we have industriously fought after it every where else. Whatever is done, still the Ch—— is in the fault, That is the Cry, and the popular Clamour we mean to hunt them down withal.

VVb.

Vvb. It ought to be considered too, that the *Church* of *E* ——— is charged, even by the *G* ——— *m* ——— *t*, as the Disturbers of the *Peace* and *Union* of the Nation, so much wished for by Her Majesty.

Do. That's our Master-piece, to lay our Faults at their Door, and charge 'em home upon them; the fine Spinning of such *Politticks* as these, exceeds all that ever was done by all before us; and it is so nice a piece of *Folly* and *Madness* together, it would crack an Honest Man's Brain to consider it, or puzzle a Wise Man how to distinguish it: And yet, when it shall be told to our Posterity, what a world a People such Fantastick Amusements as these drew in, to side with a strong Party in *P* ——— *l* ——— *t*, against the Interest of both *Ch* ——— and *N* ——— *n*, under the Notion of being Friends to both, I am persuaded it will be almost incredible.

Vvb. But do you think the *Ch* ——— Party discovers all these Cheats and Shams put upon them by the *VWhigs*?

Do. They see plain enough, but what are they the better? For we have such a Number of *Lying Spirits* they deceive one another, these are constantly employ'd in all Corners of the Kingdom, especially in the Intervals of Parliament, to fill the Nation with Clamours against the Patriots of the *Ch* ———. This licentious abuse of criminating *Candidates* in *Elections*, hath been carried to such a height by us, that were a Man reputed never so Honest before, yet, no sooner is he chose a *M* ——— *r* of the *H* ——— *e* of *C* ——— *m* ——— *s*, and sticks close to the Interest of the *Ch* ———, but he presently becomes a publick Enemy, and as such we brand him, and teize him, and seek to tire him out; and this will never be otherwise, till the People see their Error at *Elections*, in suffering Men, which first poisoned the Fair Stream of *P* ——— *l* ——— *nts*, to creep into the

the House, and shelter themselves in acting their Mischievous Design, under the Covert of Publick Good. A Patriot no sooner resolves to maintain the Rights and Constitutions of G——m——t in Ch—— and St——, but immediately we fall upon the Back of him, and by the popular Breath of Faction, endeavour to blow him up. So that to be expos'd and shot at, by all the Darts of Envy and Danger, What Man of Wisdom and Fortune do you think, at this rate, will be Willing to accept of the *Trust* of M——r of P——l——t? Or will be true and tight to the Business of the Nation? Or will he not rather be tempted through Fear of our *Accusatory Faction*, to serve his Country by halves? Or perhaps for Reward betray his Trust, and Sacrifice the Ch—— with the G——m——t, as some have done of late by my means, under the Pretence of taking off the Edge of the D——rs, or making Friends of that *Faction*. But if they once quit their Constancy in this, or any other particular, we have them; for then they hazard the Interest both of Ch—— and St——, and effectually diminish the Power of both, while they lay themselves liable to be slighted by the very Men they are Tools to, by such a servile Compliance.

Vvh. But what will signifie all they can do, so long as we have a Party in the H—— who will obstruct every thing that shall be concluded serviceable to the present Establishment and Welfare of the Ch——, since 'tis the Business of the *Whigs* to impede them for the support of our own Cause?

Do. This shews we have a Design to alter the G——t, which we could not well do without clamouring about Matters of Religion, and working that by high Complaints, such as must bow the Q—— to comply with them, and then it will be

be easie for them to pursue their wild Projects of Alteration in Ch—— and St——. For Twelve Years together, in King *Charles* the 1st's Time, the F——n lay at lurch in Town and Country, fretting and corroding in the Bowels of the Government, and collecting Matter of new Accusations against the King and the Ch——, both whom we used scurvily afterwards for their Levity and Kindness. What strange Things we did, and to what Conclusion at length we came! While our Faction reigns upon the Face of the Earth, every Body ought to take heed of relying upon us in cases of Necessity; for at such a Time we make it our Business to *Ask*, not *Give*; and never leave asking till we come to be Disposers of the K——gd——m. This it is we would be at now, and have fix'd our Party for it all over the Nation, which makes us scuffle so hard at *Elections*; so that it cannot be for the Q——n's nor Nations Interest, at present, to trust us. For this F——n, which is now by its *Leader* and *Drivers* made more extravagant than ever, will never change their Nature, and become Mild on a sudden, and so be fixed with greater Honesty and Devotion to the real Service of Her M——y, than they ever were to any of Her Family.

VVb. Whoever considers the Natural Temper and Constitution of the *Party*, must understand but little, if he see not P——b——ry at the Bottom, of all this: That Bottom, in which we have engag'd Covetous Ch——men to embark, Broken Tradesmen, Discontented Courtiers, Hypocritical Christians, Mistaken Zealots of both Sexes, with their Pedling P——ts, whose Work it is to go from House to House, to blow the Bellows round the Nation. All which, imploy their Talents to draw in many of the Well-meaning, Unthinking Gentry, tho' not
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in the same Opinion with them in Religious Matters, yet to Side and Vote with them.

Do. And so with these Charms we decoy many Publick spirited Country Gentlemen! 'Tis to this Malignant Ulcer of *Wigism*. most of the Ill Humours of the Kingdom flow; For the Leaders of the Ch. — men, such as the Three *H's*, C. T. and D. having fallen from their Party in the House, common Cunning tells the rest, they must strike in with the Men of the C — t, to build their Fortunes upon the Ruin of the Ch — and N — n, if they mean to be Great and Govern; which cannot be more readily done, than by becoming En — s to the C — and Cl — gy, and great Sticklers for M — n, by introducing a New Ch — *Aristocracy*; which brings me to take notice of a *Maxim* held by us, which is, *That the Ch — and the Power of P — l — ts will fall together*: And this will infallibly come to pass, if we can but finish what we have projected.

VVb. Nay, if you cannot do something to the Purpose, Why do you expose your selves and us in Printing so many foolish Pamphlets?

Do. Whether the Grand Design take or no, we do not value so much, if we can but load the Church — men sufficiently, and represent them as always in the fault; for this end we slander them with carrying on seperate Designs, prejudicial to the *Rights* and *Interest* of the People. What means such Suggestions, think you, if we had no Intentions to prepare them for Ruin, when we are able to strike? And why so much Zeal, do you imagine, among the Leaders of our Faction, who own nothing of Religion, save what we take up for Crafty ends? But because we know there is no way to invade the G — t, but by first removing such Ch — m — n as stand in our way, this is the Reason why we have been so violent to Embroil the N — n with

with Divisions, to make it impossible for the P — ts of old E — g — d to do any more for the Publick; and so by taking away their Reputation, make 'em unable to defend themselves against the Plotted outcries of the People, to make the Ch — and the G — m — t fall and sink under our Fury both together. For if this Popular Storm shour down upon them, the Constitution must break, and then farewell to L — s, P — s and P — ge too: Nor let any of the L — s, who are accessary, flatter themselves that they shall fare better than the rest; for it is impossible we should Treat any Body Civilly that oppose out Interest.

Vvb. But what will be the Consequence of such a Daring, as well as Dangerous Attempt?

Do. What think you, but the *Alienation* of the Ch — and All her Concerns, from the *Establishment*. We know well enough, 'tis a little too dangerous at present, for any Man to open his Mouth against the *Monarchy*; that was not ventur'd on at first, by those bold Fellows of *Forty One*: That comes of Course, after we have been flush'd with the Spoiles of the Ch — . Our Designs are to go on *Moderately* at first, we will begin as our old Tutors did formerly *Step by Step*; for we understand to a Hairs breadth how the Land lies: There's so strict a Connexion and Dependance between the Ch — and the *Constitution*, that if the G — m — t part with one, the other lies open to the next Assault, and they shall part with that too: Or if the least Diminution befall the one, so much of allay will, of necessary Consequence, be given to the other: *Give us but an Inch, as the Proverb says, and we will soon take an Ell.* 'Tis our Natural Genius to be Active as the *Jesuits*, Restless and Proud as *Lucifer*, and in Hypocrisy as compleat and zealous as a *Pharisee*. We are true *Serpents*; for if we can but get our Heads into the Ch — ,

Ch ———; we will soon wind our whole Bodies into the best share of the Ecclesiastical Authority; and what the Ch — loses, the Cl — loses, whenever the D — rs, and we Wh — their Patrons, shall please to join Resolutions to take it from them: We understand this so well, we think it worth our while to spend whole Days and Nights to compass our Designs.

Vvb. I hope, not to establish a new frame of G — — m — — t, which that Legion of *Sectaries*, like those *Locusts* of the last Age, swarming among us, and joining *Heads*, and *Purses* would gladly bring about.

Do. Do you dispute it? Else why do they assist us confidently and impudently, to make and disperse Lies and Forgeries as if we were inform'd by the lying Spirit of *Abab's* Prophets? The N — n has enjoy'd a long series of Peace; 'tis a great while since the People saw their Churches and Houses flaming over their Heads, and heard the fearful Cracks, of Princes murder'd, with the confused Noise of Men killing, and encouraging to kill, with the hideous Shrinking of Women and Children; 'Tis long since they saw tender Babes snatch'd from their Mothers, or rip'd out of their Wombs; Men and Beasts lying together wallowing in their Gore, and the gasty Vizages of Men Deform'd with Wounds; the impotent Wife hanging about her Arm'd Husband, Ambitious to dye with him, with whom she could no longer live: 'Tis long since we saw the amazed Runnings too and fro of such as would fain have escaped, if they had known how; the rifling of Houses for Spoil, and every Villain posting with his Load, and ready to cut each others Throats for the Booty they had got.

Vvb. There can be no danger now of that, because abundance of Gentlemen, who are thus engaged,

gag'd, and most of those who favour the F — n, were never known to be Enemies to the Ch —, or mean her Ill.

Do. 'Tis no matter whether they are Enemies, or mean her ill or no, since we know what must be the Consequence at last; for if they be once drawn in to Vote and Act along with our *Party*, whose Business hath been, and is daily, to cry down the N — l Ch —, they must of Necessity, after they come to be thoroughly engag'd, run along with us to overthrow it, and erect P — ry in its room, Ep — cy and P — ry being in the Protestant Ch — s the only Competitors for the N — n — l Form. And as long as our N — n is, and was ever for having some Form or other, if we lead the Principal G — s of the Ch — now by the Nose, even to the driving out, if not abolishing one *Form*, we are not such shallow Politicians, as not to understand that the N — n of course will compel us to set up another: And we Wh —, though perhaps we care for no Ch — or Rel — n, yet if we will pretend to maintain the Ground we have got by — — — towards establishing our own Greatness and Advantage, we shall be under a Necessity of setting up P — ry, though we really never lik'd it, nor intended it before: Nay, it is not improbable but that we may chance to come to such a pass as to think well of the Ch — — of E — — d again, after that by Ruining it, we have obtain'd our own Ambitious Ends, provided it may serve them better than any other. And this may serve to instruct us concerning the *Fair Issue* of a *Foul Cause*, and teach the Ch — men what they are like to expect, if they will be so fond as to believe their new *Patriots*. In the mean while, it will be very pleasant to look back and contemplate the Wisdom of our *Party*,

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and

and see upon what fine subtle Suppositions we ground our Confidence.

VVb. Pray, what are those fine spun Suppositions you boast of? For I would be glad to hear of any thing that would do the *Whigs* Service.

Do. *First*, We politickly suppose that a whole N ——— n has lost its Memory of Things past. *Secondly*, That the P ——— t have lost the Consideration, the Queen her Knowledge of the Peoples Interest, the Cl ——— y their care of the Ch ———, and the Country Gentlemen have lost their *Senses*. That Two or Three G ——— ing, Wh ——— ing P ——— rs have run away with all the Wisdom and Honesty in the Land, and that downright T — y, cunning Shifts, and plain K ——— may pass in this Age, to entitle Men to the Reputation of great Politicians, who never appear but in ——— ———, and are never found but in ——— ———. We suppose at the same time very cunningly, That one and the *same* People may, in one and the *same* Age, be cheated with the *same* Trick: And to bring this about, the Nation, by fine Words, may be led about, as the *Bears* are by the *Fiddle*. We yet more wittily suppose, That whereas the old World was, as we thought, to have been Drown'd again, all the *Creatures*, though of different Kinds, and Enemies to each other, would most tamely and lovingly concur to go into the *New Ark*: And also, That in the midst of the Flood, the City and Kindom might be set on *Fire*, and then we might Ring the Bells backwards with a *Rope* of *Sand*; and then when the Combustion should be over, we might safely put in Execution our pious Project, of raising a new *Fabrick* as good and lasting as the old, with the most Elegant Mixture of all manner of *Sects*, of which Building every Corner Stone should be a Ch ——— man. And to Crown the whole Work, we suppose, that
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for carrying on the World again more successfully, there might be an *Union* of Beasts, of mortal Antipathies to one another, to replenish the Land.

Vvb. This is to drive the *Whigs* out of all their real Projects, which were delicately laid for storming the G——m——t.

Do. No, no; but we design first to beat up the Ch——— Quarters; and to that end, we charge her Members with all manner of Scandal. If they Preach against *Atheism*, *Infidelity*, *Hypocrisie*, &c. we have 'em taken notice of as Enemies to the P——t Est———nt. Next, we fall upon the *Convocation*, using all manner of Artifices to render them obnoxious to the Q———n, the N———n, and Cl———y they represent. In short, we hope by the kind Assistance of our Noble Patriots the P———rs, to render the P———m——nt useless for every thing but giving of Money: At the same time, the Word is given out to the Multitude, to make an *Out-cry* against those Pestilent Disturbers of the Kingdom's Peace, the *Higb-Flyers*. All which Contrivances bear Date from the time of Two or Three petty St——men, being admitted into the Service of the Nation among us, as is plainly manifest to all People that are not *Hood-wink'd*, how they, and their *Co-partners*, have cut out Work for their *Journeymen Pensioners*, who have new erected *Offices*, on purpose for them to project *New Schemes* for the better Government of *New B———n*. If we should fail in some of our *Inventions*, we have away of *Petty-Fogging* among *Half-witted* Country Gentlemen, and *Penniless* C——rs, to make an H——— of C——— that shall do our Business one way or another.

Vvb. Lord, What a thing is *Craft* in every Profession! especially when imploy'd in the Concerns of the C——n and the K——m.

Do. You mistake it is Policy, in Affairs of St — — and G — — m — — t; but there are a sort of little Pretenders among H — — h C — — — ch, who do our Business for us, whose shallow Brains want *Line* and *Plummet* to sound the depth of Matters; whose Skulls are too narrow to comprehend the utmost Scope of *Politicks*. These Creatures, if they are not carried away with newer sounds of Words, are Captivated at once with Gold, which they mistake for *Understanding* and *Wisdom*: For not being fit to get publick Employments from their Merits; they readily accept *Bribes* to Betray their C — — — y, by Voting for the Service of their Benefactors, and so chuse our Party for the only Patriots and Friends of their Country. These are the sort of Men that deceive the People, and misguide the Multitude with their Simplicity of often making mention of their Care for *Liberty* and *Property*, and the good old Laws and Customs of E — — —, and the like Phrases, which make a great Noise; and great Noises usually take the weaker sort of People, nay, and engage them too; they believing of course, that where most Clamour is, there must needs be most Right; especially if it be thought that the Wisdom of our Forefathers and their Practice was concern'd in the Case.

Wo. I believe our Predecessors Acted as far as they understood; and perhaps they understood what was convenient, in their Time and State of Affairs, to be done as well as we.

Do. You don't observe right, that we have now a new set of *Patriots*, that take new Ways and Measures from all before them: We make a great Noise about *Property*, *Right*, and *Liberty of the People*, but not a Word about the *Rights* of the C — — —; because most Men are apt to be taken most with what concerns their Interest chiefly, and this we would
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be supposed to be the only Advocates for : But alas ! this is our old Stratagem to gain *Profelstes* among the injudicious part of the World, which are always much the greater part of Mankind, who, in the mean time, are not able to Judge, whether Discourses are made Rational or no, till the *Sophisurs* or Cheats of such crafty Writers be Discover'd. We know very well, that the Laws of the Land are as careful of the *Rights* of the C———, as they are of the *Liberty* of the Subject, and whereas the Constitution of E——— has been settled in the Ch———, the Laws of Old left it not destitute of Powers to preserve it in that Condition : So that the People ought to be as Zealous for the Conservation of it, as we have made them for its Destruction, by maintaining the *Rights* of the Ch——— as they are ; because they were ordain'd for Publick Good, and are as necessary as *Liberty* and *Property* otherwise ; and accordingly, the Eye of the Law has been as tender of them as of the other ; because our Ancestors in framing the Constitution of this Kingdom, conceiv'd the end of Government, which is *Peace, Publick Convenience and Safety*, would not well be attain'd without it : Therefore, have not we play'd our Game well, to secure our own F———n, while we have brought the Ch——— Establish'd by L——— into great Apprehensions of D———r.

Wb. But the *Rights* and *Liberties* of the People may be well enough considered, without concerning our selves with those of the Cl———y.

Do. That's so Ridiculous, the old *Whigs* of XLI. would have laugh'd at it : For it would not have favour'd of Hypocrisie enough before the Multitude, but have rais'd their Jealousie against them, had they imagin'd, or should any Body have told them,

that the *Rights* of the Ch—— were not concern'd with the *Liberties* of the *People*.

Wh. Well, well, but you have more Malice and Cunning in you, than ever the old *Whigs* had, to disguise your selves so, that he must be a very discerning Man, that can distinguish such Wolves as you from the Sheep.

Do. By which, you may see what is to be gotten by herding with the Ch——men, we secretly wound them as Friends, an open Enemy can never hurt them; the only way is to be of them, to cry them down with effect: For this is certain, the *Spiritual Drivers* which we make use of, take upon them, to be the only true Members of the Ch——, and Stigmatize the rest with infamous Names, worse behalf than ever came from *Geneva*, or the *Kirk* of *Scotland*. Nay, they have done that for us, we durst not so much as think of attempting; for they have weaken'd the Reputation, Legal Power and Reverence due to the Ch——, and doing whereof will necessarily make way for the D——s, and give them the Opportunities, for which they have above these Hundred Years been Sowing of *Tares*, and Planting and Watering them in E—— and S——; what a Thorn has our F——n been in the Sides of Princes and People in both the Kingdoms! We are always for up and *Ride* and *Rule*; but we would *Rule alone*, and that's the Reason we are for a Fumbling cast with the Ch——men; we care not who Mounts into the *Pack-saddle*, so that they be but displaced: We call the Ch——m——n Fanaticks, and say, there are no Body in their Senses but believe them Mad, to make a Bustle about the Ch—— and D——ng——r, and God knows what; When behold, how great the Wisdom and Tenderness of her Majesty hath been towards them, that to remove all Fears and Jealousies from

from the Ch——, and which Seditious Men may plant in the Minds of the People, she has Graciously Concurr'd with them in every thing, to secure us, mind that *Whiglove*.

Wh. Most Ungrateful then they are, and most Malicious, and the Peoples greatest Enemies, who by their Obstinacy, have so long been impeding the Noble Design of M——, which is most likely to settle the Minds of the People; and had not some sort of Men hindred, it had been done long ago; so that we might e'er now, have seen P—— in Motion upon the fair Wheel of a well order'd Succession.

Do. Judge then how little Cause some have to Clamour and Revile the *Wh*——, or to impute to us the Sacrificing of their *Rights* and *Liberties*, which every Day's Transactions shews we do most Studiously endeavour to destroy: Are not we the only Bank that are able to keep out the great Flood of *Contentions*, which we purposely let fall, because some of the N——ty and Gentry cannot V——e as we would have them? We know how to lash our Slaves, were we sure they would not Overturn us in the Chariot. By our real Conduct and Policy, we have deluded the People into a Misunderstanding of their *Representatives*, a *Jealousie* of their *Liberties*, and a disposition to *Tumults*; to the hazard of their *Peace*, their *Lives* and *Fortunes*. Our design, by raising of *Dust*, is to throw it in the Peoples Eyes, that they may not discern *Right* from *Wrong*; our Business is to get our selves, by the help of a *Popular Uproar*, Establish'd in a Governing Posture: And to this end, we compass *Sea* and *Land* to make *Profelites*, to carry on a general Scandal against Ch—— Members; a *Yoke* for the G——y, a *Pitfall* for the Ch——, and a *Fool's Coat* for all the C——ns we can seduce into our *Party*;

in which, they have leisure to, and pay more T——s to fellow Subjects, who know how to *Ride* them, being ready *Booted* and *Spur'd*, when they shall please to set us on *Horseback*. Nothing but such a Spirit of Sedition as we Modern *Whigs* have fix'd, such a Scandal as we have done lately upon the most Worthy Patriots of E——, with a mighty Clamour, as if Noise would carry it among Reasonable Men : But our Scandal proving every way Groundless, I fear our Arguments founded on that bottom will fall.

Wh. You talk much of an *Old Whig*, and a Modern *Whig*, pray let me know where the Difference lies ?

Do. The Difference is very wide, for they are opposite both in Principle and Practice; a *Whig* that has rais'd a vast Estate out of the Government from nothing, is one thing; and a *Whig* that has spent a plentiful Fortune in its Service is another : The *Old Whig* was esteem'd, a true and inviolable Assertor of the *Laws*, *Liberties*, and *Religion* of his *Country*, and was therefore for using all Means and Measures possible to put them out of *Danger*; one whose Publick Zeal, no Private Obligation or Interest could weaken or interfere with. The *Modern Whig* is one, who has no concern at all for the *Publick Good*, when oppos'd to *Private Gain* : He will *Sacrifice* his *Duty* to his *Prince*, his *Country*, and his *God*, to Persons from whom he has any prospect of *Advantage*, or of *Power*, though never so *distant*, and never so *mean*, or *destructive* of the *Publick Good*. He is, in short, a *Patriot* without *Honesty*, a *Politician* without *common Understanding*; and *Wit* without *common Sense*. An *Old Whig*, may be a true E—— n, and have a view of his *Country's Welfare* before his *Eyes* : But a *Modern Whig*, is so perfect a *Party-Man*, so entirely *Factionous*, that he will oppose the
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very Safety of the Nation, if propos'd by a Person of another Opinion.

Wh. If this be your Character of a *Modern Whig*, What do you call a *Low* ——— *Cb* ——— *man*, or *Liberty of Conscience Sinner*?

Do. He is one that is divided between *God* and *Baal*, and cannot satisfy his *Conscience* out of *Epiphanius*, or *Ross's View of Religions*, which to chuse, because he would never be bound to Obey. He thinks no part of a *Ch* ——— *Sacred* but the *Weathercock*; and honours him that invented a *Wind-mill*, because it Grinds indifferently with *East*, *West*, *North*, or *South*. He talks much of *M* ——— *n*, yet is as *Cholerick* as a *Hasty-pudding*: He is as positive in his own Opinion, as the *Assembly of Divines*. The *Hydra* is a Type of him, for though he has not so many Heads, he has twice as much Poison in his Principles. By his *Wisdom* and *Gravity*, one would think he had long Ears; but 'tis certain he has none, when the Parson Preaches Charity: And though he devours Widows Tears, and Orphans Inheritances, he has not a drop of Pity, or a Bowel of Compassion in him. His *Conscience* is like the *Vagina Uteri*, the more 'tis us'd, the more strait-lac'd it grows. 'Tis impossible to frame an Oath, but he'll find out *Hudibras's* excuse for it; he calls them *State Counters*, takes them for his *Interest*, and breaks them for his *Convenience*: Calls God to witness, yet believes nothing of him; like the Fellow in *Plautus's Amphitruo*, that swore by *Hercules* before he was Born. Had he liv'd in the Time of *Constantine*, he would have gone to the Christian Assemblies one Day to save his *Bacon*; and to the Heathen Temples the next, to save Stakes against a *Pagan Revolution*. The Men of *Go:ham* are Registred for a pack of Fools, for endeavouring to Hedge in a *Cuckow*. 'Tis a scurvey Reflection, for they do it for the very same end, he goes

goes to Ch——— for Interest. He Preaches up *Temperance* at his own Table; but is a *Glutton* when he can devour of Free-cost; and hates no Sins, but those he pays for.

In his own *Principles*, if they may be admitted to be call'd *Principles*, he out-does all the Strangers in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*: *Oedipus* himself, were he alive, could never unriddle him. The *Satyr* that quarrell'd with the Fellow in the *Fable*, for blowing hot and cold Successively with the same Breath, What would he say to our *Low-Ch———man*, that can do both at the same Instant? In vain he promotes *Reformation*, who begins it not first at Home; and stands up for the *Sabbath*, which no one Prophanes like himself; for he Teaches more *Atheism*, by his Example, than all the Parsons in the Nation can ever hope to Preach down. He is of several Churches, but of no Religion, as we say of *Hermophrodites*, that by being of both Sexes, they are of none. He pretends to hate Divisions, and yet encourages *Schism*, which he wisely judges to be expedient for the State; as the Women on the other side *Tweed* refuse to be cured of the *Itch*, forsooth, because it is Whole-some.

Nebuchadnezzar's Image had a Head of Gold, and Feet of Clay; our Idol has a Skull of Lead, and Face of Brass: He alters his *Shapes* according to the Company he is in, like those experienced *Sharpers*, who, when they are at Court, would pass for good City Security; and when they are in the City, would be thought to have an Interest at Court. He goes to a Sermon with the same Intent as the *Beaux* go to a Play, not to Reform his *Manners*, but hear himself expos'd; for though he sees Hypocrisie lash'd every Sunday, he stands all the Fire the Parsons flash at him, like a Manag'd-Horse. He's convinc'd that 'tis a Cowardly Scoundril Sin, yet he won't part with

with it, because it brings him in Gain. Had this Linsey Woolsey *Religioſo* liv'd under the *Mofaical Diſpenſation*, how finely had he been trounc'd for Ploughing thus with an Ox and an Aſs, and dividing himſelf ſo nicely, between a *Caffock* and a *Cloak* : It revives the Story of *Penelope*, ſtill unravelling one Day what ſhe had done the laſt. The poor Cully in *Æſop*, with his Two Loving Wives, one of which clear'd his Head of the Black, and the other of his Gray Hairs, till at laſt they left him none between them, is a true Emblem of him : The different Churches he goes to, will ſo Weed and Purge him by Degrees, that they won't leave him a Rag of *Religion* to cover his Nakedneſs. In ſhort, He is a Retainer to all Churches, but a Member of none; and will never have the Benefit of his *Clergy* at the Bar of *Heaven*.

Wh. You make a meer *Modern Whig* of him ; for he that answers this Character, muſt be both *Egregious* and *Ignorant*, and prodigiouſly *Knaviſh*.

Do. Notwithſtanding all that, I'll juſtifie we are Men of *Principles* : For it muſt be allow'd the *Whigs*, that even in Change we Act conſonant to our ſelves, that is, our own *Private Intereſt* ; and it muſt be granted it is not ours, but the Fault of *Providence*, in altering the State of Affairs, that we are not always of the ſame Opinion ; for we were in the Right when for, and now we are againſt the coming over of the H ——— of H ——— r. Though we were for ſecuring the Succeſſion, by calling over the Whole H ——— r Family, when there was an Heir Apparent in the Kingdom ; but ſince now the Q ——— n is on the T ——— —, and there is no Heir at all in the N ——— n, we won't allow the Ch ——— — men to ſecure their *Succeſſion*, becauſe they propos'd it ; though we were ſo fearful of it before, when there was far leſs Cauſe of *Fear*, and
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of which we are so *certain* now, when it is apparently more in Danger.

Wh. By this Account you veer with every Wind, and are true to nothing; you make your self as bad as the Authors of *Jura Populi Anglicani*, and of a *Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons of Athens and Rome*, who are for an *Oligarchy*, which is worse than a *Tyranny*; for under that, the People are are greater Slaves. The *Decemviri* at *Rome* were worse than *Tarquin*; and the *Thirty Tyrants* at *Athens* much more insupportable than *Pisistratus*. It is possible that the Constitution may be preserved in some Measure by a Tyrant; but an *Oligarchy* puts an end to it at once; it destroys the present Form of Government, and introduces a *New*, if that be to be allowed any Form at all; so that a Man may say there is something worse than a *Jacobite*, without being a *Jacobite*, or approving the Principles of that *Party*, nay, though he perfectly abhor them; for there are Degrees in Evil, in spite of old *Elbuick Paradox* to the contrary. But I would fain know what Difference there is between *French Slavery* and *English Slavery*, *Danish Slavery* and *Italian Slavery*, &c.

Do. The Slavery is the same, whether we form it our selves, or receive it from a *Foreign Power*; but there is no Slavery now to be talk'd of, but *Jacobite Slavery*, *High-Ch — — Slavery*. We said one thing formerly, and another now: To contradict our selves is peculiar to the *Wh — —*; our *Corinthian Fronts* were not given us for nothing. We were proud to Boast of our Peoples *Merit* once, as long as we thought it of use to our ends, and now we cast it off as Scandalous; but this some People object as Inconstancy in the *Whigs*, and so cast Dirt at us; if it be to cast Dirt, to charge Matter of Fact on us, we have more *Modesty* than to deny what may be very easily prov'd:
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The fault is theirs who are guilty of the *Change*, and not ours, who for the *Publick Good*, urge it to recall them to their *Abdicated Principles*, at a Time when they would be more beneficial to the *Commonweal*. It is most certain that the *Whigs* did not promote the *Act of Settling the Succession*, since it was pass'd in a *Parliament* not very Gracious in our Eyes, and which for want of Power within *Doors*, we attack'd from without with *Kentish Petitions*, *Black-lists*, *Legion-letters*, &c. Yet this must be said in our Vindication, That we only affirm'd that the *Whigs* have been Proud to say so.

Wh. That's strange News to me, I always thought the *Succession* had been a Work entirely of the *Whigs* own doing.

Do. You mistake strangely; the *Whigs* have resented the Imputation of it to them, as Scandalous, That they had any hand in settling the *Protestant Succession*. We told the *Church-men*, it was giving a Secret Stab to the *Succession*, and throwing all the Dirt imaginable on us, to say the H— of *Han* — was oblig'd to us for settling the *Succession*.

Wh. Is the *Protestant Succession* then to be Burlesqued, Ridicul'd and made Scandalous? And can the *Whigs* be concern'd in it? This smells Rank of *Jacobitism*.

Do. Then you don't understand the Secret of all this: We go Hand in Hand with the *Jacobites*; for we are for no *Succession* at all, and the *Jacobites* not for the *Protestant*. The calling over the Princess, say we, is to make her say to the Q——, *Madam, I am come over to succeed you*. We cannot foresee the Q——'s safety from the *Heirs* being at Her Elbow, while the Ch——m——n cry, They cannot see the N——'s safety without the Presence of the next Heir. We say it is to set up Two Courts here, one against another; the Presence of the
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the Successor is dangerous to our present and future Peace, it will cause Confusion, and is dangerous to the *Succession*, it procures a Head to the *High-Ch*——, &c.

Wh. But what say the *Jacobites* ?

Do. They urge against *H*———, That we show our selves uneasy to the *Q*——n, by attempting to bring over the *H*—— of *H*———, who, say they, very particularly, have no Bishops, nor ever had any; this to move *High-Ch*—— to oppose 'em. Again, we ought not by this Means to distress Her Majesty, by placing them on the uppermost step on the *Throne* but one, before Her *Face*, and against Her Will, that is, in plain *English*, Should'ring Her. When Her Majesty shall think fit to call over the young Prince that is to succeed Her, that he may be instructed in our *Religion*, and acquainted with our *Laws* and *Constitution*, which is the present Pretence, then we are to acquiesce; there is as much done as the Wisdom of the *N*———n thought necessary. The *Ch*—— Party playing *H*——— at this Distance against Her *M*———ty, when she does not please them, What would they do if they were nearer? How easie it might then be to beget *Jealousies* betwixt the *Court* and the *Rising Sun*? How impossible it would be to be avoided? This would be a perpetual Fund of *Jealousies*: It is to intimidate Her Majesty and weaken Her *Gov*——m——t, because every *Party* discontented, will be for calling over *H*———r. 'Tis anticipating and Dictating to *Providence*, and having it in their own Time and way——. They for the good of the *Protestant Religion*, would wish the *Q*——n in Heaven——; but then some will find themselves disappointed. Both the *Jacks* and us agree to urge this together——, That *Q*——n *Elizabeth* would never

ver declare her *Successor* tho' often press'd to it by *Parliament*: She call'd it, *Putting on her Winding-sheet*.

VVb. I think you both so agree together in this point, I cannot distinguish you, from being both alike Enemies to the *H — — of H — — r* ever Reigning in *Great Britain*: I never heard so much of Modern *VVbig Principles* before; pray explain things a little more to me.

Do. It is plain from the *Unanimity* of we two *Opposites*, that the Certainty of the *Succession* in this Course is what alarms us both, tho' for different ends, since it equally disapoints our *Republican Hopes*, as it does the *Jacobites* of *St. Germans*. As our Arguments are the same, so there is a necessity that they should be of equal Force; and indeed conclude just the contrary to what they were introduced to prove. For first, that the *Discontented Parties* cast their Eyes on the *H — — of H — — r* even at this distance, and therefore would more if nearer, is what we urge on purpose to, Villify the *Ch — — of — —* tho' directly contrary to all Reason and Probability: For if we should admit that they were able, by an Artful *Misrepresentation*, to Engage the *Heirs Presumptive*, it would be absolutely impossible to Influence them by *Misrepresentation*, when they are present to Judge of Matters by their own Eye. The *Discontented*, as we call them, to render them Odious, would want then the *Popular Plea* they have at present, and must have as long as the *Heirs* are absent, of the Danger of the *Succession*, so that the surest way to have put an end to the Clamours of the People, and disappoint the Intreagues of Parties, would have been to have had the *Heirs Present*; who, by that means, knowing things perfectly well, could not be impos'd upon by *fallacious* and *designing Pretences*; nor those Occasions remain, which now but too much justify the *Discontents*. This would remove indeed a Word
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of mighty use among us, to bring about sinister ends, and answer all that would be else unanswerable; for when all the hopes of the *St. Germans Pretender* are cut entirely off, by such a *security* of the *Succession*, we could no more cry out *Jacobite, Jacobite*, when we have nothing else to say to amuse the People and fright 'em into our Snare. As for our Clamours, That the Presence of the *Successor* would cause Confusion, which the *Jacobites* say in other words, it ought to be taken as most of our other Pretences, that is like *Dreams* and *Almanacks*, by contraries; as which we call them *Jacobites* who are for the Presence of the *Heir Presumptive*, we mean they are no *Jacobites*; for however we are in our Clamours, we are too Modest in our Meaning to think 'em so: Thus we were not afraid, that the coming over of the *Electores* would have set up two Courts in *Opposition* to each other; we were not apprehensive of any real Confusion to ensue for that, but the contrary. We were afraid of an *Union* betwixt them, which as we Could not have been able with all our fine Arts to have Dissolv'd, so it would have been fatal to all our curious Designs. But notwithstanding all this, we had the Impudence and Vanity to flatter our selves with assurances of getting into the Graces of the Princess, if her Royal Highness should have come over.

VVb. 'Tis apparent then, that as the *Jacobites* urg'd their Fears of an Uneasiness to the Q — n by the Presence of the *Presumptive Heir*, only to hide their fears, that by that very Presence all their Hopes would be destroy'd; so the *VVhigs* only us'd the same Pretence for their own *private Designs*.

Do. Which way else would you have had us secured them, but by such like means? Did not we *Bambouze* my Lord *Haversham* with his fine Speech, and turn it into Ridicule, by incensing the P — —

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I ——— t and the People, that the P ——— s S ——— was influenc'd by *Jacobites* and *Papists*, &c. And then, by advising her first to do things which might have given Offence, and then pressing her to refuse the Invitation, if the Q ——— n and P ——— l ——— t should make it. The Representing her as a Disturber of our present *Quiet* and future *Peace* if she should be here; and other Reasons as weak and malicious we urg'd against her coming over, all tending to the *Villification* of her Character, without any Ground at all, but what we were forc'd to invent to serve a turn and gain a considerable Point, which we did, and which I believe the Ch ——— are sensible of by this time; but they'll have leisure enough to repent, before such another opportunity is put into their Hands again of helping themselves out of the *Mire*.

Wh. But what Advantage could the *Discontented Party* ever pretend to reap from advising the Presence of the Heir, whether of one F ——— n or another, especially *Jacobites*?

Do. You will never understand me thoroughly as you ought, This is one of our own Stratagems, and we assert these things boldly, tho' we cannot prove one tittle of the matter, which plainly and openly proves our Design's against the *Succession*: For none, who are not entirely begotted, can believe such monstrous and nonsensical Notions. For the Representing this Design of the Presence of the Legal Heir as coming from *Jacobites*, is as contrary to common Sense as matter of Fact. The *Jacobites* can have no Interest in it, but must find certain Destruction from it, to all their Hopes and Wishes, in the sure disappointment of their *Pretender*: For this Reason they have Wrote and still Rail against it; nor could this Motion be of any use to them but in its *Rejection*, as is plain from what has been said; and to *Jacobatize* is to oppose the farther security of the *Succession*;

but the Establishing the Legal Heir in P—— had infallibly secured that: To oppose it therefore, was plainly to act for and be a *Jacobite*: The whimsical Pretence of the *Jacobites* having a hand in the Motion was easily seen through, because it might have sooner been propos'd by the contrary side, since we own we had been threatned with it, before the P—— m—— t sat: But we who were for securing the P—— m—— t, took all the Advantages we could to gain our Point.

Wh. But to obviate all these Difficulties, the Wisdom of the Nation has made as substantial Acts to insure the *Succession* in the *Protestant Line*, as are capable of being made by *Laws*.

Do. What will our *Acts of Parliaments*, our *Oaths*, the Proclamation of the *Succeſſor* &c. signify, if the *Succeſſor* is not sure of passing the *Sea*, of being possess'd of the *Fleet*, the *Troops*, the *Treasure*, the *Garrisons*, the *Sea-Ports*, and the *City of London*? All *Political Oaths* are Conditional, supposing Protection on the one side, as well as Allegiance on the other, and are by all reasonable Men allow'd to be void, when the Person sworn to is not capable of performing his part; and all *Laws* are but meer Cobwebs against Power. So that in one sense these are but *Imaginary* Securities, whereas the Presence of the Heir had been a Real one; nay, the only one against all these Dangers. *Imaginary* is taken in various senses, It means either what is only the meer Child of *Imagination*, and dwells only in Fancy; or it means *Uncertain*, *Imperfect*, or any thing that is opposite in some measure to *Real*. Now, if it were injurious to say, that the *Regency Act* was but an *imaginary Security*, it must be equally so to say the same of the *Act of Settlement* in the 12th and 13th Year of King *William* the 3d; but that has been Judg'd ineffectual to the end that was propos'd, that is, it was found

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an *Imaginary* not a *Real Security*. How then can we suppose the same Power one time deceiv'd, and another infallible? It is no Reflection on the *Legislature*, to say, that any thing that depends on the Will of others in the Execution, is *Imaginary*, that is, not *Real*, *Certain* or *Infallible*: All the Acts against *Immorality*, *Prophaneness*, *Popery*, &c. had the same Authority to demand Execution; yet we experimentally find the proper *Executors* of them, let them lye *Dormant* and *Useless*. It can be no Reflection on the P — m — t, to say, that several of the so many *Acts* made for the Recruiting the *Navy* were *Imaginary*, since we find they themselves have thought something wanting to make them *Real*, that is, effectual to the end propos'd; which will never be accomplish'd till the *Whigs* Service be made more valuable, and the Intollerable abuses of Offices severely punish'd.

Wh. But these Dangers that you talk of which threatned the *Succession* then, from the *Scotch Act of Security*, &c. are all blown over now, since the *Union* of the two *Kingdoms*.

Do. Ay, Who are the *High Ch* — — to thank for that but the *Whigs*, who were resolv'd to free the N — — n from all prospect of *Danger* from *Abroad*: and if *Parties* will contend at *Home*, if they have not Wisdom to apprehend the strongest side, they are worse *Fools* than the *Ass* in the *Fable*; tho' if they imitate him, that because he saw the Dog, whose Nature is to cringe upon his Master, fawn too much like suppliant Slaves, they may get the same Correction the foolish *Brute* had, to be beat for their pains.

Wh. But after all that has been said, How come the *Whigs* to throw the *odium* of not having the Presumptive Heir of the Crown among us, upon the — — since there is such a good Understanding betwixt them.

Do. That Point is agree'd on among our selves; the ——— is contented to bear it from us for to support the Interest of the *Party* who cannot be suspected on that Head. We have enough to do to strengthen the F — n by all Means and on all Hands, and for that end, we assume, as much as possible, an extraordinary Zeal for her M ——— y and the Con ——— n, so that we are not in the least suspected in all our Actions, tho' they are quite contrary to the Interest of both; for *Clamour* and *Pre-
tences*, go far on these occasions, and stifle the *sense* of the *Reality*.

Wb. But how did you do to blind the P — m — t from seeing through such shallow *Pretexts*?

Do. Having taken these Measures, and spread the deadly Mischief through all parts of the N ——— n, and the great Power on whom we depend, having given us assurance of their effectual assistance, we thought our selves pretty sure of every thing we design'd: Till the Proposal of bringing over the H — of *H — r* was started, which gave us a terrible alarm of the imminent danger, of the Project, which might in all Probability at once have destroy'd all our Hopes, by bringing over, with Security, one who had not only the Legal Right to the Throne, but already the Hearts of the People, and on a *Demise*, would take immediate Possession of the *Kingdom* and its *Security*, the *Navy*, *Garrisons*, *Forts*, *Treasure*, and all the *Power* and Power of the Nation, which would, nay must, if not at once, confound all our Devices.

Wb. How did you behave your selves then upon these evident apprehensions of Danger?

Do. O well enough: We thought a little upon it, before we Return'd them a *Rowland* for their *Oliver*: These Considerations made the F ——— n every where loud against the Proposal, as injurious to Her M ——— y and her Authority, under that specious Zeal,

Zeal, we conceal'd the real Cause of our Heat *viz.* our reasonable fear that it would be a defeating *Blow* to all our Expectations, as could not be repair'd by all our Industry and Cunning: Wherefore, after a mature debate, the mouths of our *Party* where order'd to imploy all their well fortified *Sophistry*, to raise all the Obstacles the badness of our Cause would furnish; and load 'em with all the Difficulty a pregnant Imagination could form.

Wb. I find then, you were put to your last Shifts; Pray how did you manage the Business?

Do. According to our former Resolutions, we reap'd up all we had to say on that Head, which, tho' in the main weak enough, we left no room to add any thing more; but yet *Nature* so prevail'd over *Art*, and the *Reality* so far vanquish'd the *Hypocrisie*, that notwithstanding our pretended Zeal for Her M — y, the Nakedness of our Concern appeared through the tatter'd Disguise, and our Rancour against the P — t — t S — — n broke through the Equivocal deference we seem'd to pay to the Family of H — — r.

Vvb. And so, conscious of all the feeble Arguments you had to urge against so reasonable a Proposal of the true *Patriots*, the Success of which must prove a Fatal *Remora* to your ripening *Conspiracy*, you had Recourse to other Arts, to lessen their Expectations, and even their Desires of the H — — of H — — r.

Do. We insinuated about, That the P — — s had no Thoughts of E — — d; That the E — — r, being one of the most powerfull Princes of *Germany*, in Possession and Expectation, and Absolute in his own Dominions, would not quit them to be a limited Monarch in E — — d: These Arguments were of Use, and plausible enough to those who could be perswaded, That no Empire was valuable but

that over *Slaves*. But finding to the Disappointment of these private Insinuations, Proposals in Print for calling over the H — of H —, the Champions of our Cause openly declared their Opposition.

Wb. Had this Opposition come from none but the known *Jacobite Party*, 'tis more than probable, that it had been of very little Consequence to the defeating so laudable a Design; because every one would have been on his Guard against the Insinuation of a profess'd *Jacobite*, whose pretended Zeal for the Ease and Happiness of a Queen and Government, which he refus'd Allegiance to, would easily have been discover'd to proceed from another Cause, to which he must think this Invitation extremely *Detrimental*; because it is against *Nature, Reason* and *Common Sense*, to suppose that any Man that *Acts* on the received Notions of Mankind, could mean his *Heat* and *Zeal*, for the good of a *Party* he disowns, and whose Prosperity must be absolutely destructive of that which he professes himself bound in Conscience to stand by and support by all the Means and Artifices he can. Nay, such an Opposition alone, must have redoubled the Efforts of true E — m —, as intallibly the true and evident Interest of the present Establishment.

Do. But when we declar'd of the *Jacobite Side*, to the Amazement of all good Men, who had the Reputation of *Publick Principles*; nay, we, who would needs engross it wholly to our selves; it stagger'd many Honest, Well-meaning, Faithful Friends to the Government, and made them suspect their own Reason, and submit the Evidence to their Judgment, to the *Fallacious Principles* of Men, whom they thought not only true E — m —, but even the *Leaders* and *Patrons* of the Cause; this brought them into a Necessity of looking into our *Plots* and *Contrivances*,

trivances, which have been levelled against the *Constitution* it self, and had been as surely defeated as the *Jacobites*, had the H—— of H———r come over to have screen'd the Ch—— in their Enquiries.

Wb. But how came the Q———n to suffer all these things? Since there is none under Heaven, who can be more tender of the Reputation of Her Subjects, of the Currency of the Law and Legal Constitutions, especially such as are Parl———y?

Do. And it would be the Joy of the *Whigs*, if we could find Her otherwise, or if we could by any Trick of State, such as we have shown in some Sessions of P———l———t, play in upon her the Necessity of having Recourse to the Maxim of *Forty One*, that Idol of the F———n, to justify whatever they do, as confidently, as if the People could be Govern'd no other way.

Wb. What did the Nation ever get, or the *Party* either, by such violent Methods?

Do. We get our Ends by it: For it is not the Mode, nor agreeable to the Temper and Business of the *Whigs* to rest satisfied with Reason: Nor is it any part of the F———n's Business to be content with the Establish'd *Cb———*, or *Liberty* and *Property*; these are Words which we know how to make use of, by sprinkling Flowers of *Rhetorick* in all our Writings and Discourses; we work upon the People with them, as Witches do with Charmes, Characters and Spells, to Bewitch the Multitude with false Opinions of the Ch——m——n, and that all is in danger from them, and that we our selves are the only *Patrons* and *Patriots*; when in the mean time, we only tickle them, like *Trouts*, with these things, to catch and enslave them to our own Designs and Humours, for pulling the G——m——t to Pieces,

which is the only Bulwark of R——n, L—b—ty and P—p—ty.

Wh. I have one Question to ask you: How come the Ch—— Ministers to be suffered to Preach about Gov——t and St—— Affairs? Is that any part of their Duty?

Do. The Reason's plain, we would hinder them if we could; for if they are admitted to go on, as *H——ns* has lately begun, you and I must not talk at this rate, they'll imite us all *Hip* and *Tbigh*, not with the *Jaw-bone* of an *Ass*, but with the *Power* and *Efficacy* of the *Gospel*: We would not have Ministers meddle with the G——m——t in the *Pulpit*, or Preach about St—— Affairs; but preach up *Religion*: As if to Preach up Obedience to the Sovereign, and Preach down *Faction* and *Sedition*, was not to Preach up *Religion*. We might as well say, when we hear them Preach up the Duty of Children to their Parents, or Servants to their Masters, that we would not have them meddle with their Families in the *Pulpit*; but Preach up *Religion*: Or when they Preach against the base Balance, false *Weight* and *Measure*, we might as well say, that we would not have them meddle with *Trade* in the *Pulpit*; but Preach up *Religion*.

Wo. But what have *Ministers* to do to Preach about *Passive Obedience* and *Non-Resistance*?

Do. More abundantly than the D——rs have to Preach about El——ns. But it is the Duty of Ministers to Preach up all the *Relative Duties*, and more especially the Duty of Subjects among a *Factionous People*, as most tending to the *Publick Good*; and they who Preach up the Duty of any one sort of Men, answer the Design of the *Gospel*, to make Men good in all Relations, and particularly to make good Subjects; for which Reason the *Christians* ought to be better Subjects than other Men.

He

He that gave the Empire to Marius, gave it also to Julius Cæsar; He that gave it to Augustus, gave it to Nero, and successively: The Ch—— of old took their Princes from God, as they did the Weather.

Wh. That was good and laudible Doctrine in the former Ages of *Christianity*; but things have quite another Turn with them now.

Do. Therefore we speak and write against such Men; it is our Business to Traduce the Orthodox Cl—— of the Ch—— to the People, for maintaining it. Wherefore, whenever we hear any Man exclaiming against the Doctrine of *Non-Resistance*, and Misrepresenting the Cl——y, as promoters of *Tyranny*, *Slavery*, and *Arbitrary Power*, because they Preach it up in Opposition to us, we note that Man for a true *Modern Whig*, and assure our selves that he hath already conceived—— within him, and is a —— in his Heart. Should God now send Prophets to Proclaim the *Rights* of the Ch—— to the People, and enable them to work Miracles to prove their Mission from him, yet our Devilish Spirits of *Whiggism*, would hate them as much as we hate the Ch—— for Preaching up the *Prerogative*; and we would tell the People, lest they should believe their *Doctrine* and *Miracles*, that they were for *Arbitrary Power*. We hate M——s, because we our selves would share the *Sovereign Power*, and this makes us act against our known Duty, as much as *Lucifer* and his Train did in Heaven, or the *Rebels* under the *Theocracy*.

Wh. Though these Ch———n are admitted to Preach, I wonder they should be allowed to *Print*, without having some *Moderate* Restraint upon them. Did you ever see such an audacious thing as that *Postscript* of H——s?

Do,

Do. He has laid us open most shamefully, I have blush'd Twenty times for my Lord A. B. how the *Irish* P. touches him, and talks his G—— out of his Senses; he had like sometimes to have provok'd him out of his M———n. In short, That bold daring *High-Flyer* Schools the B——p with a *Metropolitan* Air himself, for the others neglecting his Duty, as if he had been his *Diocesan*. How we shall all behave our selves after this I am to seek; we look as simply when we hear the Noise of the *Postscript* in the *Coffee-Houses*, as Poor L——y did at the Conviction of his F——ch *Prophets*; every little Sawcy *Jack* Struts and looks Big upon us at this Defeat of our *Goliath*; the Ch——men in spite of all their Duty laugh in their Sleeves, and say, he ought not to be pity'd, because of his Disobedience to Mother Ch——, which he has been highly guilty of, in refusing to protect her True and Faithful Sons, which we before had endeavour'd to make contemptible and mean in the Eyes of all the People; but they look us in the Faces again now, and Smile at us with a disdainful Air, as not able to hurt 'em; which has put us *Modern Whigs* once again, upon a Necessity of trying what we can do.

Wb. With such a *Patron* as you talk of, you'll do nothing at all, but labour in vain, make Ropes of Sand to Fetter the Ch——, which will go near to fly in your own Eyes, and blind you; never trust a Ch——m——n against the Ch——, there can be nothing but *Hypocrisie* in the Bottom; they may be E——— through Ignorance, but they can never be design'd Enemies to them and their Cause; I would advise you to wait till the P——l——t fits: I know we have some stanch Friends there.

Do. You trust to your N——— B———s: They are false *Loons*; I would as soon trust a *Dutch-man* with

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with my *Conscience*, or a *Genoese* with my *Substance*:
 If I find next Winter we cannot manage better, but
 suffer our Cause to be Ridicul'd and Laugh'd at by
 every *Freshman* in the *Universities*, I'll e'en Tack a-
 bout, since I find nothing among us but Out-plot-
 ting, I cannot say Out-witting one another, since
 we have not Two Grains of Wit in the *Faction*,
 that is not allay'd with as many Pounds of Wick-
 edness. In short, we have nothing but *Calumny*,
Strife, *Malice*, *Envy* and *Irreligion*, to carry on all
 our *Villanies* withal.

A DI-

A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
MAINTENON
AND
Madam M——m.

Maintenon.

M Adam, I rejoice to see you.
Madam *M*. You do me a great deal of Honour indeed, to be saluted by a Woman, Madam, of your Eminence, who has outdone the Brightest of your Sex in Conduct and Matchless Policy.

Maintenon. You are well vers'd in the Art of *Flattery* I perceive, which I thought the *British Court* had been altogether Strangers to; but really, Madam, your Character has reach'd *Versailles* without a Complement, to the great Satisfaction of the *Grand Monarch*.

Mad,

Mad. *M.* Now you put it out of my Power to make you a Return suitable to the Favour you have conferr'd upon me.

Maintenon. O, Madam, excuse me, you have already made agreeable Returns, and may continue still to do so, if it is your Pleasure; but now I am talking of *Returns*, pray dear Madam satisfy me how your Old Friend and I may be bold to call him ours, does in these troublesome Times for Statesmen; not that I question but he knows how to manage as well as any Body, for we have pronounced him the *Matchiavel* of Great-Britain.

Madam *M.* Who do you mean?

Maintenon. You cannot but be sensible that I mean Monf. *Har—*, one whom you have no reason to be ashamed of: What if there may have been *Familiarities* between you? So there have been between *Lewis le Grand* and Mrs. *Scarron*; but what's all that for us to own among our selves? Besides, People of our Rank, and for such Ends and Purposes as we do Things, do not fall within the Reach of the Vulgar even to censure us, much less to hurt us.

Madam *M.* Well, Madam, but I know you would do all Things prudently, and would advise me to the same, how then can I act safely if I play my Game above-board while the *Dutchess* is at the Table?

Maintenon. That certainly is not to be done, therefore she must be removed.

Madam *M.* And would you have me thus ungrateful to my *Patroness* and greatest *Benefactress*?

Maintenon. Did I not do the same to the *Dutchess* of *Mount-Espagne*, whose Menial Servant I was at first, and so consequently must be brought to Court by her, as you was by the *Dutchess*; but what's all that you can do to what I did? My Mistress was the

the King's, and I did not pitch so low as only to usurp her Power and Authority over the Greatest Monarch, but I Rivall'd her in his *Bed*, and there I conquer'd too.

Madam M. 'Twas Glorious, Madam, I must own, but alas I must be content to strike at smaller Mischiefs: If I can displace the *Dutchess* I shall gratify my *Pride*, my *Pocket*, and my *Revenge* at once.

Maintenon. That will be a *Coup eclat* indeed; and not only please your self, but a great many others that *Pique* her Highness; though perhaps if the Question was ask'd why, they do not know for what; however, 'tis a good thing to Sail with *Wind* and *Tide*; and as long as the People think her the common *Mark*, they'll never blame you for hitting it, though the Way you compass it be never so *Clandestine*.

Madam M. Well, Madam, but do you consider the Interest of her *Family*, which must be allow'd to be much greater than ever Madam *Mount-Espagne's* could pretend to with the *French King*. Besides, I believe the Court of *Versailles* cannot be ignorant what Efforts I have already made in order to compass the Design we have been speaking of.

Maintenon. Yes, yes, we heard of it with a Witness, and was not a little concern'd for the *Event*, which must needs have prov'd successful to the Projects we had then on Foot: The main whereof all the World is sensible, miscarry'd through ill Management in *Britain*, and not as some Idle People suppose, for want of being well concerted in the Counsels of *France*. I fear we was Outwitted in that Affair; and that Mons. *Harlequin*, who has cheated every Body in their Opinion of him, over-reach'd us. Indeed it was the Opinion of Mons. *Chamillard* that he was not to be trusted; says he, *A Man that has Betray'd every Party that ever he pretended to Espouse,*

can never be true to any; but really I over-rul'd that Great Man, and was of a contrary Opinion upon your Account, Madam, supposing that a Woman of your Perspicuity, could never be deceived in the Integrity of a Statesman, whose Heart you Commanded.

Madam *M.* Nor do I think I am deceived, but can assure you, Madam, he is the same Man he ever was; and let him have assum'd as many Shapes as *Proteus*, they were all for your Service, which he appears now more zealous to promote than ever; and I question not but you are sensible what he is doing to establish your Glory and Honour, that thereby he may be able to conquer his Fanatick Enemies, when *France* has settled herself upon Universal Monarchy.

Maintenon. You surprize with me exceeding Joy: But how are these Great Things to be effected in Disgrace?

Madam *M.* That requires the Wit as well as Courage of a *Briton*; but his Knowledge in the Constitution of his Country, and his Experience of the Humours and Vagaries of the People, qualifie him for such a difficult Task, that no Body besides himself would undertake.

Maintenon. I question not his Abilities; but pray inform me of the Means whereby such mighty Things are to be brought to pass.

Madam *M.* You must be inform'd then, Madam, he is elected, as formerly he used to be, One of the *Representatives* of his Country.

Maintenon. Very acceptable News; proceed.

Madam *M.* That is nothing, but he is pretty well assured of being something Greater, and then, Madam.

Maintenon. What then can he propose?

Madam

Madam *M*. Things that will rejoice you to hear : First then he can bring in the Bill against *Occasional Conformity* once more.

Maintenon. And what Advantage can that be to the Affairs of *France* at this Time of Day ?

Madam *M*. O, more than you can imagine, for while the House are debating about that Affair, all the Business of the Nation is neglected; besides, this creates ill Blood again, and then they'll begin to enquire into Mismanagements, and how the Money is expended, perhaps bring in another Bill of Resumption, and confound all Things as heretofore.

Maintenon. Fort agreeable ! *ma Foy* !

Madam *M*. This is but a Trifle; for by the Power of being T——r he can call the Ministry to an Account for the Mispending the Nations Money, in fitting out such a Fleet this last Spring for no other End but to disappoint you know who, and then to let Sir G—— B—— Ride in *Leitb* Road, when 'twas fitter the Queen's Ships should have been laid up in *Chatham*, and the Seamen turn'd ashore, as they us'd to be.

Maintenon. Excellent ! my dear little Cousin and Counsellor, I'll hug thee for a Politician; nay, *Lewis* himself shall hug you too.

Madam *M*. But what will you say if in the next Parliament, by our Means, some People be called to Account why Peace was not made before this; and who were the Advisers to settle King *Charles* upon the *Spanish* Monarchy? Nay, after all, what will you say if we oblige the Nation to make a Peace, and accept of it, according to the Terms that *France* will give us?

Maintenon. I say you shall disdain to be Rival to the Dutchess; it shall be Ambition enough for the greatest She on Earth to Rival *M*.

Madam

Madam M. I own, Madam, you have Arts so alluring that you tempt the greatest Princes of the World to serve you, and I reckon it the chiefest of my Glory to promote your interest.

Maintenon. Nay, now you out do me in Ceremony, and *France* must yeild to *Britain*.

Madam M. Indeed you make me Blush to accept the Flattery you give, a thing I own my self not guilty of these later Years, since State Intrigues, more than the Affairs of Love, have fill'd my Breast; not that I have been a Stranger to the Little God, but have been forc'd to banish him Occasionally for more Important Business.

Maintenon. Then, dear Madam, oblige me with some Passages of your Life, since they must needs have been a Secret to me, while the whole Story of my Life has been publick to every Body.

Madam M. I know, Madam, you are not unacquainted with that part of my Life when I was introduced to Court, and who it was that plac'd me there; and as for what happen'd before, it is too trivial for me to rehearse, or you to hear; therefore I shall pass over that Part in Silence, and come to something transacted of late.

Maintenon. I am satisfied your Life cannot have been without some considerable Amours any more than * mine; for it does not always happen that the most Beautiful Women have the most Lovers, but I have generally observed it to fall out quite contrary; and for this Reason, that those who are not esteemed handsome, endeavour to furnish themselves more with *Wit, Good Humour, Good Manners, and Obliging Conversation*, by which kind of Complacency, they render themselves more Taking and Agreeable to the Men, than all the Fair Faces

* Take Notice
Mad Maintenon is very
uggly.

in the World, which are generally a Prey to Fools, but the Aversion of Men of Sense.

Madam *M.* If you should assert this in Publick, you would be apt to draw upon your self a powerful Enemy, though to us their most killing Weapons, I mean their Eyes, are as feeble as their Hands, but yet they have Power over those that may do us a Prejudice.

Maintenon. For my Part, I never fear'd their Frowns, or courted their Smiles, for which Reason I have been less disappointed than most Women, who have been Conversant in Courts, and so much imploy'd in the most Arduous Affairs: But to wave this Discourse, I desire you will oblige me in the Request I made to you before, of telling me such Passages of your Life as you may reasonably suppose I am a Stranger to.

Madam *M.* Madam, you have guess'd right, for a considerable Part of my Life has been imploy'd in Love, though I deceiv'd the World in their Opinion of me, as to that Particular, as much as ever my forementioned Friend did. Especially at Court, I was taken for a more modish Lady, that was rather addict'd to another Sort of Passion, of having too great a Regard for my own Sex, insomuch that few People thought I would ever have married; but to free my self from that Aspersions some of our Sex labour under, for being too fond of one another, I was resolv'd to Marry as soon as I could fix to my Advantage or Inclination.

Maintenon. And does that Female Vice, which is the most detestable in Nature, Reign among you, as it does with us in *France*, where our young Ladies are that Way debauch'd in their *Nunnery* Education, so that few People of Quality care now to have their Daughters brought up in those Places.

Madam

Madam *M.* O, Madam, we are arrived to as great a Perfection in sinning that Way as you can pretend to, as you may guess by the following Story. A Lady of Fashion calling for a Comrade of hers, a pretty young Creature, to carry her to the Play, a Gentleman of her Acquaintance then visiting her, gave her his Hand to the Coach, where having put the Lady, the Glass was immediately drawn up, and the Innocent young Lady cried out aloud for Help; the Gentleman running after, thinking some Accident might have happen'd, the Lady desired to go out of the Coach, and be carried home again. The Gentleman was surpriz'd to see the Lady in such a Fright, and not guessing any Reason for it, conducted her home; but afterwards was informed by another Female Friend of hers, that the Lady, who call'd of her in the Coach, as she apprehended, attempted to Ravish her; what she meant by it the Innocent young One was a Stranger to; but these Things are no Novelties with us now.

Maintenon. *Il est possible?* But, Madam, I entreat you to reassume your former *Tale*.

Madam *M.* I told you that I was resolved to Marry as soon as I could fix either to my Advantage or Inclination; but that which hindered a considerable Time, and caus'd a great deal of Speculation, was a grand Secret to every Body, for I had privately contracted my self to a *Footman* in a certain Bishop's Family, who liv'd a great while to plague me; however, I bore it so well as to confine the Mystery to my own Breast.

Maintenon. But how could you make such a sorry Rascal hold his Tongue? That seems the greatest Paradox.

Madam *M.* If he did tell it, I suppose no Body would believe him, for I was never reproach'd with it yet.

Maintenon. That is mighty happy, and presages your future good Fortune.

Madam *M.* I always took it as a *Lucky Omen*; but yet what you'll think strange, notwithstanding my being constantly about the Court during this Time I was contracted, no Body ever made Pretensions to me, no, nor after some Time, till I imploy'd an Old Snuffling C——s, one that was become a common *Mumper*, to Trumpet about where ever she went what a great Fortune I was like to be, and what a considerable Interest I had at C——t. In short, Madam, it was not long by this Means e'er I had all the Ambitious and Aspiring young Fellows, of tolerable Fortunes, about the Town to make Court to me; I kept them all in Suspence, and gave no great Encouragements to any of them, but one pretty Fellow, which I believe I shall think so as long as I live; and indeed I can scarce forgive my self for using him so barbarously as I did, when I was ready to die every Moment for him: But you know, Dear *Maintenon*, 'tis Destiny, not Love, that rules us.

Maintenon. I dispute not that, but still a Woman of your Sense has always a Reason to give, which you reserve for other People, though you your self are satisfied.

Madam *M.* Yes, I must own I had a Reason; but first I'll tell you the Story, for it still gives me Pleasure to relate it, though I suffer for it in the Reflection. This Emissary of mine, after about Two Years Time, having pitch'd upon this Young Gentleman I call my pretty Fellow, I was to give him an Interview, which I did at *Windsor*; and what you'll think very odd perhaps, Madam, having never seen him before in my Life, I receiv'd him upon my Couch: He brought a Letter directed to me from the C——s. I could not forbear smiling at the
Old

Old Lady's Choice; and ever when I look'd off the Letter to talk to him, he blush'd like a Girl at Fourteen, and look'd upon the Ground. In short, this becoming Modesty transported me, and I could not forbear giving him Leave to wait on me to *Winchester*, whether the Court was then going. Good Heavens! Had he asked me a greater Favour at that Time, 'twas out of my Power to have deny'd him.

Maintenon. It was a sign he was a young Fellow, otherwise he would have discover'd that he had no Reason to ask a Favour that you seem'd to Court him to. But how came you to be so imprudent as to receive him at Court, in your own Apartments, and alone, whom you design'd to make your Husband?

Madam *M.* Why really when I reflect upon it my self, it looks very odd: But this is nothing to what followed, for whenever I went to the Play, I always let him know by the C——s that he might be sure to be there, and Hand me out of the Boxes.

Maintenon. That was the direct Way to throw off all other Pretenders, and declare to the World that you design'd to make him your Husband: Nay, should such a Thing have been done in *France*, there needed to have been no more Ceremony to have published you Man and Wife.

Madam *M.* Alas, Madam, this is but a meer Trifle, for I frequently met him at the Old C——s's Lodgings by my own Appointment, there we play'd at *Piquet*, and talk'd, and sigh'd, and dy'd, I had almost said; for I was then distracted, and did not know what I did, nor what I would do,

Maintenon. But why did you expose your self, and neither Marry, nor gratifie your Desires? Every Body proposes either one thing or the other when they play the Fool.

Madam *M.* I did play the Fool, I confets, but I am sorry 'twas done after that manner, to abuse the Man I really Lov'd: For I proceeded so far as to appoint his Liveries and Equipage; nay, to chuse his own Cloaths that he made for a Birthnight Sute to oblige me; and when the Good Old C———s came the next Morning to my Bedside, *Dear Lady N———*, said I, *how shall I look when that Pretty Fellow shall jump into Bed to me? But how do you think I look'd when it was told me that the C———s had carry'd this Speech to my Pretty Fellow?*

Maintenon. To be sure you looked like a young Wench after she had lost her Maidenhead, foolish enough; but yet with a long Expectation, as if she had a Mind to lose it over again.

Madam *M.* No, really Madam I was confounded, and knew not what to say, or how to look; though I knew I had spoke all the fond Things imaginable, yet I did not think the C———s had Impudence enough to tell them to him, though I oftentimes wish'd within my own Breast that he could be made sensible of my Passion, without a Violation of our Sexes Modesty, and the *Decorum* I was in some measure oblig'd to observe, considering where I was, and how nearly imploy'd in the Court.

Maintenon. O fie, now you begin to make me have a less Esteem for you than I thought I could ever have had; to make such a Pretence, that no Woman of half your Years but would have been ashamed of, though she had been an absolute Stranger to the Court.

Madam *M.* But pray consider, all this Time I positively design'd to Marry him, and all the Feints and Pretences I then made were only to fix his Love upon me, for he was very Young, and I of mature Age; therefore I thought it necessary to pump him, and try whether he could be passionately

ly in Love with me, or that he only dissembled for his Interest, which I made him sensible would be very considerably advanced by me.

Maintenon. And could you be so vain as to think a Young Pretty Fellow could be really in Love with you? Or that he cou'd not dissemble his Passion sufficiently enough to deceive you, that was already prepared to swallow the Cheat, and be tickled with the false Pleasure that arises from the Carresses of a Perfidious Lover.

Madam *M.* Dear Madam, notwithstanding your great Sagacity and Experience, you are in this Particular mistaken, for I had so wrought upon his Temper, which was Naturally Ambitious and Aspiring, by my Specious Promises of Grandeur and Riches, that the Young Spark being Fiery, and Heated with a Passion for Greatness, took it for his Mistress, and made Court to me with as much Warmth and Desire as if I had been a *Venus*, yet with an Awe and Veneration due to his Grandmother. Nor could this all be Flattery or Dissimulation, because whate'er he spoke was with an Air of Freedom and Sincerity; and whate'er he did was all Submission and Obedience.

Maintenon. I cannot imagine after all this, taking it for granted that you was satisfied with his Circumstances, what Reason cou'd prevail with you to throw off such a Lover.

Madam *M.* I never declar'd to him, or any Body else, the Reason why I discarded him; but I believe 'twould Puzzle a Conjuror to guess at the Pretence I made.

Maintenon. The Reason and the Pretence both appear Riddles to me yet; but pray let me hear them, for they must needs be surprizing.

Madam *M.* I cannot forbear Blushing my self to relate the Pretence it was so ridiculous; for after all

this Familiarity, and Two Years spent in bringing the Young Gentleman to Town, at last I very fairly told him, that he had been Courting my Sister all this while, and that I was very much his Friend; but for to talk of any thing concerning Marriage to me was a vain Attempt, for I had never any Design to Marry in my Life.

Maintenon. Good Heavens! You surprize me indeed; and what said the Gentleman to this? He must certainly think you Mad if you spoke it seriously.

Madam *M.* He look'd daunted at first, but upon second Thoughts really fancy'd I was in Jest, and began to Banter me. " Pray Madam, *said He*, is " your Sister like you? For I never saw her in my " Life, but the Favour of your Friendship you are " so kind to tender me I shall ever esteem. I was not pleas'd to think he would not take what I had said to him for an Answer, and therefore frown'd upon him with a Haughty Air he had never known me make use of before. This quite abash'd him, and without further prosecuting the Argument he bow'd very respectfully, and so retir'd.

Maintenon. In my Opinion that look'd very cool, and I should have taken it, that he was well pleas'd with his Discharge.

Madam *M.* It gaul'd me at that Time, to think I was so mistaken in his Sincerity, and that his going off so silently was rather the Effect of his Indifference than his Passion: But I was soon undeceiv'd, for he writ immediately with all the Tenderness and Concern imaginable, and e'er I had scarce read his Letter, seconded it with his last Visit: But I refus'd to see him, for I had sent the C——s with my Final Resolutions.

Maintenon. And how could you refuse to see the Man that that very Moment you accepted a Letter from?

Madam

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Madam M. For no other Reason but that I purpos'd to use him Scurvily, because I thought my self above the World ; else how do you think I could persist in such a Contradiction as to send the C——s to perswade the Young Gentleman's Friends, that I never had any Thoughts of Marriage, but only entertain'd him for the Sake of a Sister of mine, whom I thought he might make a proper Match for ?

Maintenon. And pray what Reception did the C——s meet with, from the Young Gentleman and his Friends. ?

Madam M. They were all Thunder-struck at her Message, as well they might, and did not treat her as became her Quality, when she told them that I had never any Design to Marry, but what I did was all upon Account of my Sister, who knew nothing of the Matter any more than the Gentleman did. *You Lye, Madam,* said one of the Company without more Ceremony to the C——s, “ did not I (*continued he*) bring several Gentlemen
“ to be viewed by you for Husbands for this Lady
“ you speak of before we could bring the Young
“ Gentleman to Town, and do you tell me now
“ out of the same Mouth that she never designs to
“ Marry ? 'Tis impudent beyond all Measure, and
“ you ought to forfeit all your Pretensions to Honour for asserting it. So avay Madam vvas
“ sent vvith a Fly in her Ear.

Maintenon. Whoever the Person was, you your self cannot but think, he did her a great deal of Justice.

Madam M. That I was satisfied in, but I reveng'd her Quarrel upon him in a short Time, tho' when I did it I hit my self a Box on the Ear.

Maintenon. But hold, Madam, first let me here the Secret Reason you reserv'd to your self for putting off this Match ?
Madam

Madam M. That which I took for a sufficient Reason, and which I hope you will approve, was this, that the young Gentleman's Mother was first a very Intriguing, Designing Woman; and which would be the Death of all our Hopes, had a large Acquaintance, and was much visited by the chief of those we call the *Whig Party* here.

Maintenon. I am very well satisfied now with the Reason, since it appears to be done for the Promotion of our Interest; therefore give me leave, Madam, to thank you from the bottom of my Heart; but pray inform me how you came reveng'd of the Person who treated the C ———s so roughly.

Madam M. You know Mons. H ——— was at that Time playing all his *Jack-Pudding Tricks* to oblige the *Whig Ministry*, by pleasing of whom, he thought the surest and most unsuspected Way to bring about all his Designs; now at the same Time I was preparing Work for him on the other Side, wherein he might exert himself, and show his pretended Zeal to the Party.

Maintenon. Very well concerted upon my Word; but this was Villanous Treatment of *High-Church* that put their Confidence in you.

Madam M. I own it, at first View it has the Face of such, but as long as it was design'd for the promoting of their Interest I judged it excusable.

Maintenon. But this is contrary to the Rule of Scripture, which says, *We ought never to do Evil that Good may come of it.*

Madam M. Well, but the *Rule of Scripture* is no Rule for *Politicians* to walk by, therefore I followed the *Policy* of the Children of this World, who are wiser in their Generation than the Children of Light.

Maintenon. Madam, you argue like a *Matchivilian*; or to speak in *English*, you talk like a *Hobbiſt*; but
to

to the Purpose, how did you compass the Revenge you mentioned just now?

Madam *M.* I'll tell you in general, for the Particulars are too tedious to relate. You are sensible my Aversion to the Dutchess cannot have been of late Date, but is of long standing, therefore I hoarded up in my Memory every thing that I thought might reflect upon her, or what I imagin'd the People would think so; and if there was any deficient, I was always ready to supply it. This Person I talk of was the Man that was to publish the Scandal which I privately supply'd him with; and therefore that I might act a double Revenge, both upon the Dutchess and him, I first furnished him with all the Falsities I could devise, which the C———s was to vouch for Truth, and then I Communicated them to the Dutchess, that she might punish him for what I had transacted; it was now when Monsieur *H*——— was in the Zenith of his Glory, and was pitch'd upon as the fittest Instrument the Dutchess could imploy to get her Satisfaction: By this means I became so intimately acquainted with that wonderful Man, and privily told him all my Sentiments of this Affair:

Maintenon. But 'tis my Admiration he should do any thing for the Dutchess or her Friends, whom both of you seem'd to have a mortal Hatred to.

Madam *M.* This we did on purpose to ingratiate our selves with the Party, that we might have the better Handle to Ruin them, and then to Punish the Person we had a mind to expose for daring to enquire into our Actions.

Maintenon. But it does not appear to me he did any thing to deserve this Treatment, and I hate Barbarity for Barbarity's Sake.

Madam *M.* But at the same Time I know you have Consideration enough to remember the Cause
for

for which I did these Things, and what signifies Two or Three little Fellows being made a Sacrifice towards the obtaining such Ends as I propos'd?

Maintenon. And this was the direct Way never to obtain the desir'd End, for 'tis the most Impolitick Thing in the World to punish, except it is with Death, those that may otherwise have it in their Power one Day or another to Publish their own Innocency: Besides, the People are apt to be Inquisitive into the Punishments of Persons where their Crimes do not appear to deserve what they suffer.

Madam *M.* But we nick'd the Time when the People were with us; and tho' what we had done had been more Arbitrary than it was, which was scarce possible, it had all pass'd for Mildness and Moderation; for we were doubly fortify'd, having the Power of the P ——— and the P ——— both to protect us.

Maintenon. So far you was undoubtedly in the right, but to be sure you had Published some Truths against the Dutchess, that no Body could be suppos'd to know of but your self; how then did you excuse them to her?

Madam *M.* She was too Wise to take particular Notice of any thing that was either said or published against her, and so we were disappointed in that Part of our Revenge upon her; for had she stirr'd in the Affair, the Mob would have taken every thing we had said for Truth, and that had been the effectual Way to have ruin'd her Interest at Court.

Maintenon. That's right again; but I find the Dutchess Outwitted you, and turn'd the Cannon you had levell'd at her upon your selves; for without doubt when the World found that what had been Published against her did not affect her, they would

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would of Course judge her Innocent, and then consequently conclude the Malice of her Enemies, and not any Demerits of the Dutcheffes, had produc'd that Scandal against her. But notwithstanding all this, in my Opinion you were much in the Wrong to punish the Person you imploy'd, or at least turnish with Materials to Lampoon the Dutcheffs.

Madam *M.* We did neither imploy him, nor furnish him with Materials directly, but did it by a Side-wind, so that we might never be called to an Account.

Maintenon. That does not at all excuse the Treachery in you, as long as you knew the Informations came from you; and how can you expect for the future to be prosperous in your Intrigues, if you betray the Emissaries of your own Designs.

Madam *M.* But, Madam, you don't consider we were provok'd to do what we did by the Folly and Madness of this Scribler, who was forestalling our Market of Scandal, so that Mons. *H* — — himself could not vend his own Commodities without this Monopolizer, who took them out of his Hands, and hence arose a mortal Quarrel.

Maintenon. Well, but I find Mons. *H* — — was Piqu'd against him before this Business happened, which was the first time he express'd his Resentment.

Madam *M.* No, Madam, there you mistake the whole Affair, for I was indeed Piqu'd, I must confess, upon the Affront offer'd to my *C* — — s, which afterwards I improv'd sufficiently to his Prejudice; but Mons. *H* — — on the contrary had show'd him Favour, and that he was well pleased with his Proceedings, till he pretended to Sell the Advice which he had freely given to the Publick,
to

to promote those Ends publickly that he was aiming at in Secret.

Maintenon. So then they clash'd only, quarrelling it seems who should do the Work first they both were aiming at; 'tis pity they did not understand one another, so as to agree in the main, tho' they seem'd to differ in the Ways of compassing their Designs. I think 'twas ill manag'd on the Part of *Monf. H—*, who saw plainly what the other was doing, while at the same time he might easily imagine the other must be Ignorant of his Proceedings.

Madam M. But, *Madam*, I wonder to hear in this Discourse a Woman of your Penetration argue for a Statesman's submitting himself to every little Fellow that is assuming by himself to do the Business only proper for such great Ministers to attempt.

Maintenon. No, you mistake me, I am not for having Ministers of State submit to such Sort of Men; but when they see a bold Fellow acting beyond his Sphere to compass the same Ends they are aiming at, when they are sinister Ends they both point at, such ought not only to be conniv'd at, but encouraged as much as possible; for here is no room for Jealousie, when the Contention is only who shall be the greatest *V—* n.

Madam M. And I hope you will allow there's Emulation in Vice, as well as Virtue.

Maintenon. Then I question not but they made good the Proverb, *That when Knaves fall out, Honest Men come by their own.*

Madam M. Yes they made that appear, for in the Contention betwixt them they expos'd one another to some Purpose, while the *Wh—*s stood laughing at both, but never offer'd to part either, but let 'em fight it out, till both were asham'd at what each other had done, and the World were sufficiently

sufficiently satisfied, they had both lost what they contended for.

Maintenon. This was enough to have ruin'd his Reputation with High C——, and lost his Authority with Low.

Madam *M.* No, no, it strengthen'd it, had he known how to have made a right use of it; but the worst of all his Management was, he over-run it to gratifie his own Passion, which was always more violent and ungovernable to Private Persons than to Publick, which rais'd him more Secret Enemies than he could manage; notwithstanding I had Pav'd the Way for him where-ever he had occasion to move, and render'd his Access so easie to the Court, he had no Rubs in his Way to effect any thing that could reasonably be desired.

Maintenon. How was it possible then to Miscarry?

Madam *M.* By over-shooting the Bolt; nothing would serve us then but Universal Monarchy; we would have no Competitors in Power with us, but Rule Absolutely, or not at all, and so we had one of our Ends, but not that we drive at so furiously.

Maintenon. But it was not probable for you to think of holding the Reins of Government in your own Hands solely, they were too many to be manag'd by you Two.

Madam *M.* That I grant, but we had all our Creatures about us, that knew what we wanted, and had learned to be *Passive Asses*, knowing 'twas the only Way at last to command others to be as submissive as themselves. In short, I was for a total *Revolution*, or none at all.

Maintenon. Ah, Madam, but you wanted the Revolution Rulers on your Side; those that were too strong for the Father, will scarce ever be overcome
by

by the Child; you should have fought to have brought some of them over to you, and then I should have had some Hopes of the Project.

Madam *M.* Hopes indeed! If we could have made the bitter Enemies of all our Designs the Instruments of bringing them about, no doubt then we could not have miscarry'd; for had not they been our Enemies, we had had no need of any Stratagems to perpetrate whatever our Hearts could desire, or Thoughts invent.

Maintenon. Then the Project was as foolish as our Northern Expedition, for we only wanted the Right Revolution-men on our Side, and we had been as successful as the *Pope*, and our Wishes together, flatter'd us we should be.

Madam *M.* Our Case was quite different; we had a Prospect of things That carry'd almost a demonstrable Certainty in them: For we had a Grant from them that had the Power to give it us, had not those very Men nick'd us with a *Reassumption* worse than that *Monf. H*—— fitted them with some Years ago.

Maintenon. But a *Richlieu*, or a *Mazarine*, would have made such Expeditious Use of that Power first granted, it should not have been in theirs ever to have reassum'd it.

Madam *M.* But I must tell you, Madam, *Richlieu* had not a *Marlborough* to fight with, nor *Mazarine* a *G——d——ph——n*, though I must own you have manag'd a *Colbert* and a *Chamilliard*; but I confess my Weakness oppos'd to the Wit and Politicks of a *S——nd——d*.

Maintenon. 'Tis true, your Statesmen have topp'd us as well as your Generals; but the Wit of a Woman may as well retrieve our Honour now, as I may say without Vanity it advanc'd it to its late Meridian height. But Age can make no Conquests in the Field of *Mars* or *Venus*. I must resign my

my Sway to some more Youthful Heroine, and you I have pitch'd upon to be my Glorious Successor.

Madam *M.* Madam, you load me with more Favours than I have Ambitious Vanity enough to think I can ever be able to repay, but depend upon it, the future Services of my Life are devoted to your Interest.

Maintenon. *Votre tres Humble Servant, ma Chere Amy :*
And so I bid you with Regret Adieu.

M

A DI-

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

LOUIS *le* PETITE,

AND

Harlequin le Grand.

Louis. RIGHT H——ble, good Mor-
row.

Harlequin. Once Right H——ble,
you mean.

L. Aye, once, Master, I thought you would have
been L—— T——r, but for that unlucky
Spoke that broke in your Wheel.

H. Come, come, old *Briton*, we have some Con-
solation left still. What will you say, if you see
me Master of the House next S——s.

L. No, no, Master, his *w——* *th* Highness has
done your Business for that. Who'll make you
T——r, think you, now? Pray, Master, let
S——e Affairs alone for the future, and Sleep in
a whole Skin while you may. A Man would rea-
sonably

sonably imagine you had had enough of them already. For my Part, I wish I was well at Home again, Flogging the Boys at School, rather than stay here to be Flogg'd, or perhaps have my Skin pull'd over my Ears. I am really afraid of my Life, for the Scriblers owe me a Grudge, Master, as well as you; and they'll write us into a Plot, tho' they write themselves into a Pillory for't.

H. Name that no more, dear Country-man, for I faint away at the very Sight of one, ever since I persecuted a Parcel of honest Fellows, for saying what I would have said my Self, if I durst. But Pox take the forward Fools, they spoil'd all that I was driving at, by their *Memorials*, their *Factions display'd*, and a whole Army of *Satyrs*, and the like, that would have born down all before them, and even over-turn'd my Self, that was secretly the Patron of 'em all. Well, well, I must say this, (I cannot forgive the Rogues for it) if it had not been for some of those little Scriblers, I had been a great S ——— y still.

L. Aye, Master, and then People would have been afraid to call me *Louis le Petite*, a poor, diminutive beggarly Title; and it looks a little odd upon me, as if I had been some Under-strapper to *Lewis le Grand*. I am forc'd to sit down quietly now and then, with many a dry Jest upon me: And some Folks ask me if I penn'd G ——— g's dying Speech for him. Now, you can clear me from that Aspersion, I dare say; for you know, I never could draw a Deposition while I was in your Of—— e. But I don't like this ripping up of old Stories; it looks like Mischief towards us, I dare be hang'd else.

H. If thou dar'st not be hang'd, and never squeak for it, thou art no Vassal for me.

M 2

L. Dear

L. Dear Sir, excuse me; I am like *Sancho* in the Play, not for purchasing Honour at so dear a Rate. But I wonder you should urge me to Danger, that know the Bottom of my Courage, which is not sufficient to make more than an Evidence of, much less to stare grim Death in the Face, with a Halter about my Neck. *G—ds split hur Nails, Sir, if hur had not rather feed on Goats Cheese and Flummery in hur nown Country, than serve the greatest M——er of S——e in the whole World, on such Terms.*

H. I was like to maintain my Post indeed, with such a Tool. that a *Machiavel* himself would not be able to Work with. You promised me other sort of Service, when I took you from a Country-School, to place you at the Helm of S——e, where you had the Opportunity of Steering this Way or that Way, as would sute best with your Interest, to bring you safe to a Port, where you might gain the most, by Commodities of the least Value; which instead of making Use of, either to my Service, or your own, like a stupid Ass, you made no Use of the Advantages put into your Hands, but let my Lawrels wither with your stinking Weeds.

L. Nay, Master, if you go to that, and begin to talk of Mismanagements, have at you. For as great a Fool as I was then, or am now, I could see who and who were together. I knew you did but dissemble with the C——t, when you made such a Splutter to hunt out the *Church-Memorialist*, and afterwards turn'd *State-Memorialist* your self: Nay, indeed what is it you have not turn'd? And so far I'll own you are a better Politician than I, if Politicks consists in wanting of Principles.

H. How now, Sub —— ! do you accuse me of wanting of Principles, that have been the very Pattern of the Age? But meddling with such Coxcombs as you, has expos'd me to the Censure of a Sort
of

of Men I value not. Did I instruct you, when you took Depositions, to ask People, whether they were High-Church, or Low-Church?

L. Pray, Master, don't let you and I fall out; for if we do, I shall let the World into a Secret they'll be glad to know.

H. I never trusted you with a Secret I valu'd.

L. That's right; for I believe you never valu'd any the Gov——t trusted you withal, else you would never have left your Matters so open for every Body to inspect into; that a Cook-maid takes twice as much Care of a How-d'ye Letter from *John* the Coach-man, as you did of the most momentous Affairs of the whole Nation.

H. I did it on purpose that such little Fellows as you might not betray me.

L. No, you did it on purpose that Fellows much less might betray the N——n, and you save your Bacon.

H. How dare you harbour a Thought of Treachery of me?

L. Indeed, Master, I never did; you gave me too convincing Proofs, to leave Room for a Thought. I am satisfied.

H. Of what are you satisfied?

L. That If I had been an honest Man, I had never desir'd to have known you S——y of S——e.

A. But why do you accuse me of playing the Double in the Affair of the *Church-Memorial*, since the *State-Memorial*, which you say is mine, did so much Service at that Time of Day?

L. Because you always play'd Booty of that Side that employ'd you, 'till at last your cheating Dice were found out; and now what can you expect, but to be kick'd out of all Company, as one that neither fair Gamesters, nor Sharpers, dare venture to play with?

H. Now you mistake the Point strangely : For did not I pr — te the Whigs in the late R — n, when I was High Church? And did I not do the same to High-Church, when a Whig? When then did I ever play Booty?

L. When you engag'd with you know who, to do you know what, you knock'd all on the Head, by exposing those very Men that were carrying on your own Work : Nay, did you not punish the very Person you employ'd to do your Drudgery, and make you appear a Great Man with the Party you were then deserting? But I hope, now you are turn'd High-Church again, you'll make Restitution to all those you have injur'd; and then I doubt not, but they'll trust you 'once more.

H. To speak my Heart freely, I do begin to repent of the great Hardships I put upon those Men, whom, if it had not been for by ambitious Ends of my own, I could have hugg'd in my Breast, when I us'd them like Dogs, purely to oblige those that hate me for it now; and to shew an unfeigned Zeal for a Cause, that at that Time I had propos'd to betray. But I know they are forgiving Fools; and as long as I am of their Side now, they'll espouse me still, never fear it. Your Passive Obedience Asses, are the best Beasts of Burthen that can be beltrid.

L. They are so, Master; but at the same Time, remember they are the hardest to be beat out of their old Road: You may Cudgel them as *Baalam* did his Ass, 'till he reprov'd his Rider. But have a Care they do not Bray upon you; for 'tis said, their Breath is infectious.

H. I must confess I have us'd the Beasts but scurvily; but I depend upon their Forgiveness, as a parcel of stupid Brutes. Don't you remember how I made *S* — and *M* — dance after me for a Bish — rick, and I procur'd it for another before their

Faces?

Faces? Yet the Spaniels fawn'd upon me still, in
Defiance to such a bare-fac'd Affront.

L. But expect this, and be assur'd of it, now you
have no Viſtuals that they like, to fall from your
Table, the Curs will not only snarl, but bite you by
the Heels. They are Creatures of that Nature, that
never forget an Injury, or remember a good Turn;
so that you are in a hopeful Condition: For those
that you have serv'd, will despise you; and those
that you have injur'd, will never forgive you, but
sit upon your Skirts, as you have done upon their
Cassocks.

H. At this Rate, Country-man, I have brought
my Hogs to a fair Market; and I shall have all the
little barking Dogs of the Town upon my Back at
once. They'll hang me up in Effigy, and *de Wit*
me in Satyr and Lampoon. I shall be the Subject
of some paultry Madrigal, or penny Garland; and
Phalaris like, be tormented with the same Engine of
Infamy, I had prepar'd for others. The hooting
Screech-Owls, will profane my Name in every Cor-
ner of the Streets; and I shall be the Jest of the in-
sulting Vulgar.

L. Why then don't you confess your self to the
Church, and get their Absolution? 'Tis all you have
left for it now. You must settle your self in their
good Graces, or else you are lost for ever.

H. What, would you have me own, whose Busi-
ness I have been carrying on all this While, and
then expect they should receive me into their Pro-
tection? No, no, I dare not venture upon such a
bold Stroke; that's the Way to lose their Favour all
at once. I know, a great many of them believe still,
that what I have been doing all this Time, was to
promote their Interest; and I will never undeceive
them.

L. Dare you not trust the Tories with the Secret? They'll careſs you, to be ſure, when they come to underſtand your meaning.

H. Careſs! Ah! Country-man, you are mightily deceiv'd: They'll rather roſs me in a Blanket, for being ſuch a D——l to 'em. For what can ruin their Cauſe more effectually, than to eſpouſe ſuch a ————? I could call my ſelf Names, for abuſing them as I have done, only for the Sake of Miſchief. I think, there's nothing elſe could have put me upon what I did.

L. What you was going to do, Maſter, you mean; for you did nothing at all, but confound them, and your ſelf too.

H. Sure you cannot be ſo ignorant as you would make your ſelfe to ſay, I have been doing nothing all this While. What, I warrant you think to ſlip your Neck out of the Collar, by pretending to know nothing of my Affairs; which, you ſay, every Body about me did! Come, come, as dull as you are, you cannot make the World believe, you are altogether ſuch a Stranger to ———.

L. Why, Sir, I hope you would not have me as quick at underſtanding *Blanks*, *Cyphers*, and *Inuendo's*, as your H——r; tho' I own, I was forc'd to pretend I did, when in your Service. But I here openly and ſincerely declare, I knew no more of the Matter, than an Almanack-maker does of the Weather. 'Tis true, I uſ'd to gueſs ſometimes Right, and ſometimes Wrong; and 'tis a hard Caſe, that for this you ſhould take me for a Conjuror.

H. A Conjuror! a Coxcomb! No Body, that ever exchang'd three Words with thee, would ever take thee for a Conjuror. But what's all this to the Queſtion? Did you never know what was doing in my Of——c.

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L. No, Sir, I never knew the Secrets of your Of — e. Pray, Master, don't ensnare me with such dangerous Questions, for I'll sware, I know nothing of your Business.

H. A hopeful Sub ———, that knows nothing of his Master's Business. Was not I well help'd up with such Tools about me, think you? I made a glorious Choice truly, when I employ'd such People to serve the S — e. But you can sware now I find, tho' you were mealy-mouth'd when my Honour lay at Stake.

L. Your Honour at Stake, and no Body else to save it, but poor *Pilgarlick*! I doubt it was in a bad Condition then. I wonder what you will do with my Confession, for I am but a rotten Stick to depend upon?

H. A very sincere Acknowledgment how you have us'd me! Short and pithy truly! And so I may hang or drown'd, which I please, 'tis all one to *Taffy*. Now, Sir, where's your Gratitude for the Opportunities I gave you of making your self a great Man?

L. A Great R ———, you mean, Master! But I thank God, and my good Friends, I was never Scholar enough for such high Perferment. What got your Favourite G ———, with all his *Greek* and *Hebrew*, and his Heathenish Characters? Well, for my Part, I shall be content with Peace and Quietness, and three Meals a Day; let 'em be Great Folk, that please.

H. Go, you grovling, humble Earth-worm, and make Room for those that have Ambition in 'em to merit Honour. You have forgot the old Proverb, *Audaces Fortuna Juvat, Faint Heart never won fair Lady*.

L. No, Sir, I have not forgot that Proverb; but I remember a better, *That it's good sleeping in a whole Skin*: And then there's another thwarting Proverb, says, *Harm watch, Harm catch*.

H. I

H. I think thou art turn'd *Sancho* indeed, and hast furnish'd thy Noddle with old Womens Sayings, instead of State-Maxims. Was this a Qualification requisite for my Service?

L. I must acknowledge it was not, upon the Honour of an ancient *Britain*. But whence could you imagine, Sir, I could be furnish'd with such a Capacity as you requir'd? Therefore you ought not to blame me, but your Self, in making such a Choice.

H. Had I employ'd any Man of a working Brain, there had been some Hopes of getting out of this Snare I have involv'd my Self in. Such a Man would have found out some Ways of helping a lame Dog over a Stile: But such an insipid as you, can find out no Invention to relieve me; but, like a dead Weight in a Storm at Sea, you help to plunge the Vessel to the Bottom.

L. Nay, Master, now you are unreasonable? for had I not been a willing Tit, and ready to serve you as far as I was capable, you had sunk long ago: But you forget since I both I — d and f — e for you. What would you have done with your T — is at G — d - Hall, against the whole Tribe of Authors, Printers, and Publishers, had not I been your standing Ev — ce? Tho' now you reproach me with Want of Courage.

H. But what's all that to our present Circumstances? Can you think of any Thing to bring me into Play again? I want but once more to try my Fortune, and then I'll bid Defiance to the World.

L. Never fear that; for there are some People talk of bringing you into Play again, whether you will or no. Pray, Master, let me be cast out, for I don't care to sport with such Company, as I understand you'll be brought among.

H. The Devil's in thee for a Comforter. I can tell the worst my self; but I want one to make the best on't.

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L. I marry; and the best is bad enough, I doubt. But why should you love to be flatter'd now, when you stand most in need of having the Truth told you, that you may help your self, if you can tell how? But I desire to take my Leave of you, and bid you heartily adieu.

H. Stay, stay, my dear Country-man, and leave me not in such a melancholy Pickle: For you cannot but be sensible, my Cr — es pursue me every where in Solitude, and are become my perpetual Tormentors.

L. I us'd to tell you of these things long ago, when I was sent into the City to get W — g J — s p — d; and have the poor Criminals deny'd their Pa — ls, least they should object against such Men, as they were sure before-hand, would find them gu — y Right or Wrong,

H. That's but a Trifle, you know, to what I did in punishing one for being the Author of a Libel, that was hatch'd among our selves: But that was the only Way to bring us off from the Imputation; tho' after all our Trick and Cunning, it was fix'd upon us at last, notwithstanding we manag'd it so as to do the Party no Service, because we itisf'd the Evidence he brought to clear himself, when he laid the Matter plainly at our Door.

L. Aye, but this was an unlucky Business; for it got Air, and rais'd a Jealousy in some Great Men against you. You may remember the Letter that oblig'd you to take some Dep — s you had rather have let alone, tho' you burnt them afterwards; for you had no Mind to be inform'd of a thing from another, which you knew better before-hand your self.

H. I shall never forget the malepert Jade, that teaz'd me seven or eight Hours together, to convince me, that I was a ———; which I presum'd I knew more

more of, than she could inform me; but she persuaded me at last, to believe some People in the World understood me, as well as I did my self. I was startl'd how she came by the knowledge, but found at last, *She had plow'd with my Heifer*: And then it did not repent me, that I was so inquisitive after her Intelligence.

L. And then you found to your Sorrow, that you was betray'd by the same Method you made use of to betray others. This is the usual Fate that attends knavish Politicians, who use sinister Arts, and not the honest Rules of Foresight, Vigilance, and Conduct. Men that have quick Apprehensions to penetrate into the mysterious Mazes of S — e, never depend upon Villany and Trick, to effect what they aim to bring about. And 'tis evident, Master, those who have attempted by false Artifices, to do their Business more expeditiously than others, have gone the farthest Way about, and generally fail'd (the *SHORTEST WAY*) of the Success propos'd.

H. And what would you insinuate from hence? That all my boasted Policy consisted in nothing but a few paultry Stratagems, made up of crafty Wiles, and knavish Subtilty? And that the Top of my Character will never rise above the Title of a S — e V — ?.

L. You may be as free with your own Character, as you please; but I said no such Thing, whatever you may understand of it by way of *Inuendo*. What I said, was in general Terms; but you know best how to make the Application.

H. 'Tis Application makes the Ass: And I am clearly of the Opinion now, that the greatest K — es, are the greatest Fools.

L. Aye, Master; and you may remember the old Proverb true still, *That Honesty is the best Policy*.

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H. But to preach out of Time, is worse than playing out of Tune; it grates the Understanding, as well as punishes the Ear. You should have read your Lectures, when I was capable of mending my Lesson; but it comes as unseasonable now, as Advice to a Gamester at his last Stake.

L. But it is not so to you, since you design to play again; and therefore a little Caution may be of great Use to you.

H. Yes, just as much Use to me as a little Honesty, which will do me no more Good, than a little Ro—ry. In short, I have no Occasion for a little of any Thing, it must be something great and daring, that is fit to serve me at this Juncture.

L. I am heartily glad of it, Master; for then you have no more Business for such a little Fellow as I.

H. And will you leave me then?

L. I think its high Time, since all Mankind despise you: Nor can you imagine what vile Things the People say of you. For my Part, I would hide my self, if I durst; but I am afraid of trusting my self in the Dark, lest the Devil should run away with me.

H. Well then, since I must bear this heavy Mortification, let me hear the worst, Malice can say of me.

L. No, no, 'tis not Malice I doubt, but too much plain Truth. But really, Master, I dare not tell it you; perhaps it may be T—son; and then you'll go and hang me for speaking T——son, though I am nothing but telling you, what People say you did.

H. I'll promise you to take no Advantage of what you say.

L. And do you think, Sir, I may venture to believe your Promise, after knowing how often you have broke it, upon the most solemn Affeверations?

Did

Did not you use to promise the poor Scriblers, you would never take any Advantage of their Confessions to you, and then oblige me to come in Evidence against them upon their Prosecutions? Then did you not use to promise, you would not punish 'em, but let 'em depend on you, 'till you had compleated their Ruin? Did you not use to promise those that would plead guilty, all the Favours you were capable of conferring on them, which were *Fines, Pillories,* and *Imprisonments*? And now I promise you, and will be as good as my Word, I'll never trust you. One Thing I had almost forgot, when you promis'd a Person that was before you, that you would take Care your Self of his Prosecution, (I do not mean him that you told, he had offended a Party that would never forgive) in that you did keep your Promise, to give the Devil his Due; for I would not belie you.

H. Surely you may trust me with my own Faults: It is not probable I should seek to betray my Self.

L. Well, but these Things I talk off, are no Secrets, but what are openly spoke of every where; though perhaps they may not have reach'd your Ears yet.

H. Then from whence can you be apprehensive of Danger?

L. From no Body but your Self; for as soon as you hear of the Miscarriages you have committed, I know you'll be apt to lay them at my Door; this not being the first Time you have done so; and then I may suffer for them, as other People have done already. This Kind of Couzenage, is your Master-piece; and no Body but a meer Fool, will trust his Gold in the Hands of a *Hocus Pocus*, or an Artist at *Legerdemain*.

H. At this Rate, you will make me viler than the greatest *Hypocrisie*, that is in my Heart, can suggest
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to me: And I cannot but flatter my Self, 'tis rank Malice that makes you talk thus Sawcily of one you ought to have more Veneration for, out of Respect to the Character I once bore.

L. Was it not for that Character, you might have been forgiven what you have done. But it is that that has fix'd an indelible Blot upon you; which the Penance of an Hundred Years can never wash out: Nor those Authors, that write Books, and answer themselves by your Direction, and pay, with all their Panegyricks or Elogies, be able to obliterate.

H. Then, am I fallen so low, as to be insulted by my Servant? I say no more. You're a false Man, and threaten me with Crimes you cannot name; or which is worse, you are asham'd to own your self an Actor in.

L. I am glad I have some Modesty left in me, to blush for what I have done; and enough, I hope, to prevent me from entring upon more Milchief. But how many Things have you committed unknown to me, before I was your Hellish Em——ry? Have you forgot your flattering Speech, when first elected S——er, how your Heart gave your Tongue the Lie; when you essay'd three times to speak, but all in vain; your trembling Lips confess'd your Guilt, and your false flattering Tongue betray'd your faithless Heart; while R——al M——ty beheld the Conflict with Compassion, and bid the K——er thank you for your Modesty?

H. O! spare me, Country-man; for you touch me to the Quick. I was perfidious there, I must confess: Though my Tongue would not utter the Poison of my Heart, I aim'd to flatter the C——t into a Belief I was their Creature, the better to obtain the Knowledge of what they wanted, that I might disappoint them. The K——g soon found the Guile, and I was forc'd to Unmask, before I
could

could perpetrate the Mischief I desig'd : Though I made a bold Attempt to inflame the Nation with the B—— against Oc——nal Co———ty, that Project dwindl'd to nothing, and all the Hopes we had left then, was to reserve it for a Tack : But Providence resolv'd to disappoint me, and turn'd me about to thwart the Project I had first Invented. [*Vide D. D'Foe's Answer to the Lord Hav——'s first Speech*] Thus I was made, by unseen Springs, a Tool to counter plot my own Designs, and fight against my Self.

L. This makes Good what is said of you ; that you are not to be trusted ; for he that will betray himself, ought to have no Credit given him from another. But what you mention, is but trifling to what you have done, would you but tell the Promises you made, when you receiv'd the S——ls after the Desertion of the Church, and all her Sacred Concerns, which you had so solemnly swore to maintain.

H. I find you are resolv'd to rip up my Breast, and expose me to the naked Eye, that every one may look into the Secrets of my Heart, and revile me for a Double-Tongu'd Sycophant. But I'll take the Advantage of the World, and rather be the Trumpeter of my own Dishonour, than suffer others to mangle me.

L. I know you hate to do Things by half Parts ; therefore you'll spare my Reproaches.

H. I was brought up betwixt the Pillars of the Church, and the Posts of the Chappel, and have halted ever since betwixt two Opinions, owning both, but being true to neither. Those that took me for a Church-man, were mistaken ; and those that rely'd upon me for a Conventickler, were left in the Lurch. When I was thought to be one, I was always the other ; and *Mercury* himself never so often

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often chang'd Shapes, as I have done Principles, 'till I am left as void of any, as if I had had none at all.

L. In that you cheat the World again; for many People believe still, that you are a Bigot to High-Church, and now espouse her Bare-fac'd; and glory in your late happy Conversion from Moderation, Whiggism, and all those destructive Principles; that make Ship-wrack of a good Conscience, and plunge Men into the Waves of Discord and Sedition.

H. I dare own my Self High-Church now, tho' 'tis more than ever I durst do before in my Life. Danger makes me bold; and she 'tis must protect me at last; for perhaps I had design'd her a secret Favour, could I have brought it to bear, that she would have thank'd me for ever: Then I should have made her a Recompence for all my by-past Actions, and fix'd her upon a *Basis*, as lasting as the Rock she first was built upon.

L. Indeed, Master, the High Church you talk of fixing, must have been his *W—th* Highness's Church; for you had so pull'd the other in pieces, it could never have been Repair'd in your Time; and tho' you had liv'd to have seen *St. Paul's* finish'd, you could not expect to see the Breaches you had made in the National Church, ever heal'd. You might pretend to daub them up, but the first Shower of Discord, would have wash'd them down again.

H. You talk strangely; for I doubt not but to effect it yet; let them but chuse me *S———r*, and I have got a Salve will cure all the Wounds I ever made.

L. I doubt you'll prove a *S—e* Quack, and make more fresh Wounds, than you heal old Sores. Besides, 'tis a dangerous Experiment, and may prove fatal to a pretending Physician.

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H. Mine's

H. Mine's a Medicine I know how to apply, and what Constitutions it will agree with. Experience is the best Guide; and she has taught me to understand my Error, which is the sure Step to correct the Fault, and administer aright for the future.

L. Whenever you are made a M——er again, you'll have Leave to rectify your false Practice. But in the mean Time, if you can live upon your Experience, you may learn to be immortal.

H. And do you despair of ever seeing me a M——er again?

L. No, Sir, I don't despair; but I hope I never shall; no, not so much as to see you a Church-Warden, or a Constable, for you have an unlucky Head of your own, and you'll be for playing at small Games, rather than stand out.

H. You sordid Wretch, to talk of me at this Rate! I tell you, Varlet, I will mount a Chair of S——e once more.

L. I'll not believe it, unless Squire *Bickerstaff* has foretold it; and then it must be true. But in the mean Time, dear Master, let me persuade you from these idle Dreams, the Products of a Frantick Brain.

H. I ought to fall bravely a Sacrifice to those I have injur'd, rather than not attempt to make 'em Restitution: If I am disappointed, the Fault will not lie at my Door.

L. And if you disappoint not them, the Fault shall lie at mine.

H. Insolent! to upbraid me with the highest Thoughts I can conceive of Justice and Honour.

L. How is it possible for you to conceive such Notions, that have been blind to both so many Years?

H. But is it easie to repent?

L. Yes

L. Yes; but not so easie to make Restitution; for Life and Fame taken away, are not to be restor'd: So that there you may rest satisfied, you are at your *Ne Plus ultra*.

H. And would you make that a Bar to my future Hopes, that have rais'd my Expectation to a Pitch, that I shall merit more from all the World, than they can pay me?

L. That most are satisfi'd already in, and think you only want your true Deserts.

H. That's spoke like an old *Britton*, and Fires my Blood with brave Ambition. Now methinks I mount again above the Vulgar Reach, and overlook the bright As ——— y of *Great Britain*, as I have often done with awful Aspect.

L. I am sorry, Master, you should think I flatter'd you; for be assur'd, I did not design it.

H. Flattery's above a *Welch-man's* Soul to give, or to receive.

L. I am glad you take me right then; for I meant it sincerely, according to your merits.

H. Then I'll tell thee, Country-man, my merits are such, that did *Great Britain* truly understand them, they would ———.

L. I know what you are going to say, they would reward them. That's what I don't question, Sir, if they could but find them out; and I think you are to blame, to let them rest so long a Secret, that at last they may be forgotten.

H. I wish they were for ever.

L. Then, Master, you would lose your Reward.

H. No, I'll leave you to remind them, and reap the Fruits of it after I am dead and gone.

L. I thank you kindly for the Legacy; but I hope I shall never live to enjoy it.

H. Don't you trouble your Head, but I can lay the Matter where I please, as long as the World

has given me the Character of a cunning Man : They'll never believe now, that I can be concern'd in a P—t, but that I have Wit enough to procure such Fools as you to be h—'d for me.

L. Nay, nay, Master, if that be your Principle, though I thought you had had none, it is high Time for me not only to trouble my Head, but my Heels too. But as cunning a Man as you think the World takes you to be, I fancy there are some People in the World, that understand you as well as I do ; therefore I would not have you think of *putting Tricks upon Travellers*.

H. You will be Sawcy now. But this it is to be out of an Of—e. I have known the Time when you durst not insult me thus, and tell me of my Tricks ; but I would not value that of a Rope, if I had but the same Opportunity of playing Tricks now, as I had once : I would give the World leave to call me a Fool, if I did not deserve the Title of a K — .

L. Indeed, Sir, I never heard any Body of late, dispute your Deserts. But the Business, is, they all say, you never had your just Reward.

H. Ho, Country-man ! Are you thereabouts ? I find you are Roguish. Did you think I could not understand you ?

L. Why should I dispute it, Master, but that it is easie for you to know what you deserve ?

H. And what do you really think I deserve ?

L. O, dear Sir, I hope you would not have me pass Sentence upon you.

H. What do'st mean by passing Sentence upon me ? I hope you do not think me worthy of D—h.

L. Lord bless me, Master, I am so far from thinking of it, I dare not think of D—h at all, tho' I was to die on a Feather-Bed ; which, betwixt you and I, I fear will never be our Fate. But for all
this,

this, there are a strange Sort of People, that think strange Sort of Things of us, which makes me Dream of Halters and Gibbets, and I know not what.

H. Thou'rt a puny Fellow, and therefore ought not to upbraid me with Crimes thou would'st, but dar'st not do: They are too great for thy Soul, which was never stamp'd above the Level of a Pedant. I was made for such low Wretches to admire, and not betray.

L. Nay, that's the Truth on't, Master, there are a thousand that are higher than I, by the Head and Shoulders, admire all this Time what you have been doing, and then such low Wretches as I may well be astonish'd.

At present, LITTLE MASTER, I shall conclude with some good Advice out of a small Book lately recommended to me, Entitled, *Autarchy; or, The Art of Self-Government*, pag. 77, 78, and 79 'The
' Ostentation, and vain-glorious Boastings, proceed-
' ing from the Fumes of Ambition, is the third Kind
' of Sensuality in St. John's Method. And here I
' cannot but think, that the strutting Gallant, (*like*
' *a Crow in a Gutter*) must be conscious to himself
' of his own Emptiness, and that he should take
' little Pleasure in cheating others, when he knows
' he doth but cheat himself; and for the Desire of
' being Great, I would fain know where's the Plea-
' sure of forcing a Man's Way through the Bryars
' and Thorns, the dark Methods of Secret Plots,
' and the Labyrinths of infernal Combinations? (As
' YOU HAVE:) 'When by many dangerous Steps,
' he is arriv'd at the unsteady Seat of Greatness, on
' the (*Incendialis Toga*) the poisonous Robe of Jeal-
' ousies and Fears; when he is hated by some, and
' fear'd by others, and made a common Curse by
' most: Is this that which you call a State of Hap-

' piness? His Port deprives him of Society, and
 ' the Distance that he must keep renders his Life
 ' solitary and uncomfortable; and yet (which is
 ' very remarkable) he is troubled with Company,
 ' and his Attendants will not give him the Liberty
 ' of an Hour's Privacy and Recess. So that indeed
 ' a great favourite S — esman can neither be fami-
 ' liar, or retir'd; nor can enjoy himself alone, or
 ' his Friends in Company, but must be confin'd to
 ' the Bedlam of Buffoons and Parasites. If this be
 ' then such a pleasant Life, *per me licet*, let those
 ' that will run the Danger, enjoy the Benefit of be-
 ' ing Great and hated, of breaking the wild Beast
 ' to an easie Pace and Mildness: they had need to
 ' have Returns answerable to their Dangers. (Mind
 ' that, LITTLE MASTER.)

' 'Tis true, we that move in a lower Orb, look
 ' up, and gaze upon Greatness, with Admiration;
 ' and think a *Pbaeton* a happy Man, because he sits
 ' so high, and amongst so much Brightness: But
 ' alas! we know not what Furies carry him on, or
 ' what Dangers attend him. Did we seriously con-
 ' sider the State of Greatness, we should find St.
 ' James's Description of our Lives, to be adapted to
 ' his; *a Vapour that appeareth for a little Time, and then*
 ' *vanisheth away*; a Cloud that looks gloriously to-
 ' wards the Sun, and by the Reflection of his Beams,
 ' carried aloft by a superior Influence, for a short
 ' Time, and then it dissolves in Tears.

In fine, no Body as I have read of but Monsieur
Nonpereil, ever made so rash a Vow as this; which
 was, That he would stab the first Man he met, that
 was prouder than himself; but might have been
 alive 'till this Day, if another Mischance had not
 happen'd, to cause him to make a sudden Slip out of
 this Life, *Sic transit Gloria Mundi Vale*.

Coffee-

(183)

Coffee-House Chat;
BY WAY OF
DIALOGUE;

Betwixt the following Persons

Characteris'd :

Levy, <i>a Recruiting-Officer.</i>	Trick, <i>a Lawyer.</i>
Hazard, <i>a Gamester.</i>	Grim, <i>an Astrologer.</i>
Bite, <i>a Sharper.</i>	Froth, <i>a Punster.</i>
Nice, <i>a Beau.</i>	Double, <i>a Time-server.</i>
Blunt, <i>a Plain-Dealer.</i>	Bays, <i>a Poet.</i>
Whim, <i>a Projector.</i>	Log, <i>a Mariner.</i>
Venture, <i>a Merchant.</i>	Harlem, <i>a News-writer.</i>
Talley, <i>a Stock-Jobber.</i>	Guzzle, <i>a Hard Drinker.</i>
Querpo, <i>a Quack.</i>	Bohee, <i>the Coffee-man.</i>

*Note, These Persons are introduc'd only
as occasion serves.*

The PROLOGUE.

SINCE such promiscuous Crowds are hither come,
From sundry Neighb'ring parts of Christendom,
Knaves of all Trades, and Fools in ev'ry Art,
Not only to behold, but play their Part;
Therefore the Poet, who Commands our Stage,
Skill'd in the various Humours of the Age,

*In hopes to please you, has Ordain'd to Day
 Poor me to be the Zany of his Play.
 For how profusely Dull would Farce appear,
 Were not a Pinkethman or Bullock there?
 Tho' I confess, we don't like them propose
 To please Town Punks, or win Applause from Beaus:
 For our Diverting Stage is of a Nature
 Quite different from that of the Theatre:
 We raise no blust'ring Heroes from the Grave,
 To Strut in Buskins, and like Madmen Rave,
 Because some Filting Beauty has the Grace
 To hold her Play-thing from their Lewd Embrace:
 We have no Fighting Lovers for the Fair;
 No Anthony's shall on our Stage appear
 With Am'rous Rants, the Ladies Hearts to move,
 And Teach our Modern Blockheads how to love,
 Yet we've a Sturdy Soldier, and 'tis said
 Women will Snap at any Fool in Red:
 But I must needs confess our Poet asks
 No favour now from Merry Dames in Masks:
 He's only bent to please a buzzing Breed,
 That o'er their Coffee Tattle, Smoke, and Read;
 And blust'ring in their Talk like Petty Lords,
 Win and Loose Worlds as Children do at Cards.
 In short, our Merry Author only means
 To give you back what he amongst ye gleans,
 That when your num'rous Faults at large are shown,
 Each Knave and Fool may justly see his own,
 And stain'd with Blushes, or provok'd to Smiles,
 View their past Follies at their Leisure whiles.*

*The Soldier, Gamester, Sharper, and the Beau,
 Shall in true Colours all their Vices show:
 The Miser, Lawyer, Conjuror and Quack,
 The Merchant, and the Knave that Jobs in Stock,
 Shall open each the Myst'ries of their Trade,
 And how their subtle Wiles and Snares are laid:*

The

*The wav'ring Fox that changes with the Times;
 The Jingling Poet, stuff'd with Songs and Rhimes;
 The Frothy Punster, and the Downright Dealer;
 The News-hound; the Projector; and the Sailor;
 The Merry Roaring Rake that lives apace,
 And Values nothing but his Friend and Glass,
 All on our Stage agree to play their Parts,
 And shew their sundry Vanities and Arts.
 But e're we draw the Curtain, let me see
 Who wants fresh Coffee, Chocolate, or Tea.
 Drink, Gentlemen, for that's the only way
 To save poor Bohee, tho' you damn our Play.*

A Coffee-Room.

Blunt, Double, and Harlem, sitting at a Table by themselves; Bohee, the Coffee-Man, attending his Customers.

Blunt. **I** Tell you I'd no more pin my Faith upon a *News-Letter*, than I would upon the Old Ballad of *Chivy-Chase*, or the *Turkish Alcoran*: The Writers are *Mercurial*; their *Intelligence Uncertain*; and their own *Comments* full of nothing else but *Froth* and *Partiality*.

Double. O fie, Mr. *Blunt*, I wonder a Man of your *Honour* and *Honesty*, so well Affected to the *Government*, and so great a Lover of your *Country*, should speak so Slightingly of those Papers that are of such manifest Service to the One, and of such daily Use and Satisfaction to the Other. *News* is the very Oracle of *Government*; the Life of *Trade*; and the Delight of the *People*. Were it not for that, we, who are exempted from the Wars Abroad, and can find little or nothing to do at Home, like Alderman *Godspeed*,

Speed, might get our Neighbour's Wives with Child, for want of better Business.

Harlem. Were it not for our *News-Papers*, how would the Nation know the Glorious Proceedings of the Duke of *Savoy*, and Prince *Eugene*, in their *Tbou-lon* Enterprize? Or how should we have heard of the Enemy's Taking of Sixteen Sail of our *Russia* Fleet? Is it not necessary that the Publick should be acquainted with our Gains and our Losses?

Blunt. As for *Tbou-lon*, all those impatient Hot-spurs who have been Wagering this Month, and Poring upon your *News-Papers*, like an old Cat over an empty Porridge-Dish, I find their Understandings are as much enlighten'd in the Matter, as if they had all the Time sat Peeping into the Bottom of a Pitch-Barrel: And as for our *Russia* Fleet, I think we need not have been Covetous of that Melancholly News, because, to our *Merchants* Sorrow, it is too ill to be Welcome.

Double. Alas! it signifies no more to us, than if the *French* had Taken so many Floating Bean-shells; what Cargo had the Old Tubs in 'em? Nothing but a few Shreds, *Taylor's* Lifts, and such sort of Trumpery, besides *Ballast*. What will the Damage be? Perhaps it may a little advance the Price of *Patches* in *Rag-Fair*, and make *Garters* a little dearer amongst the *French Protestants* in *Spittle-Fields*. 'Tis a meer Trifle not worth speaking of.

Harlem. Our *Merchants* will Gain by it in the advance of their *Russia* Commodities at Home; and if they, through their Policy in *Trade*, can find out ways and means to turn the Misfortune to their Interest; pray who can be the Losers?

Blunt. The Buyers to be sure; and so Consequently the *Publick*: For how is it possible that the *Merchants* should recover the Value of the Goods they are intirely bereft of, by disposing of Commodities in their
own

own Nation, without such an Exorbitant Price exacted for the same, as may give them an Equivolent? And who, that spends the Commodity, can comply with their Demands, but must feel the Disadvantage; so that the Loss must Terminate in the last Purchasers?

Double. There is a strange *Arcana* in *Trade*, as well as in *State*; and he that has not been bred in it, must be Ignorant of the *Mystery*.

Harlem. You must consider, Sir, there's as much Cunning in *Trade*, as there is in *Conjuration*, or else the *Devil's Broker* could never have Out-witted my Lord *Shaftsbury*. Our Topping Citizens are notable Projectors to get Money, or Sir *R——t C——n* could never have Bubbled the Duke of *B——ham*, Sir *Thomas K——y*, the Lord *L——n*; and some Body else have prov'd too Cunning, First for his Master, and Secondly for his Prince.

Blunt. But what is this towards the proving the Loss of the *Russia Fleet* to be of no more *Validity* than if they were so many *Nut-Shells*? But I find you *Time Servers* are always so Infatuated with a Vein of *Partiality*, that a Man may, with as much Reason, believe *Transubstantiation*, as pin his *Faith* upon either your Reports, or your Sentiments.

Double. O fie, Sir, you talk as Extravagantly as if you were one of those Detestable Monsters, call'd a *High Flyer*; and that, according to the Remarks of that most Admirable *Polititian*, the *Review*, you were for Magnifying our own Losses to the Advantage of the Enemy. If such Liberties were allow'd, and every trifling Mischance that befalls us Buzz'd into the Ears of the Common People, we should make a fine Kettle of Fish on't. What say you, Mr. *Harlem*?

Harlem. Should we take that Method in our *News-Letters*, we should soon be made *Elevated Knights* of the

the Noble Order of the *Ruff*, and have as many *Lead-den-ball Phystognomists* come to read our *Countenances*, as now there are true *Protestant News-Mongers*, that peep into our *Intelligences*.

Blunt. Than I find, Mr. *Harlem*, you don't so much consult *Truth* in the *News* you give us, as you do to deceive the People into a favourable Mistake of our own Proceedings, by making *Trifles* of our *Losses*, and *Mountains* of our *Mole Hills*; so that like the *French*, instead of a *Humiliation*, we may Sing *Te Deum*, and rejoice, like a pack of blind Fools, over our own Misfortunes.

Double. Whoever is a true Friend to the *Government*, and a Well-wisher to the *Protestant Cause*, ought not to Believe, or Report, any thing to the Disadvantage of either, though never so true; but should always bear down the Success of the Enemy, by trumping up an Equivolent, though it be no where but *in Nubibus*; and improve our own good Fortune with such *Rhetorical Heightenings* and *Imbelishments*, that may make the *Publick* think, that when we have taken but a *Bridge* from the Enemy, no broader, perhaps, than a *Deal-Board*, that we are in a fair way to become Masters of the *Universe*; for the Common People are *Dim-Sighted*, and ought to see nothing but through a *Glass*, and the same that will Magnifie our Victories one way, turn it but the other, and it will lessen our *Losses*.

Harlem. You have a right Notion of the matter, as now for Example. The *French*, it's true, have Taken Sixteen of the *Russia Fleet*, which is a Loss we could not hide. Therefore, instead of Repining at the Misfortune, we should Laugh at the *French* Folly in Burning the *Czar's Ship*, who otherwise might have gone with those they had Taken (which were Freightied for that Country) and have Traded
at

at *Arch-Angel* for Naval Stores, and then they had done something.

Blunt. If this be your way, Gentlemen, of Shamming the *Publick*, I shall take care, for the future, to read a *News-Paper* with as much Caution, as I would a Book of *Atheism*. So farewell to you.

Double. Come, let's all be going; for I find, by my *Pocket-Oracle*, it's high *Change-Time*.

D I A L O G U E II.

Nice, Blunt, Froth, and Bays: Bohee always in
the Coffee-Room.

Nice. **P**RAY, Mr. *Bohee*, oblige your Humble
Servant with a clean Napkin.

Bohee. You shall have it, Sir, (*brings it to him.*)

Nice. I Vow, Gentlemen, if the Proverb be true, I have met with a piece of Good Luck this Morning, and, in coming hither, happen'd to make a wry Step, (*saving your Presence*) into a Nasty *Sur-reverence*.

Blunt. And would you be such an Extravagant Sir *Foplin*, as to wipe off the Filth with a clean Napkin.

Nice. Most certainly, Sir; for I am sure nothing that is foul can make any thing clean; I'll appeal to you, Mr. *Froth*, for I am willing to be Judg'd by a Man of *Wit*, because I am something of a Pretender to the same Talent.

Froth. I must confess, I think you both very Cleanly Gentlemen; only with this difference, one I find, is for a clean Napkin, and the other for the clean contrary.

Nice.

Nice. Ha, ha, ha; a most admirable *Pun*, I protest, Gentlemen: How are you able to contain your selves? Well, Mr. *Froth*, your Humble Servant is indebted to you a Bottle; for I hate *Wit* should go unrewarded. (*Wipes his Shoes with the Napkin.*)

Blunt. Nouns! If ever your Kinsman, Sir *Courtly*, was guilty of such a piece of *Foppish Vanity* as this, I'll be bound to forfeit my Head to the next *Barber* for a Block. Why did you not use your Handkerchief, and afterwards put it into your Pocket to wipe your Nose with? I think the Decency would have been much the same.

Nice. With Humble Submission, Sir, you talk not like a Gentleman that understands the true Modern Formalities of *External Cleanliness*. We, that are often Honour'd with the Private Conversation of fine Ladies, ought to keep our Shoes rub'd as bright as a *Japan-Table* in a *Dutchess's Dressing-Room*; for, suppose I should pay a Visit to a Beauty of *Quality*, and as we are Toying in her Chamber, my Lady, in a Humour of *Pleasantry*, should push me down backwards upon her Damask-Bed, pray what Excuse could a Gentleman make for having a Dirty pair of Shoes on?

Blunt. Do Ladies of *Quality* push Gentlemen backwards upon their Damask-Beds? Sure, the Madams you speak of, us'd to ride *St. George*, and take Delight in their Frolicks to make *Dragons* of their Lovers: I doubt there are very few Damask-Beds amongst that sort of *Rampant Quality*, who are given, in their Chambers, to such *Immodest* kind of *Festivity*.

Froth. There, Sir, you are out; for when it comes to that, they are so far from *Festivity*, that they are going to the Business in good *Earnest*.

Nice. There's a smart Retort upon you. What have you to say for your self, now, Sir? (Dear Mr. *Froth*, you may command me for ever.)

Blunt.

Blunt. Just as much as I had to say before; which is, that I think the Ladies ought to Solicit the *Observer's Country-man* to wipe you down with his *Oaken Towel*, for presuming to Insinuate, That our *Female Quality* are such a parcel of loose *Hoydens*, that a Gentleman cannot pay 'em a Visit without the danger of being Ravish'd, or at least mounted by a Lady, and ridden off his Legs, like a *Melancholy Bumpkin* by a *Night-Mare*, or *Succubus*.

Nice. Upon my Honour, Sir, you mistake me extremely; no Gentleman in the *Universe* can have a greater *Veneration* for the Ladies than your Humble Servant; but yet, I say, when the Ladies fancy a Young, Brisk, Airy, pleasant Fellow, like my self, I can assure you they'll be as Free, and as Frolicksome as a *Wanton Fairy* in the *Moon-shine*. Pray, Mr. *Bays*, why so Silent? Was not that an extraordinary *Simile*?

Bays. Dear Sir, if you have any Respect for the *Muses*, forbear to interrupt me at this Juncture; I came hither purposely to compose my Thoughts upon a very Lofty Occasion; and with one piece of your *Impertinence* you have robb'd my Fancy of a Flight, that would have made a Ballad of the *Dispensary*.

Nice. Pray, Mr. *Bays*, excuse me; I repent of my Unhappiness heartily; I beg your Pardon humbly; and am your Friend and Servant faithfully. — But as to the *Quality*, Mr. *Blunt*? For I vow I love to talk of the Ladies, as Dearly as a new Marry'd Bride does of the Mysteries of *Generation*.

Blunt. But when do you talk of 'em, I think it ought to be with a little more *Respect* and *Modesty*, than to render them as *Vicious* and as *Wanton*, as if they had been bred in *Stews*, and were no more reserv'd in their *Conversation* and *Department*, than our common *Curtizans*.

Nice.

Nice. Why really, Mr. *Blunt*, if you knew the Ladies but half so well as your humble Servant, you would soon alter your Opinion of 'em. Upon the Honour of a Gentleman, tho' they look as *Modest* in a *Play-House Box*, as if they had the Chastity of *Diana*; and as devout at *Church*, as if they were all *Arch-Bishop's* Daughters. Yet he that, like your Humble Servant, has had the Honour to be admitted into their Bed-Chambers, knows they have a peculiar *Air* and *Pleasantry* at certain Times and Seasons, that would almost Embolden a Domestick Chaplain to pull off *Gown* and *Cassock*, and lay aside *Divinity*, in order to Occupy that Bewitching Pulpit, which has brought more Men to a hearty Repentance, than all the Doctrine of *Christianity*.

Blunt. For Shame, Bridle your prophane Tongue; learn to Correct your *Levity*, and bring your Manners under a better Discipline: Thou Talk'st as Wickedly as if thy Bottle-Companions were all *Atheists*, and the Ladies of your Acquaintance a pack of *Lustful Messalina's*. — But pray, Mr. *Nice*, let us know what sort of Quality these are who Entertain you, in their Bed-Chambers, with so much *Freedom* and *Immodesty*?

Nice. That is not a fair Question. — Did you ever know a Gentleman of Honour betray a Ladies Reputation to the Scandal and Reproach of a Publick Company, without it was to Revenge himself of some Affront or Slight that she has put upon him Undeservedly. No, no, Sir; I am your very humble Servant, 'tis true, but not so far as that comes to.

Blunt. I think no Gentleman, of either *Brains* or *Modesty*, would Reflect so Rudely upon a Superior Degree, which he ought to Honour. I have liv'd in Great Families, and got my Bread by Quality, and could never observe any Deportment in the Ladies,
but

but what was *Vertuous* and *Discreet*, becoming in all Particulars the Character of their Station; so I cannot, with Patience, hear a Finikin little *Crack-fart* accuse Persons of Honour, Worth, and Breeding, with such Indecent Familiarities.

Nice. Sir, you don't use me like a Gentleman; I would have you to know, I can make it appear, by a certain Confident, that I have made *Cuckolds* of three *Esquires*, four *Knight-Baronets*, five *Courtiers* of Bigger Quality, besides *Aldermen* and *Citizens*; therefore, Sir, I am not that little Fellow you take me to be.

Blunt. I must needs tell you, I take thee to be a vain prattling *Coxcomb*, that has the Impudence to Value thy self upon that Wickedness which you never Committed; to Boast of Favours you never Receiv'd; and to Injure the Reputation of such Persons you had never the Honour to be Acquainted with.

Nice. Adsddeath, Sir, had it been in the *Play-House*, as 'tis in a *Coffee-House*, you should have found me a Man of too much Honour to have taken such Language; but I Scorn to draw a Sword among so many Sober Gentlemen; I shall know you another time; so for the present Farewel.

Blunt. A good Riddance. — Mr. *Bays*, what still Musing? Sure your Brains are Costive: Upon my Word, if *Poetry* be such a hard-bound Science, as you seem to make it, I think your *Muse* has need of a *Man-Midwife*. For G—d sake awake your self out of this *Poetical Dream*. — Take a Pinch of my Snuff; I have heard *Sternutories* are Excellent good to help *Delivery*.

Bays. I wish the *Furies* had the Clawing of that Impertinent *Prattle-Box*, who is always scattering his Nonsense, when he should be most Silent. I am glad he's gone; for had he staid longer, I should have been at least Twenty Lines the poorer for him, and
O that's

that's no small loss to a *Poet* in such a Blockheadly Age, when *Wit*, for every Trifle, must peep thro' a Hole, to become the Diversion of *Cant*, *Nonsense*, and *Hypocrisie*.

Blunt. But, pray, Mr. *Bays*, if it be not too great a Secret to impart, what is the Nature of this mighty Off-spring, that has put your Brains into such hard Labour?

Bays. I think I may venture to tell you, for it is a Task of that Importance, and adapted so alone to my Commanding *Genius*, that I am Confident no *common Pen* will presume to be my Rival.

Froth. Pray, Mr. *Bays*, let us hear what it is? Perhaps it may here and there bear a good *Pun*; and then, Sir, you know how, and where to Command Assistance.

Bays. I Thank you, Sir, for your Kindness; but the Subject is too Sublime for any such kind of *Fiddle-Wit* Imbellishments; *Punning* is but the *Froth* of *Apollo's Nectar*, that he blows over the Brims of his Cup before he Drinks; which being despis'd by the *Poets*, is suck'd up by the *Musicians*. It is too Light and Frothy for my Purpose. My Numbers must be Powerful; my Flights Towing; my Similies Just; my Allusions Proper; my Figures Strong; my Epithets Moving; my Stile Lofty; my Fancy Soaring; and the whole Masculine.

Blunt. Prithee keep us no longer in Suspense, but tell us what it is you are about, that requires all this artificial Jumbling, Rumbling, and Tumbling a few Words together.

Bays. If I must acquaint you with the Secret, it is an Heroick Poem upon the Taking *Thoulon*, by those two most Glorious and Magnanimous Heroes, the Duke of *Savoy* and Prince *Eugene*.

Blunt. What, before we know they are Masters of it, or whether they will be able to Take it, according to our Wishes.

Bays.

Bays. 'Tis a good thing to be prepar'd upon such Profitable Occasions; if any Great Man falls Sick, I generally take care to have his *Elegy* finish'd before he's half Dead; and, like *R—ff—l*, the *Funeral Undertaker*, commonly make Interest to the next Heir, by a side-wind, before the Soul's Departed.

Blunt. But suppose he should recover? Then your Pains would be to no purpose.

Bays. I confess, it would be a little Disappointment at present; but *Elegies*, you must consider, like *Coffins*, will serve the next *Cadaver* that falls, with a very little alteration; especially if the Defunct prove but of the same *Rank* and *Quality*, for *Elegiack Poems*, like *Funeral Sermons*, with a small Variation, will fit any Body that is but worthy of 'em.

Blunt. But your *Poem* upon the Taking *Tboulon* would be utterly useless, should the *Project Miscarry*.

Bays. No, no, Sir; there you are as much out as you was before. — If they should Take it, then I Question not but to gain both *Money* and *Reputation* by so Loftily extolling the Bravery of the Action. — If they should not Take it.

Blunt. What then?

Bays. Then I would Publish it as a *Lampoon* against 'em, for nothing can be a sharper Satyr than *Extravagant Praise*, where there is no *Merit*.

Blunt. I'll swear you are a Notable *Contriver*; pray oblige us with a Repetition of some of the Lines, if you think it not a Trouble.

Bays. Poetry over *Coffee*, that would be such an Affront to the *Muses*, that a *White-Fryars Dogrill-Monger* would not be guilty of. — If you are for a Bottle, have at you.

Blunt. Agreed; with all our Hearts.

Bays. (Going out)

*A Generous Poem, like a Beauteous Face,
Always appears most lively o'er a Glass.*

D I A L O G U E III.

Harlem, Talley, and Blunt.

Harlem. NOW, Boys, tofs up your *Bonnets*; I have such rare *News* to tell you, that one Ounce of it is worth a Pound of *Divinity*.

Talley. Say you so, Mr. *Harlem*; pray let's hear it? For at this Juncture, I confess, a little good News would be as welcome to us *Wagerers*, as a Soul-saving Lecture to a *Despairing Puritan*; for we know not what to think of it.

Harlem. Then I'll tell you. It is agreed on, by all Hands, That *Thoulon* is certainly Surrender'd; and *Bow-Bells* Run till Eleven a Clock on *Friday* Night, to welcome in the Joyful News of their Capitulation, though it did not arrive till Ten a Clock on *Saturday* Morning.

Blunt. How, how? That's a down-right *Irishcism*, as bad as *Teague's* Blunder, who, in Lamenting the Loss of his Friend, said, *That he Dyed to Morrow, and was to be Buried Yesterday*. ——— Pray, by what *Enthusiastick Spirit* of *Prophecy* could the Bells fore-tell over *Night* what News we should have next *Morning*?

Talley. That's a puzzling Question, and only engages Mr. *Harlem* to keep us in Suspence. Pray give him leave to declare the News without Interruption.

Harlem. There is no way to answer Mr. *Blunt*, but by a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*. Therefore, by way of Retort, I'll tell you, Sir, a Gentleman being Affronted by a Tradesman that he dealt with, order'd his Footman, who was an *Irishman*, to go and Cane him in his Shop; which the Fellow performing according to the Commands of his Master, was taken
up

up by the Assistance of the Neighbours, and for the Assault, carried before a *Justice of the Peace*, who ask'd him, *What was the Reason he offer'd such an Abuse to a Civil Person without any Provocation?* To which the Irishman answered, *Hub Bubbo, by my Shoul, be dat set me to Work should be ask'd dat Question.*—— So that if you would know how the Bells came to be so merry the Night before the News was arriv'd, you must enquire of those that gave order for their Ringing, and that's the best way to be satisfied.

Talley. A Preparative against Good News, is sometimes as necessary as a Sugar-Plumb after Bad.—— But pray, Mr. *Harlem*, what News have you? For I am upon Thorns till I hear it.

Harlem. We have Advice from *Holland*, (and you know they are a People that won't tell a Lie to gain the Universe) That we are Masters of the Royal Fort at *Thoulgn*; have forc'd 'em to Sink some, and Burn the rest of their Shipping in Harbour; That we have Bombarded the Town with such Success as to Fire it in several places near the *Store-Houses*, and have made such a wonderful Progress in the Siege, as to force 'em to a Capitulation, in order to Surrender upon the Nineteenth Instant, which, according to N. S. must be their Eight. And is not this most Glorious News, well worth the hearing of a True-Born *Englishman*?

Talley. Is this all the News you have in your Budget? This grew so Stale in less than one Afternoon, that in a matter of three Hours time it had quite worn it self out of Credit with the Publick.

Blunt. I was fearful when I first heard it, that the News was too good to be true; because I found our *Wagering Gudeons* were a little Shy of the Bait.

Harlem. I can assure you, the Advice came from *Holland*, and I am almost ready to to take any thing

for *Gospel* that is but Transmitted from so Religious a Country.

Blunt. I know not what to think of it; but I have always observ'd the *Protestants* and *Papists* differ as much in their News, as they do in their Religion, and are both apt to Flatter themselves with such Incredible Extrems, that the best way is to turn *Moderator* between 'em both, as to matter of News, and so remain indifferent to either.

Talley. Fie, fie, Mr. *Blunt*; you talk now as if you were a *High-Flyer*.

Blunt. How can that be, when I tell you I'm for *Moderation*? But I have always observ'd among you *City-Mammonites*, I mean you *Stock-Jobbers* and *Wagers*, that if a Man will not comply with you, to Talk like an *Knave*, or a *Fool*, he must presently be distinguish'd by some Odious Appellation or other; or at least such a Name or Character, as you endeavour to make so.

Harlem. But, pray Sir, what News is this, you seem to hint to us, that is Contradictory to the former?

Blunt. The *French News*. What News do you think?

Harlem. *French News*! ha, ha, ha! A Man would as soon believe *Transubstantiation*; or, *The Renown'd History of the Seven Champions*. I'll justify the *French Gazette* is but a meer *Popish Libel*, that is always stuff'd as full of Gross Lies, and Partial Flatteries, as a *Jacobite Pamphlet*, or a poor *Poet's Dedication*.

Talley. But pray, Mr. *Blunt*, what do the *French* say of *Tboulon*? I love to hear how an Enemy Curtails the Truth, when Matters make against 'em; tho' I know their Accounts, like Harlots Stories, are always in favour of themselves, and therefore not to be Credited.

Blunt.

Blunt. News, I acknowledge, is generally a Politick Medicine, made up so Cunningly, that it proves an *Elixir* to one Side, and *Poison* to the other: But the useful Receipt is now grown so common, that the *Machiavelian Quacks* of all Nations Practice the same way, and administer a great deal of Butter with their Brimstone to allay the Itch of the People.

Harlem. But as to the *French* News, let us have it in Gros, without Mincing or Refining.

Blunt. Take it as you will, I shall deal fairly by you. — The *French* are so far from agreeing with your *Dutch* Advice, That they tell us, Marihal *de Tesse* Beat the Besiegers out of their Trenches; Kill'd a Thousand, Took Three Hundred Prisoners; Nail'd up their Cannon; Plunder'd their Tents; Took Bag and Baggage, and remain'd in Possession of their Trenches when the Letters were dispatch'd to *Versails*, with this Intelligence; and all this mighty Action perform'd with the Loss of no more than Eighty or Ninety Men.

Harlem. Ha, ha, ha! This is News would make a Dog Laugh more than a *Beau* at a *Comedy*; but I hope you are not so much *Frenchify'd* as to believe a Tittle of it.

Blunt. I have often told you, I Credit no News till it's Confirm'd by the *Government*; and the *Tower* Guns Roar it thro' the Town, as if it were Proclaim'd by *Jove's* Thunder; till the very Air smells as strong of *Brimstone* and *Salt-Peter*, as the inside of a *Powder-Mill*; and the Heavens look as Red with the Reflection of our Bonfires, as they will over *Thoulon*, when their Fleet's on Fire in their Harbour.

Talley. A Pox upon the *French*; their own Country Distemper; True or False I do not like it; I must scoure into *Change-Alley* to be better satisf'd; for as I have heard Mr. *Bays* say,

*What may be, may be not, if so,
What mayn't be, may be, f'r ought we know.*

Harlem. You have put Mr. *Talley* into such a fright with your *French News*, that except he be thoroughly convinc'd there is nothing in it, by his Brother *Stock-Jobbers*, he'll go near to Perfume the *Change* to Day with a foul Pair of Breeches; for he has at least a Thousand Pounds upon the Taking *Thoulon*.

Blunt. They make a Blustering and a Noise, but not One in Ten of 'em will do what they pretend to, when they meet with any Body that will close with 'em; not but I know a great many *Fools* are drawn in, and a great many *Knaves* have got the advantage of 'em.

Harlem. It lies not in your way to know so much of that matter as I do; I can assure you, Sir *What you call him Fire-place*, but the other Day, took a Hundred Guineas, upon some certain Intelligence that I gave him, to pay a Thousand if *Thoulon* was not Taken by the last of this Month; and I know many other Considerable *Wagers*, now depending upon the same Contingency.

Blunt. I am very well satisfied all those Extravagant Wagers, where the Inequality is so great, are nothing but meer Shoeing-Horns to draw on Money'd *Fools*, that see not through the Cunning, to Venture that in Reality, which others Lay, or Offer, but in Jest; for no Man that has Brains would run the hazard of Losing a Golden Mountain, to Win but a Mole-Hill of the same Metal, least his Riches were so great as to prove Burthensome, and that he hop'd, that Light'ning his Wealth might be the Lessening of his Trouble.

Harlem. Ah, Sir, you are wonderfully mistaken; would time permit, I could tell you another Story,
— but

— but I must away to the *Post-Office* for my Letters; and next time I see you I'll Unriddle the Mystery. — Yours

Blunt. (*Aside.*) Now the World's grown Mad; every Fool sets up for a Conjuror. Because he has the Knack of pleasing Coxcombs, like himself, with a little Fabulous Intelligence, he thinks himself Wise to Explicate every thing, tho' the Blockhead knows nothing beyond the Uncertainty of his own *News-Papers*. — A Dish of Coffee here.

Bobee. You shall have it, Sir. (*Brings it.*)

Blunt. Prithee, Mr. *Bobee*, sit down a little, I have something to say to you, now your *Coffee-Room's* so empty.

Bobee. I am always at your Service, Sir.

Blunt. Pray what think you of these various Reports, so Contradictory to each other, that keeps your *City Wagerers* so Terribly upon the Wrack, that they Nestle about from *Coffee-House* to *Coffee-House*, as if they had Nettles in their Breeches.

Bobee. It's all *Stock-Jobbing News* Coin'd in the *Wagerers Mint*, and Industriously scatter'd up and down by a parcel of *Understrapping Agents*, and a few *Penny-getting Printers*; we have nothing yet to be depended on as a certainty.

Blunt. Many of the *Wagerers* seem to be as positive both ways; each according as they have ventur'd their Gold, as if they had been Eye-Witnesses of the whole Proceedings, which shews their Opinions and Reports are only Grounded upon their *Interest*, and not upon their *Intelligence*.

Bobee. The most Rational Conjecture I can make is, That a Knot of *Stock-Jobbing Canary-Birds* are entred into a Combination, to bite the rest of the *Wagerers* that are out of their Confederacy; for by Sham *Wagerers*, one among another, contracted in Publick, back'd with such false Rumours, and pretended

tended Letters of *Intelligence*, as are suitable to their purposes they advance, lower, and remove the Odds, *Pro* and *Con*, as their Designs require; so that by taking the Odds on both sides, let the Town be Taken, or not Taken, they are assur'd to be Winners.

Blunt. I cannot yet understand this Mystery rightly; pray make it more plain by a familiar Instance?

Bohee. I will. As for Example, Suppose, That according to the Course of the News, it is two to one but that *Tboulon* will be in the Hands of the Allies by such a Day, and you take the Odds by giving Fifty Guineas, to receive a Hundred and Fifty in case it be Taken by the Time limited, and in a few Days after, either by the Arrival of some real News, wherein our Success is made much more doubtful, or by the Statagems and Contrivance of the Grand Cabal, the Odds change their Side, and you give Fifty Guineas to receive a Hundred and Fifty if it be in the Hands of the Allies within the Time before limited, and when you have thus laid, let Matters go as they will, you are sure to win Fifty Guineas. Now I hope you understand it, and I can assure you, since their first Wagering, those that rightly understood their Advantage, have had several Opportunities of making themselves Winners, after the same manner as I have now Stated it.

Blunt. I confess you have now given me a clear Idea of the Matter, for which I thank you. — At present I am a little in haste, so Farewel.

Bohee. You are Welcome, Sir.

D I A-

DIALOGUE IV.

Venture, Log, and Harlem.

Venture. **W**HAT News now,
Mr. *Harlem*, to wind up the sinking
Spirits of a Losing *Wagerer*?

Harlem. None that will affect you, except the *New-England Memorial* lately Publish'd. I know formerly you dealt much with the Long-winded Saints of that Country.

Venture. To my Sorrow; as most People do that have any Dealings with them. ——— I have read the Book you speak of.

Harlem. Pray what are your Thoughts of it? I hear it makes a mighty Noise among the Brethren.

Venture. I think it is a Venomous Libel against that Government, wherein the *Moderation* of those People is so well display'd, that a Man may see with half an Eye their Complaints are wholly grounded upon their own Malice and Hypocrisie.

Log. What Chear ho, about *New England*? I have been there many a Time, when we have gone from Singing of *Psalms* to Stealing of *Logwood*.

Harlem. There is lately Midwif'd into the World, for the Benefit of the Saints in *New-England*, a Scandalous Pamphlet, under the Bugbear Title of a *Memorial*, in order to abuse the Governour and his Son, at whose Doors they have charg'd all the *Calamities* that have befallen God's People during their present Government; but how far they are Guilty I won't pretend to determine,

Log,

Log. I am sure, when I was there, the Governour was look'd upon to be as good a *Land-Pilot* as ever Steer'd Helm in such a *Tempestuous Country*; and into the Bargain, as Honest a Gentleman as ever walk'd between Stem and Stern of a *Foreign Colony*.

Venture. You give him but his due; for I knew him in *New-England* before he was Governour, and and I always found him a Man of the highest *Worth* and *Honour* in the whole Country; and I have heard of his *Administration* since from many Eminent Persons, who all approve him to be a Gentleman of the greatest *Abilities*, and the most *Justice* that ever that Country was Honour'd with the Birth of.

Harlem. Pray, what People are they that have Scribbl'd so *Maliciously* against so deserving a Gentleman, in order to remove him from her Majesties Favour, and consequently from his Employment?

Log. I'll warrant you some of the Old *Gun-Flogging Hypocrites*; who were formerly so very Precise, that they would not suffer a Man to Kiss his own Wife in Publick, but they would Punish him as bad as if he had committed *Adultery*; yet, at the same time, were as Honest in their Dealings as a *Lapland Witch*, who will stare you in the Face, and steal the Teeth out of your Head.

Venture. There is always a Clandestine Trade in *New-England*, carry'd on by a Party of pretended *Saints*, with their *Indian Enemies*, which they make very Profitable, tho' it seems in some measure to be against the *Common Interest* of the Country in General; and the Governour, I suppose, when he catches them at the Sport, hold their Noses a little too hard to the Grind-stone: And this, I presume, to be the Reason why they Clamour so against 'em.

Log. They generally hate their *Governours* as bad as a *Ships-Crew* do the *Boatswain*; and I believe for the

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the same Reason, only because he Thumbs 'em about when he catches them in a Fault.

Harlem. I don't think the Governours Enemies will be able to hurt him, for the Queen has been Address'd by the best Men in *New-England* to Entreat her Majesty to continue him in his Authority.

Venture. I shall be very glad if their *Malice* be disappointed; for those that chiefly Oppose him are but the meer Froth and Scum of the whole Country, who only come over hither as Agents for the Party who are the Governours Enemies, and so get an Opportunity of dispatching their own Business here at the Charge of those that Employ them; for tho' they look as Innocent as *Doves*, they are as Cunning as *Serpents* in any thing that Relates to their own *Private Interest*.

Harlem. They boast in their Book very much of their *Loyalty*, it is a wonder to me that an *Independent Colony*, at that distance, should maintain an old musty *Virtue* so opposite to their *Principles*.

Log. *Loyalty!* Adsfish, to my Knowledge they have no more Respect for the Throne of *England*, than a Cabbin Boy has for a Cat of Nine Tails; for I have often heard 'em say, *That they knew no Reason why they should be Subject any more to a King's Crown, than a Cardinal's Cap; and, That they did not think themselves, like the Frogs in the Fable, under any occasion for either a Log or a Stork.*

Venture. Pray Talk no more of 'em; for every time I think of 'em it gives me a Fit of the *Spleen*; for I am sure I Buried above Three Thousand Pounds among 'em, and never had any thing in Return but a small Mouldy Cheese, which, according to the Money it Cost me, ought to have been a Feast for an Emperor. Pray, Mr. *Harlem*, what other News have you that may put these Melancholy Stories out of a Man's Noddle? For, I vow I hate as much to
Talk

Talk of *New-England* as a Bawd does of a *Whipping-Post*.

Harlem. I believe I can make you Laugh at some *Domestick News* I heard last Night, in a Tavern Kitchen.

Venture. Pray let's have it, for of late Days it is a great Rarity to hear any Chearful News. either *Foreign* or *Domestick*.

Log. Away with it, Mr. *Harlem*, for an Ounce of Mirth is worth a Pound of Sorrow.

Harlem. If you remember some Months since, it was generally Reported for a Truth, that an Old Toothless Grannam having heard the Character of Prince *Eugene*, from her Holy Guide in the middle of a News-Lecture, upon a certain Day of Solemn *Thanksgiving*, was so Sensibly affected with his Heroick Vertues, that she fell deeply in Love with him, tho' she had never seen him; and dwindling, by degrees, into Despair of ever Blessing her Eyes, by the help of her Spectacles, with a Sight of his Person: About the beginning of the Siege of *Thoulon*, betwixt Love and Age, she became Bed-Ridden, and having no hopes of Recovery, was advis'd to be thoughtful of her last *Will* and *Testament*, which she Condescended to Execute in a few Days after; and the better to Enable the Prince, as she thought, to carry on the Great Work, makes him Principal *Legatee*; leaves him a Hundred Pound; and so departed this World with a very Peaceable Conscience: But it seems since our Unhappy Disappointment in that Enterprize, the Defunct Grannam is so disquieted in her Grave, that her Ghost haunts her Executors as Terribly as ever *Pauper Client* did her Clerk in *Chancery*, and draws their Curtains at Midnight, with a Taper in her Hand, making first three Dreadful Shrieks, and then with a Voice like a Groan-

Groaning-Board, cries, *Give me my Money, I was mistaken in the Man.*

Venture. This Story, I confess, is enough to Cure any Body of a Fit of the *Hypochondria*: But, pray, what Man did the Ghost mean, that she was mistaken in her Executor, that she spoke to, or her In-vincible *Legatee*?

Harlem. You must ask the Ghost that Question; for I do not intend to interpret a Woman's Meaning when she's Dead, since the greatest Difficulty that a Wise Man meets with, is to understand 'em rightly when they are Living.

Log. By the *Great Bear* and *Pole Star*, this is the strangest Story that ever I heard in my Life: Some People are apt to think we Travellers are Liars, but I find those that are bred in their Parents Chimney-Corners, can learn as well to be Masters of the Faculty from their Nurses and their Grandmothers.

Venture. Now we are got into a Vein of Stories, pray, Mr. *Harlem*, what do you hear farther of the Living *Skeleton* in the Dungeon, who had fed 16 Years upon as slender a Commons as the *Quaker's Horse*? Who, in order to bring him to Live upon nothing, had reduc'd the poor Creature to the poor Allowance of an Oat a Day.

Harlem. Ah, Sir; you may see from thence what a Barbarous Enemy the *French* are, that could use a Prisoner of State with such Inhuman Cruelty, as to give him nothing but Bread and Water; and not only to Fetter him just for Security, but to load him with Iron for Sixteen Years together.

Log. Adsfish and Flesh! I would not have sat half so long in the *Bilboes* to have been made Governour of *Greenwich Hospital*.

Venture. *French* Iron sure must needs be a softer Metal than what ours is; for had a Man been loaden with

with *English* Irons but half that time, I my self would have been bound to have worn 'em the other half, if they had not rotted his Legs off. Besides, tho' he could scarce find Words enough, thro' the long disuse of Speech, to make his Highness sensible that he was a Prisoner of State; yet he could very readily tell the Souldiers that found him, That he had been confin'd to the Dungeon for Sixteen Years, and was fed with nothing all that time but *Bread* and *Water*. But that which most amuses me, is, to think what Method he could use to keep so exact an Account of his time; for put any Man in a dark Room and I'll hold him two to one (provided he has no Watch or Instrument to assist him) that he does not tell me what Day of the Month it is at any time after the first Week.

Harlem. I hope, Sir, you have more Respect for the most Authentick *News-Paper*, and more Honour for the Learned Head that is reported to Compile it, than to doubt of any thing you find under the Sanction of that Title. — You understand my Meaning.

Venture. Yes, yes, by your Gaping. — I know I ought to believe it because I have seen it in Print. — But, pray, what have you heard of our losing the *Nightingale* Man of War, with some other Ships from before *Harwich*, is there any Truth in't?

Harlem. Too true to make a Jest on; Poor *Philomel*, with several other of the *Canuas'd-Wing'd Quire*, were unhappily seiz'd by a parcel of *French Hawks*, and forc'd against their Wills, to take a Flight to *Dunkirk*; but what does it signifie; if we do but Take *Tboulon* next Summer, which every good *Protestant* ought heartily to wish, we shall repair at once Fifty such Trivial Misfortunes scarce worth the speaking of?

Log.

Log. Had the Duke of *M* ——— been there, I'd have been Hang'd at the *Yard-Arm* if we had not Taken it this Summer; for I have always observ'd we never prosper so well, as under the Conduct of our own Fortunate General.

Venture. Come, Mr. *Log*, we must away to the *Exchange*.

Harlem. So must I too.

Log. Since we all Steer the same Course, let's weigh Anchor, and away together.

DIALOGUE V.

Venture and Harlem.

Venture. I Am glad I have met with you so Luckily, for I want a little of your Management in a particular Affair that relates to our Advantage.

Harlem. I am yours, Sir, upon all Occasions.

Venture. As soon as I have drank a Dish we'll go take a Bottel, and then I'll Communicate.

Harlem. Very well, Sir, ——— but I'll tell you, ——— last Week when we were talking on the behalf of the Governour of *New-England*, who should sit by at the next Table, but one of the Saints that came over with the Charge against him, and he's so highly Affronted at your Character of his Countrymen, and is so very Angry, that he says you deserve to be taken *Coram Nobis*.

Venture. I wish he was here now, and I should tell him how they remov'd their *Effects*, set Fire to their *Ware-Houses*, and Burnt their *Books*, to even their Accounts with *Old England*.

Harlem. Were they such Sanctified *R*——s as to commit such a piece of Villany?

P

Venture.

Venture. Aye, and worse too; ——— one of the Saints had the Impudence to tell me, after they had almost undone me, *That if they did not Ruin a Merchant once a Year they would grow too big for 'em.*

Harlem. Is it possible such pretenders to *Righteousness* could be guilty of a saying so *Barbarous* and *Ingrateful*?

Venture. They are such Scoundrels in their Natures, that when they had wrested the Authority out of the Hands of Sir *Edmund Andrews*, just upon the *Revolution*, I have seen a Governour of their own chusing, help Load his *Hay-Cart* with his own Hands, and when empty Riding in it, with his Back towards the Horses, like a *Newgate-Bird* going to Execution. A Thousand of these things could I tell you had I time. ——— But, come, let's be going, for I want to talk with you privately.

Blunt, Trick, and Guzzle.

Guzzle. Here, give me a Dish of your *Mahometan Rot-gut.*

Blunt. How can you rail at a Liquor in the very Words that you call for it, and publickly Drink it, tho' you openly Abuse it?

Trick. Mr. *Guzzle*, I find, is just like Doctor *Mumbletext*, that Reverend Dictator to a *Conventicle* in our Parish, who is always raving against *Covetousness* as one of the worst *Vices* of the *Whore of Babylon*, yet lends out his Money to the Necessitous Members of his own Congregation at Unlawful Interest, which must be punctually paid at the time appointed, upon Pain of *Excommunication*; if not, they are delivered to *Satan* to be Buffeted.

Guzzle. It is a common Policy in our Reverend Instructors, to rail against that Vice they are most addicted to, for that's the only way to be least suspected

pected ; sometimes, in Sober Company, I my self spit as much Venom against *Claret* as any Body, yet I can no more forbear it, than they can those Transitory Pleasures they so much exclaim against.

Blunt. Fie, fie, Gentlemen; the Failings of our Guides are improper Subjects for our *Coffee-House Tittle-Tattle*. Since it is their Duty to endeavour to Reform us from our *Sinful Follies*, we ought, in *Gratitude*, to think it our Duty to wink at their Errors. Consider, they are Flesh and Blood as well as other Hogs-Puddings. Therefore, if we will not follow their Doctrine, let's be as careful how we improve their Failings into a Jest, as how we make 'em our Example.

Trick. A Pox of your Hypocritical Advice. How does every Young *Maiden-look* at *Domine Cassock* when he has hasp'd himself into his little Elevated *Wooden Sanctuary*, Bandy about us poor *Lawyers*, under the Nick-Name of *Scribes*; and make us such a parcel of *Catterpillars*, as if our Flourishing Fraternity were one of the Plagues of *Egypt*. —

Guzzle. If not of *Egypt*, I am sure you are of *England*. Though as for the Generality of Practicers in this Town, I will allow 'em to be Men of some Honour and Conscience; but as for your Country Hawking-Bag Cormorants, those *Market-keeping Incendiaries*, I think they are a far greater Pestilence than ever *Egypt* was acquainted with.

Blunt. I think they are like the rest of Mankind, for the whole World, in this Corrupt Age, is so full of Avarice and Deceit, that *Diogenes*, were he living, might burn a great many Candles into the Sockets of his Lanthorn, before he would find what he search'd for in *Athens* at Noon-Day.

Trick. *Honesty* is all a Jest; and he that pretends to the most, only wears it in his Looks and his Habit. Could you but see through the *Querpo Band* and *San-*

Elifed Grimace; the *Fur Gown*, and *Affected Gravity*; the *Sacerdotal Robe*, and the *Religious Vizard*, and you would find them all infected with the same *Leprosie*, which, with *Shaking Noddles*, *Lift up Hands*, and *Demure Countenances*, they seem so highly to abominate in others. Therefore, why should we *Lawyers* be accounted greater *Knaves* than other People?

Guzzle. Only because he that deals with you generally finds you so; for he that is got up to the Neck in Troubled Waters, and calls to a *Lawyer* to help him out, shall be only lifted up like a full Bucket out of a Well, so emptied, and let down again; but when once he finds, like a bottomless Bucket, you have run all out, then, like the useless Vessel, you may be Kick'd about till you are broken to pieces, e'er your *Lawyer* will defend you from being a *Foot-Ball* to your Adversaries.

Flunt. I think your Simile will extend to all Degrees of Men as well as Lawyers, for Mankind by Nature are at Wars one with another; and pretended Friendship is but dissembl'd Peace, Grounded upon mutual Interest, which I take to be the chief Reason why so few Men care to assist any in Adversity, unless they are sure of a Reward equivalent to their Service, so that themselves may have a Benefit by the same Good they administer to others; and by that means be the better able to defend themselves against the Common Enemy, that is the whole *Common Wealth*, at whose Mercy every Single Person lies, be he never so Great, or never so Honest. But as the fear of Punishment deters Men from Worrying one another by open Rage and Violence, so this Natural War amongst Human Race, is Maliciously carried on by *Treachery*, *Calumny*, *Fraud*, *Perjury*, and all other *Villanies* and *Vices*, by which Mankind endeavour to raise their own Fortunes, and to destroy others; so that if any thing brings a greater Scandal than

than ordinary upon the Professors of the Law, it is their being the Mercenary Instruments of one Man's Revenge to Compleat the Ruin of another.

Trick. Pray why are we more Mercenary than other People? Were you Naked and Hungry, would a *Taylor* Cloath you, or a *Cook* Feed you without being paid for't? Were you Sick and Penitent, would a *Physician* Visit you, or a *Priest* Pray by you, without Money? Will not every Man be Paid for the Business he dispatches? And every Tradesman Sell his Commodities as dear as he can to the Purchaser? Why then should *Lawyers* be look'd upon to be Men of such large Consciences, for only requiring, like Persons of other Employments, to be well Paid for what they do, and satisfied for their Attendance?

Guzzle. What a Bustle's here about Honesty, as if any Body was so silly in this Money Loving Age, to think it a profitable *Vertue* worth contending for? If you have a mind to find that Contemptible *Chimera* you have so long been talking of, meet me half an Hour hence at the *Three-Tunns* in *Eastcheap*, and I'll show you the very *Rara Avis* you have all this while been Wrangling about, for I never found it any where but in a Quart of good *Claret*.

Blunt. Were we to go along with you, I believe you would have some difficulty to be as good as your Word; for I can tell you, ever since the *Devil* has found the way into the *Vintners* Cellars, and has Poison'd their *Clarets* with *Arsnick*, and their *White-wines* with *Brimstone*, Honesty has taken Pet, and flown out of their Houses.

Trick. I don't pretend to any more Honesty than the rest of my Neighbours; but, however, when I hear my Profession so severely attack'd, as it has been by Mr. *Blunt*, I think my self oblig'd to say something in defence of us that Live by it. —
But I wonder a Gentleman that knows so little of

the matter, should undertake to Revile that which he does not understand. Pray, Sir, what is *Law*?

Blunt. 'Tis a *Hedge-Hog*, rowl'd up in his own Brittles; and he that offers to Touch it, unless he be bred to it, may be assur'd to prick his Fingers.

Guzzle. Ha, ha, ha! I'll Swear a very Notable Comparison.

Trick. Sir, there is nothing in it; I find he has no Notion of the matter.

Blunt. To prove you are a little mistaken, I shall give you my real Sentiments, which are, That the *Laws* are the Articles of the General Compact of any *Body-Politick*, made by the Consent of the whole to Secure every Man in his Property, and Establish'd as the Ordinary means by which any Injur'd Person should come at speedy Redress, without any Partiality: But ever since *Astræa* has been flown to Heaven, to Favour the *Rich* and Punish the *Poor*, has been the standing Rule of all *Political Justice*.

Guzzle. And so, I believe, it ever was, and will ever be. According to the Old Proverb, *The Weakest must go to the Wall*.

Trick. But, pray, wherein are we Attornies to blame? The Accusation does not lie against us?

Blunt. I'll tell you what are great Faults in the Best of your Practicers. — To assist the *Rich* and *Powerful* against the *Poor* and *Innocent*. To knowingly defend a Knave in an Unjust Cause against an Injur'd Adversary. To prolong the Regular Course of Justice for the sake of your own Interest. To gratifie the Revenge of one Man to the Ruine of another, where the Cause of Action is only Frivilous and Vexatious. In these, and many other Enormities, you often make your selves the troublesome *Agents* and *Incendiaries*, purely for the sake of being well Paid for your Labour, as if your Profession was a sufficient

sufficient Plea against the Laws of *God*, and all Moral *Justice* and *Humanity*.

Trick. The Merits of a Cause is the Business of the Court, and not of an Attorney to look into.— I'll allow, we are apt to Act for any Body that will Employ us, and Pay us well, without any regard to the Honesty of the Cause.— Do not the Gentlemen of the Robe do the same thing?

Blunt. I hope there are but few, but whom, in such Cases, will consider the Honour of their Profession. I have known many of them very Learn'd and Worthy Gentlemen, though, I confess, I once heard a great Man of that Honourable Fraternity, degenerate so far from all *Good Breeding* and *Humanity*, as to use a Gentleman, under a Trivial Misdemeanor, with an unbecoming Severity; aggravating his Offence with such palpable Untruths, as if they were rather the Effect of his own Malice, than the Zeal he might have for his own Duty: But I would have all such Gentlemen remember, that though *Post*, *Figure*, and *Audacity*, may carry a Man Gracefully through a False and Spiteful Aggravation, yet neither his *Grandure* or his *Eloquence* will hold him guiltless before the Just God, or an Honest Man; for no Authority can give a Real Sanction to a *Malicious Falsity*; though the better to cast a Mist before the Eyes of the Publick, they may Countenance the Evil.

Trick. You speak of things done in the Days of Yore; God be thanked we Live in a Reign wherein Justice is truly administred.

Blunt. I would not have you think that I Charge what I have Reported upon any Person now in Authority.

Guzzle. A Pox of this tedious Controversie; will you away to the *Three-Tuns* and take a Flask, or no,

Blunt. } With all our Hearts.
Trick. }

Guzzle. Then let's be going; a good thing can never be begun too early.

DIALOGUE VI.

Levy, Querpo, and Nice.

Levy. Good Morrow, Doctor, Business I hope flows in apace now *Bartholomew-Fair's* over; I doubt not but you begin to find that Old *Sodom* has been as Wicked as it us'd to be.

Querpo. I must confess the City Apprentices begin to open their Codpieces upon me; and Blushing Baggages, with wet Eyes, come every Morning, more or less, to confess their Sins to me. Yet these Wars are a great hindrance to our Business.

Nice. With Submission to you, Doctor, I should think, now so many Womens Husbands are Abroad in the Army, that in their Absence their Wives would take the greater Liberty; so that the Old Trade of Pasket-making, as some People call it, should rather be promoted than any way retarded.

Levy. Nouns, Sir! What do you mean? Do you think that our Wives are such *Strumpets*, that we no sooner turn our Packs but they make *Cuckolds* of us?

Nice. O Dear Captain, I had no such meaning indeed, Sir. Was I a Married Man I would rather be made a *Cuckold* my self, Sir, than offer such an Affront to a Gentleman that has the Honour to wear Her Majesties Cloth.

Querpo. You must excuse Mr. Nice, Captain, 'twas a Word slip'd out by Accident; he meant no harm in it.

Nice.

Nice. Upon my Honour, Captain, I am heartily sorry I should disoblige you. I Vow and Swear, for all my Jestings, that I don't know one *Cuckold* in the whole Army; I believe all Gentlemen's Wives are *Vertuous*; I'll believe any thing, Sir, rather than give Offence to so Honest a Gentleman.

Levy. I would have you to know, Sir, a Soldier does not use to put up an Affront upon a bare Verbal Acknowledgment. I have seen a Man's Throat cut for a less Reflection than you have cast upon the Army.

Querpo. Mr. *Nice* ought to give you a Bottle, as well as beg your Pardon; and then, Captain, I hope you'll be better pacified.

Nice. That I will; half a Dozen if the Captain pleases to accept of 'em, for I hate to be at Variance with any Man of Honour that bears the Government's Commission.

Levy. Now you speak like a Gentleman that understands himself; but you must always be careful how you Reflect upon the Army in an Officers Company. Ad-d-death, if you had not been a Civil Gentleman.—— But, however, a Dish of Meat and a Bottle of Wine are something of an Attonement.

Querpo. I find, Captain, you are unacquainted with Mr. *Nice*: He's a Gentleman that values no more the spending two or three Guineas upon an Amicable Account, than a Citizen's Wife does, to be well Kiss'd upon a *Horn-Fair* Day.

Nice. Not I, Captain, I'll assure you; for though I fear no Man, I love to be Civil to every Man.

Levy. I now find, Sir, you express your self like a Man of Worth and Honour: For a Gentleman of Breeding will always submit when he finds himself in the wrong of it.

Querpo. Aye, aye, 'tis the right of the thing; every Man of Sense knows 'tis better to stoop than to fall,

fall, though I speak against my own Interest; for had either of you been Wounded, it might have been a Patient in my way.

Nice. I love Fighting as well as any Man alive, but scorn to draw a Sword in a wrong Cause; I would not Affront a worthy Gentleman, and then justify it when I have done; that would be as bad as lying with a Man's Wife, and then calling him *Cuckold* to his Face.

Levy. I fancy, Sir, because you talk so much of *Cuckoldom*, that the next time will not be the first you have mounted into your Neighbours Saddle, without the help of a Stirrup.

Querpo. I hope you don't take so Handsome a Gentleman as Mr. *Nice* to be an Enemy to the Ladies.

Nice. Poison take 'em all, except those that are Honest; I believe I shall hate 'em as bad, for the future, as ever a Young Wife did an Old Husband, that she only Married for Conveniency.

Levy. I'll warrant some of 'em have prov'd false to you; your Darling Jewel, perhaps, has sworn one thing over Night, and you have catch'd her doing another the next Morning.

Querpo. That's a small fault. Sure, Mr. *Nice* knows a Lady of Intrigue a little better than to put any more Confidence in her Vows, than he would in the Words of a *Stock-Jobber*.

Nice. A Damn'd Forsworn Jade, that gave me to understand by her own Cousin and Confident, she was so deeply in Love with me, that she was ready to Hang her self; and I, like a Compassionate Fool, to ease her Pain, have made my self Uneasie.—— But could I have foreseen the Consequence, she should have died for Love, though she had been a Dutcheß, e'er I'd have sav'd her Grace from the Tomb of her Ancestors.

Levy.

Levy. Blood, what Trick could she put upon you? Has she laid a Bastard to you? Pick'd your Pocket? Or Pox'd you? I know not any thing else that a Woman could do to a Man, except she should Geld him, and most Ladies Love their Gallants too well to divest 'em of their Manhood.

Querpo. Save us all; I hope there's nothing of that in't: For how like a *Jack-a-napes* a Man must look that has lost his Tail? — Prithee let's know this Secret, for some sort of Misfortunes are no sooner discover'd, but greatly alleviated.

Nice. Efaith, Doctor, to tell you the Truth on't, I came on purpose to ask your Advice; I find the Captain is so Honest a Gentleman, that a Man, I dare say, may be free before him without the danger of Reflection.

Levy. Flesh and Nouns, Sir! Female Abuses 'are only fit to be made a Jest of. I have been forc'd to Father as many great Bellies in my time, as ever you saw *Mole-Hills* in an Acre of Fat Pasture, and have been as often in *Æsculapius's* Powdering-Tub, as an Old *Whore* of Forty; and I was ever so far from being asham'd of it, that I thought the Wounds got in the Wars of *Venus*, were as much to be boasted of as the Honourable Scars won in the *Martial Enterprizes*. Therefore, never let your Modesty hide that from your Friends which ought to be your Glory; for always *The more Danger the more Honour*.

Nice. Why then, Gentlemen, I'll tell you the whole Story from the Beginning to the End. I happen'd, not long since, to carry on an Intrigue with a Young Beautiful Lady, who, for Honour's sake, must at this time be Nameless, and at last her *Charms* growing stale upon my Hands, I began to be a little slack in the Repetition of my Kindnesses; and finding my Appetite quite pall'd, as to her Embraces,
she

she very kindly Recommends me to a Charming Creature, Lodging over-against her, who was wounded with the Sight of my Person; which, I thank my Stars, is not Contemprible; telling me, as a great Secrer, " She had a Beautiful Neice, who was " a Young Virgin, that was fallen deeply in Love " with me, by only seeing me come backwards and " forwards to her Lodging; and thinking it a great " pity a poor Innocent Girl should Hang or Drown " her self, for want of her Unhappy Condition being made known to the Object of her Affections, " she conceiv'd her self oblig'd (knowing too well " what a miserable Distemper Love was) in Compassion to her Neice, to acquaint me with her " Misfortune, in hopes I would find some Gentle, " but Modest means to pacifie her Passion; and she " would go with me that Instant and bring me acquainted with her, upon a proviso, I would Swear " to use her no otherwise than became a Man of " Honour.

Levy. That was no more than taking an Oath to gratifie her Wishes; for the greatest Civility that a Man of Honour can use to a Love-Sick Maid, is to ease her of her Virginity.

Nice. I had the same Reservation when I Swore to use her Honourably: So after my Solemn Promise, we cross'd the way together to pay a Visit to the Young Lady, who receiv'd us so Kindly, look'd at me so Wishfully, and deputed her self so Charmingly, that I vow and swear, in a Quarter of an Hours time, I was as much in Love as she could be. After we had Tattled away about half an Hour, my Old Mistress pretended Extraordinary Business that requir'd her going; and, I believe, we were both equally glad to be rid of her Company.

Querpo. This was all such admirable Management, that ne'er a Court-Bawd in *Christendom* could have exceeded.

Nice.

Nice. No sooner had she made her Exit, but I began to be as bold as a Lion; and with a Pleasure unexpressible, Saluted her Lips, which were as Rosie and as Sweet, as if her Mouth had been a Honey-Pot.

Levy. I suppose the Fragrancy of her Breath was owing to *Cinamon-Water*, or *Caraway-Comfits*. — A most delicious Lais, I'll warrant her, to be so free at first Sight.

Nice. If you'll believe me, I so Handled her, Fondled her, Kiss'd her, Coax'd her, Tickl'd her, and Tumbled her, that at last I made her promise me I should lie with her all Night, but was forc'd to Swear a Thousand Oaths I would not tell her Cousin. So I order'd her Landladies Maid to call a Coach, carried her Abroad, gave her a Collation at a Tavern, afterwards went to the Play, and so return'd to her Lodging, where she was as good as her Word; so that for the whole Night I thought my self in Heaven; but as the Devil would have it, *After Sweet Meat came Sowre Sauce*, for Early in the Morning, as soon as it was well Light, came a couple of Jolly Gentlemen, her near Relations, who, having had Intelligence (I suppose by the Landlady of the House) of my being there all Night, broke open the Chamber-Door, and catch'd us both in Bed together: She was forc'd to down of her Knees and beg hard for my Life, or else, I believe, they would have stuck me; for the first thing they did, they secur'd my Sword, or I should have made work with 'em, and then Reviling me for Debauching a poor Innocent Young Lady of a good Family, and a considerable Fortune, Swore, " If I would not
 " give her a Hundred Guineas to make her Satis-
 " faction for the Dishonour I had done her, they
 " would Pink as many Holes in my Skin as there
 " are in the bottom of a Cullender. She pray'd
 them

them to be pacified, poor Girl, and would have forgiven me her self with all her Heart, but they Swore, " They would have a Hundred Guineas " Deposited into their Hands in trust for her, lest, " if she should have it in her own Power, she should " return it me again.

Levy. And was you such a *Blockhead* to comply with their Demand?

Nice. What would you have a Man do in such a terrible Consternation?

Querpo. Why did you not pop your Head out at Window and cry out *Murder* to the Street?

Nice. O fie, that would have brought a Scandal upon the Young Lady; and can you think me a Man of so little Honour as to reward her *Love* with such a piece of *Ingratitude*?

Levy. And so you consented to give them a Hundred Guineas.

Nice. Upon my Honour I carried 'em to my Chambers in *Grays-Inn*, and paid 'em the Money to a Farthing, that the Matter might be hush'd up, and the Lady's Reputation, as well as my own, preserv'd from Scandal.

Levy. A Pox take thee for thy *Cowardly Ignorance*. Efaith thou hast made good the Proverb to some purpose, *That a Fool and his Money are soon parted*.

Nice. Pray, Captain, don't reflect upon a Gentleman for his *Generosity*; for I scorn to wrong a Young Lady, but to make Reparation in case 'tis requir'd.

Querpo. But, Mr. *Nice*, this was nothing but a Trick put upon you by a pack of *Bitches* and *Bul-lies*; and are you so Blind that you cannot see thro' it?

Nice. I am satisfied you are mistaken; for I am certain the Young Lady came a Virgin to my Arms, for, I can demonstrate the Proofs of her Modesty, by a very good Token.

Levy.

Levy. Ha, ha, ha! I'll hold Fifty to One, his Virgin has not only bit him of his Money, but give him farther Favour into the Bargain.

Querpo. 'Tis the best News I have heard this Week.

Nice. I hope, Gentlemen, you don't think so?

Levy. Pray what's become of your Lady, and the other Punk that help'd you to this Young Bitchington.

Nice. She that broach'd the Business to me, has remov'd her Lodging; and her Neice, I hear, is sent into the County, to be under the Care of her Relations.

Levy. More likely into a *Flux*, under the Care of a good Surgeon, now you have furnish'd her with Money to pay for the Cure.

Nice. Bless me! Should it prove as you say, I should run Distracted.

Querpo. Come, come, let's away to the Tavern, that the Captain may have his Treat; and when we are in Private, I'll tell you more of the matter.

Nice. With all my Heart; I care not how soon, for I want sadly to be satisfied.

Levy. Pray, Mr. *Bobee*, if Mr. *Hazard* comes hither to ask for me, tell him, I am gone to the King *William* and Queen *Mary's* Head in *Pall-Mall*.

Bobee. I shall, Sir.

DIALOGUE III.

Double, Blunt, and Harlem.

Double. **B** Lefs us! Gentlemen, did you ever know such a Stagnation of affairs at the Close of a Campaign? Methinks all things seem as Sickly and as Silent as if *Christendom* was struck Dumb with a Fit of an *Apoplexy*.

Blunt. Our *News-Papers*, I confess, are not stuff'd with so many Fruitless *Shams* and Ridiculous *Conjectures* as they us'd to be; So, I suppose, you *News-mongers* think there can be nothing in Agitation if there be nothing in Print.

Harlem. Were any thing stirring it could not escape me; my Correspondence is so infallible, and my Intelligence so speedy, that I can scarce allow the Government to have a Minutes start of me.

Double. Then pray what does your Bird whistle from Abroad? I have been upon the inquiry this three Weeks, and have as long defer'd my Writing into the Country, because I can pick up nothing that will recommend my Letters to Justice *Dry-Lash's* reading; for if any Body in the Parish receives any News from *London*, and refuses to give his Worship a Perusal of the same, he is ready to believe they hold a *Jacobite* Correspondence; and that they are enter'd into some *Popish* Plot, in order to Blow up *Presbytery*.

Blunt. Prethee amuse him with any thing that you think will please him; for, I'll warrant you, if he loves Novelty so much, he is one of those *Infatuated Noddies* that would swallow a *Sham Victory*, as greedily

dily as a Gallon of his own *March Beer*, especially if you do but ascribe the Honour to Prince *Eugene*.

Harlem. I confess my New-Budget is so empty at present, that I have not so much as a scrap of wonderfull Success to pleasure a Friend withal, that I can warrant for a Truth; but I have a Flying Report or two that I had from the hands of some peculiar Persons of known *Piety* and *Probity*; if you think, Mr. *Double*, they will be welcome to your Country Friend, I shall be glad to oblige you.

Double. First let me hear, and then I can Judge. If it be but a bare Probability in favour of the Cause, that will but administer Comfort to the Brethren, it's no matter whether *Mary Jones* of the *Savoy* gives it the Sanction of her Name or no; for it ought to be a maxim among all Lovers of their Country, (*viz.*) *That Good News, tho' it's false, is better than Bad that is true.*

Blunt I'll Swear you'd make an excellent *Politician* to Establish *Satan's Kingdom*. Lying, I think, already has gain'd too much the ascendancy of Truth, therefore we need not Coin Maxims to teach People to deceive themselves with pleasing Falsities, the Devil will do that fast enough without your assistance.

— But pray, Mr. *Harlem*, let's hear your News? I question not but you'll take care to observe Mr. *Double's Maxim*.

Harlem. Not I, upon my Word; but if Intelligence happens to come false to me, I always give it as I receive it, that is, without Confirmation; but this, that I am about to Communicate, was sent to one out of the North of *England*, which very Letter, if you please, I'll read to you.

Double. By all means, Sir, if you'll give your self the trouble.

Harlem. Reads.

Q

Newcastle

Newcastle upon Tyne, Sept. 18, 1707.

“ T His Day, early in the Morning, came into
 “ our Harbour from the Port of *Harwich*,
 “ the Good Ship the *Abraham* and *Sarah*, *Aminadab*
 “ *Queer*, Master, who Reports, upon the Solemn
 “ Affirmation of a *Quaker*, That being under Sail
 “ upon the *Suffolk* Coast, the Fifteenth of the present
 “ Instant, as he pass'd *Dunwich* Point, and was enter-
 “ ing *S'wold* Bay, the Wind at S. W. and by W.
 “ he made, a little before Night, at a considerable
 “ distance, six Sail of large Ships Scouting upon our
 “ Coast, which, by the help of his Prospective, he
 “ judg'd to be *French* Men of War; and being loth
 “ to Steer into the Shore near enough to *Cape Anchor*,
 “ for fear the Enemy should send their Boats to bring
 “ him off, or Fire him in the Night, he thought it
 “ most advisable to back his Sails, and lie by for
 “ half an Hour, in which time he knew it must be
 “ quite dark, and that they could not come up with
 “ him being Right a head: Having resolved upon
 “ these Measures, and remembring he had a small
 “ Cargo of *Lanthorns* on Board, for the use of the
 “ *Miners* that Labour in the *Cole-Pits*, he wisely be-
 “ thought himself of an admirable Project for his
 “ further safety; and observing the Dictates of the
 “ Spirit, call'd all his Men upon Deck, and told
 “ them, *That the Light within him had inspir'd him*
 “ *with a way how the outward Light, by the help of G—d,*
 “ *might save them from the Hands of a Cruel Enemy:*
 “ So Comanded every Man on Board to stock the
 “ *Lanthorns* with lighted Candles between Decks,
 “ then to put on their Watch-Coats, and when they
 “ had so done, to be ready upon the Word of Com-
 “ mand to run up the Ratlings, with as many *Lan-*
 “ *thorns* as every one could well hide under his Frize
 “ Jerkin

“ Jerkin, and when they had handsomely dispers’d
 “ themselves thro’ all parts of the Rigging, when
 “ the Word was given, that all at once should set
 “ up a hideous Shrieking and Yelling, and every
 “ Man be ready at the same time to Lash his *Lan-*
 “ *thorns* to the *Shrouds*; and that the *Cook* should
 “ have a Rowling Fire in the *Cook-Room*, which he
 “ was to feed with *Tar* by whole Ladle-fulls as soon
 “ as the Alarm was given, that it might stink and
 “ smother through the Funnels and Gratings of the
 “ *Fore-Castle*: When all things were in readiness ac-
 “ cording to Order, it proving a very Dark and
 “ Hazy Night, Captain *Aminidab* makes all the Sail
 “ he could, and never altering his Course Steers bold-
 “ ly on till he found himself among the Enemy, up-
 “ on which he Roars through his Speaking-Trum-
 “ pet, being the Notice they had agreed upon, which
 “ was immediately seconded by the hideous Cries
 “ and Squallings of the whole Ships Crew, all ap-
 “ pearing of a Blaze at one instant of time from
 “ Stem to Stern, and as high as the very Cross-
 “ Trees of every Mast, the Tar rising from the
 “ *Fore-Castle* in such Clouds of Smoke which soon
 “ reach’d the Noses of that part of the Enemy which
 “ happen’d to be to *Leward*, so that the *French* be-
 “ ing under a Consternation, sometimes thought her
 “ to be a Ship on Fire, at other times took her to be
 “ *Old Nick’s* Pleasure-Boat, and that the Devil was
 “ riding Admiral along the British Coast, or that
 “ she was *Charon’s* Ferry Boat laden with *English Mo-*
 “ *derators* for the Infernal Territories, so that the
 “ Enemy being dazzled with the Light, frighted
 “ with the Shreiks, and smother’d with the Smoke,
 “ three Sail that were to *Leward* of the *Quaker*, a-
 “ midst their surprize, run ashore at a Town in
 “ *Suffolk*, called *Cove Eye*, and the other three that
 “ were to *Windward*, fled away to *Dunkirk* as if

“ the Devil drove 'em, so that *Aminidab* taking in
 “ his Horns when he was past Danger, proceeded
 “ to *New Castle* without further Molestation, sustain-
 “ ing no other Damage than the waste of a few
 “ Candles, which is all at present from thy Loving
 “ Friend in the Truth

Azariah Fudgewell.

Double. I find nothing in this but what is very probable. — This will be as rare a piece of News for my Brother in the Country, to Amuse Justice *Whip Beggar* with, that ever could have been thought of; this will command a good Dinner, and a swinging Dose of *March-Beer*, or else the Devil's in't; and every Neighbour is more welcome that brings him *News*, than a Tenant is that come to pay him his *Rent*.

Blunt. I hope you are not such a couple of *Infatuated Noddies*, as to give any Credit to such a ridiculous Story.

Harlem. I will not be so forward as to affirm it for a 'luth; but I assure you the Account I have read to you is from one of the Toppingest *Quakers* in *New-Castle*.

Double. I protest, I can see nothing in it but what a Man that is well affected to *News*, may believe as heartily as he does his *Creed*.

Blunt. A Man like your self, I suppose you mean, that has varied his Faith to all the Points of the *Compass*, and that can form a Conscience to believe any thing that's agreeable to his Interest. — As for my part, I Credit not a Word of it, but look upon it to be a Fable, contriv'd, purposely, by some *Arch Wag*, to impose upon Mr. *Harlem*, that he may do the like by the *Publick*,

Harlem. No, no, Sir, you are much mistaken; *Shams* never pass with me: I have a *Touch-Stone* at Home

Home by which I try my *Intelligence*, before ever I *Publish* it.

Double. Pray why did you not try this? And then you would have been able to have given us a true Estimate of the matter, and whether it be *True* or *False*.

Harlem. I have done it, and find it of too course an Allay, or else you would have found it in my *News-Paper*; but I never introduce any thing there but what is such *True Standard*, that it comes up to the *Truth*.

Blunt. The Father of Lies fetch thee; I believe I have detected as many Falsities in your Infallible Hodge-Podge, as there are in *Glanvil's Witches*, or *Fox's Books of Martyrs*; and to say you give us nothing but *Truth*, is such a piece of *Impudence* that an *Irish Evidence* would scarce be Guilty of.

Double. Pray, Mr. *Blunt*, don't be so warm upon Mr. *Harlem*. All Men, you know, that write *News-Papers*, are forc'd to take abundance of things upon other Peoples Credit, and therefore must Err sometimes, in spite of Care or Judgment.

Harlem. Mr. *Blunt* is too Passionate to consider things rightly; I do not mean that I never Reported in my *Paper* any thing that was *False*, but that I never confirm'd any thing to be *True*, that I knew in *Reality* to be a *Lye*.

Blunt. But, pray, where's your *Touch-Stone* then, if you cannot distinguish *Truth* from *Falshood* before you expose it to the *Publick*? — In short, *Almanack-Predictors*, and *Time-Serving News-Papers*, are always forc'd to keep pace with the *Party* that is uppermost, and what the one Prophecies, or the other Reports, are no more to be heeded than the Pratling of a *Parrot*; for none of 'em say any thing but what they are taught by their Masters.

Double. O Dear, Sir! I fancy you must be very much mistaken; for I have known some *News-Writers* Prosecuted by the People-Plaguers, for not conforming their Accounts to the General Standard.

Harlem. So have I to my Sorrow. Pray what can you say to that, Sir?

Blunt. That's only when Unfortunate Truths appear too Naked, and therefore serves to make my Argument good; for he that sets up for a *News-Writer*, and does not take his Lesson from the Grand Supervisor of that Faculty, deserves to be Whipp'd.

Double. I believe I understand you; but after all, I have a mighty Affection for *News*: A Man generally finds something or other in it that cheers a Man's Spirits, and gives Nature as good a Fillip as a Dram of Brandy.

Harlem. Aye, aye, so it does, Mr. *Double*; let Mr. *Blunt* think as he pleases, I say *News* is a great Advantage to Trade; an Improvement of Mens Knowledge; a Diversion to the Publick; and the most Vendible Commodity in the whole Kingdom. Therefore, why should any Man speak against it?

Blunt. As for its Sale, I allow you are in the right; for one *News-Paper* out-sells Twenty *Sermons*, which shews the Corruption of the Age so very great, that the People are more delighted with a Pack of *Mercurial Shams*, than with the Doctrine of *Christianity*; which I think is no great Credit to so Pious a Nation, that squabbles so much about Religion.

Double. Alas! Reading of a little Innocent News, I cannot conceive to be any hindrance to Devotion.

Harlem. It rather furthers it; do not we thank God for good News, and pray against Bad? Now, if we had no News, we should quite forget our selves.

Blunt. It serves for nothing, as I see, but to cause Disputes; widen Divisions; promote Wagers, heighten

ten Animosities; and to draw the Common People from their Businels, to lie Sotting in *Ale-Houses*, to the Starving of their Families; nay worle, for it has often been a means of decoying Men into *Parties*, and next into *Plots*; Witness the last Dying Words of Mr. *Wade* of *Bristol*, who being Executed for the *Rye-House* Conspiracy, declar'd at the Gallows, " That
 " giving himself up to the Reading and Hunting af-
 " ter *News*, was the Principal Error that first led
 " him into that Disobedience that had brought him
 " to this unhappy End. — So Gentlemen, Fare-
 wel.

Harlem. Had you time to hear, I could give you a smart return. — But I'll defer it till our next meeting, since you are running in such haste.

Double. Let's all be going, for I have talk'd away my time till I am past my Minute.

D A L O G U E VIII.

Querpo, and Prim.

Prim. **F**lesh and Eels, Doctor! The *Bolus* I took Yesterday Morning made such a Rumb-ling in my Guts, that I thought you had given me a Thunder-bolt; I am positive my Tripes are as clean scowr'd as those in *Field-lane*, made ready for the *Frying-Pan*.

Querpo. So much the better; I hate to Flatter a Patient with Soothing Medicines; I love to Encounter a *Dissemper* with such *Herculean Physick* that I know will Conquer it; I always reach the Cause at first; tear it up Root and Branch; and make the *Disease* fly as if the *Devil* drove it. — I'll warrant it Tap-p'd your *Runlet* at both Ends.

Q 4

Prim.

Prim. That it did, and in the middle too; inso-much that I was ready, sometimes, to roar like a Young Wench in Labour of the first Child.

Querpo. Better and better still; the more Pain, the more Efficacy.

Prim. Then certainly I am much the better for what you gave me; for my Wambling Chitterlins where in such unaccountable Misery for three or four Hours, that had I swallowed a *Porcupine* with his Arse foremost, his pointed Quills could not have put my Guts into a greater Agony.

Querpo. 'Twas all for your Good; I suppose you are willing I should make quick Work with you, and that is not to be done, in your case, without Thundering Medicaments, such as are not only Sure, Safe, and Speedy, but very Costly also.

Prim. Doctor give me your Hand; I value *Money* no more than I do Rubbith; especially when it is to serve my Friend or my self in an Honourable way; do but your Business with a Jirk, and a Reward suitable to your Merits shan't be wanting from your Humble Servant.

Querpo. I have Forty Pounds to pay to Morrow, Twenty Guineas would do me more Service now, than twice the Sum a Month hence. — But I have ten times that *Money* owing among my Patients; I must put on my *Dunning Physiognomy* between this and Night.

Prim. Pray, Doctor, don't give your self the trouble for such a Trifle; I am seldom without so small a Sum in my Pocket. — There's Twenty Guineas for you till we come to an Account.

Querpo. Thanks to you, Dear Sir, I protest I am highly oblig'd to you; who would not exert his utmost Skill to serve so Generous and True a Friend?

Prim.

Prim. But, pray Doctor, give me leave to drink a little *Claret*; the forbearance of that is worse than taking the *Physick*.

Querpo. Laud Sir! I did but Jest with you; drink what Wine you please in your Days of *Intermission*, provided you take care to do it with *Moderation*, for that's a great Vertue in an Amorous Patient under your misfortune.

Blunt, and Harlem.

Blunt. Your Servant, Gentlemen; Mr. *Harlem* and I met just at the Door, so agreed to enter for one Pipe, in hopes to find some of our Old Company.

Querpo. 'Twas done like Friends, I am glad to see you both; I hope Mr. *Harlem* will find something to oblige us, for I know he is seldom without some News or other in his Budget.

Harlem. Truly never so Thread-bare as at this present; for News, of late, is grown as scarce a Commodity as either *Money* or *Honesty*.

Blunt. Hang News, it's good for nothing as I know on, but to make *Mechanick Politicians* wag their Chins over their *Ninny-Broth*; and as for *Honesty*, it may well decline if our Wealth be under a *Consumption*; for it is the scarcity of *Money* that makes Men turn *Knaves* to get it.

Querpo. P'shaw, you Talk Idly, there's *Money* enough in the Nation, if we had but a Trade to make it Circulate. — I met an *Anabaptist Cobbler*, the other Day, running with a Hundred Pound to the *Bank*, though he had not been a *Preacher* above a Twelve-month.

Harlem. Do *Cobblers* use to get *Money* by *Preaching*? I'll assure you that's greater News to me than any I have to tell you.

Blunt.

Blunt. Sure the Souls of those People must be as tough as a Tann'd Hide, that will carry them to a *Cobler* to have 'em mended. — But, pray, let's have done with all things that relate to *Religion*, for you had better take a *Giant* by the Nose, or a *Lion* by his Whiskers, than meddle with any body that Flourishes under the Umbrage of that Holy Skreen, tho' it be but a *Cobler*.

Querpo. Nay, I must confess the World is now grown so *Devoutly Captious*, that it is almost *Blasphemy* to say a Man looks like a *Knave* that has but a Broad-brimm'd Hat on; therefore, I think, Mr. *Blunt*, your Advice ought to be taken.

Harlem. News is a better Topick by half, if we had but any to Talk on; that is, for a *Coffee-House* I mean, we ought to leave *Religion* to our Churches and *Conventicles*.

Blunt. What's the matter with you, Mr. *Prim*? You are as Silent to Day in your warm Corner as if you were turn'd *Pythagorean*.

Prim. I have not been well this Week, Sir; Drinking of bad Wine has caus'd such a Pain in my Bowels, as if a *Mouſe*, in my Sleep, had crept down my Throat, and was knawing his way out again.

Blunt. You may Talk of a *Mouſe*, but I begin to smell a *Rat*; I doubt some of the Ladies of *Quality* you us'd to boast of, have prov'd a little too warm for you.

Querpo. No, no; I must clear Mr. *Prim* from that Asperſion: It is nothing but an *Inflammation* in the *Colon*, occasion'd by an excess of ill Wine.

Prim. Indeed, Mr. *Blunt*, the *Doctor* tells you Truth; I hope you don't think I have any thing to do with such unwholesome *Baggages* as would do a Gentleman such an ugly Diskindness?

Blunt. But I observe my very Suspicion turn'd your Pale Cheeks into a Scarlet Colour; and, you know,
Blushing

Blushing is as great a Sign of Guilt, as it is of *Modesty*.

Harlem. Poh, poh; Mr. *Prim*, I am sure, is a Civil Gentleman, and better belov'd by the Ladies, than to fling away his Favours where the should be so ill Rewarded.

Querpo. Come, come, Gentlemen, find some other Talk; it is not Manners to discant upon a Gentleman's Distemper, and make it worse than it is by your Wild Fanciful Conjectures. — Pray, Mr. *Harlem*, what News have you to Feast our Ears after so long a Fast?

Harlem. Nothing of Moment from Abroad; all things are carry'd on with such Secrecy, and without Dispute with that Wisdom and Conduct, as will produce, in a little time, something Extraordinary to all the Kingdoms Satisfaction; for I hear there are great things in Agitation, but not proper to be Talk'd of, till Wiser Heads shall find it seasonable to communicate the Affair to the Knowledge of the Publick.

Blunt. I find you still Banter your Friends after the Old manner; when you are Barren of *Intelligence*, you love to put 'em upon a pleasing Expectancy.

Querpo. If you have no News from *Abroad*, pray Entertain us with something that's *Domestick*; for I have been of late such a Stranger to the World, as if, like a *Nun-Loving Priest*, I had been Mew'd up in a *Monastery*.

Harlem. I know Mr. *Blunt* and you, Doctor, have no Opinion of *Witches* or *Spirits*; I have often heard you say that they are all *Juggles* and *Impostures*. But I have a Story from *Goldington*, a Town near *Bedford*, that will make the Hair of your Head stand as Erect as a *Hogs-bristles* when he's Angry, and so Convincingly Attested, that you must believe it, except you have the *Infidelity* of a *Jew*, or the *Obstinacy* of a *Papist*.

Blunt.

Blunt. Prithee let's hear it; for I reckon if it wins not on our Faith, it will provoke our Laughter.

Harlem. I shall first read you the Letter I receiv'd from my Correspondent, and then give you the Names of the Persons who were Eye-Witnesses to the Fact.

Querpo. Pray, Gentlemen, give Mr. *Harlem* your Attention; I'll warrant you some Wench or other has Spew'd up a Bushel of *Crooked Pins* into her *Chamber-Pot*, or some such Business, I'll venture my Life on't.

[*Harlem Reads.*]

S I R,

“ A Very strange and wonderful Occurrence hap-
 “ pening in our Neighbour-hood, and know-
 “ ing that all such Novelties must be welcome to a
 “ Gentleman of your Parts and Curiosity, I thought
 “ my self oblig'd to acquaint you with the same,
 “ which pray take as follows.

“ Old Gammar *Bounciful*, of *Goldington*, about a
 “ Mile from *Bedford*, long suspected of holding a
 “ Familiar Correspondence with Infernal Spirits,
 “ having, by a Tenter-hook in her Door-Case, torn
 “ an ugly slit in her best *Carrie-Petticoat*, came to the
 “ House of one *John Longland*, an Honest Man, tho'
 “ a *Taylor*, to beg some of his Baisting-Thread to
 “ mend the Rent in her Garment; but *Longland*
 “ (notwithstanding his Hell for Cabbage beneath
 “ the Shop-board) defying the Devil and all his
 “ Works, would by no means gratifie Gammar
 “ *Bounciful's* request, but bid her be gon, or he would
 “ run his Bodkin into her Tail, or knock her down
 “ with his Yard. Upon which Gammar *Bounciful*, in a
 “ mighty

“ mighty Passion, turn’d away from the Door, by
 “ the help of her Crutch, muttering as she went
 “ most bitter Execrations against her Neighbour
 “ *Longland*, who, forgetting to double his Thumbs
 “ into his Fists to prevent the force of her Charms,
 “ began to find a Meagrim in his Head, as if he
 “ had been largely Drinking of Mother *Snarly’s* Ale,
 “ though, it is well known to his whole Family,
 “ that he had drank nothing but a Measure of Skim-
 “ med Milk since his rising in the Morning, so that
 “ he could not be otherwise than very Sober. As
 “ he was thus continuing at his Work, Rantering
 “ the Seams of an Old Farmer’s New Doublet, with
 “ his Boy upon the Shop-board by him, mending
 “ an Old Riding pair of Trowsers for the Clark
 “ of the Parish, they were of a sudden pelted as
 “ they sat, with such a vast Number of Clods and
 “ Stones, that they might have measur’d ’em by the
 “ Bushel; upon which several Neighbours were cal-
 “ led in to be Eye-Witneses of this amazing Disaster,
 “ who were no sooner enter’d, but my Neighbour
 “ *Longland’s* Goose (after the Storm abated) began
 “ to Dance about the Shop-board, like any *Fairy* in
 “ the Moonshine, and leap’d from place to place in
 “ sight of many Spectators, without the assistance
 “ of any visible Power. Their Hats that hung upon
 “ Wooden-Pegs for that purpose, jump’d from Pin
 “ to Pin, and chang’d their Places, like so many
 “ merry Clowns in a Country *Morrice-Dance*. Their
 “ Shoes, which they had slipp’d off when they moun-
 “ ted the Shop-board, grew so wild and disobedient,
 “ that they jump’d from the Ground into the very
 “ Faces of their Masters; and a Purse that was but-
 “ ton’d close in the Boys Pocket, was taken out by
 “ Invisible Hands, and thrown openly upon the Ta-
 “ ble, and convey’d back again into his Pocket af-
 “ ter the same manner. Nor were all these Pro-
 “ digies

“ digies Transacted only once, but repeated sundry
 “ times upon several Days, so that abundance of
 “ Persons from *Bedford*, and other adjacent Towns,
 “ became Spectators of the Wonders I have here re-
 “ lated. In Witness of the Truth hereof, some of
 “ the most Eminent have Subscrib'd their Names.

Madam Rebecca Vouchall, Quality.
Mehitabel Tallowbore, Pump-maker.
Habakkuk Waddle, Church-Warden.
Hezekiah Sewling, Taylor, and Clark
of the Parish.

I hope you'll believe this, Gentlemen, or else I
 must take you to be *Infidels*.

Blunt. If I was never to be thought a *Christian* till
 I could pin my Faith upon thy idle Romances, in
 the Opinion of the World, I should certainly Dye
 an *Atbeist*.

Querpo. This is such a Monster of a Tale, that a
 Man might as soon believe the Story of Fryar *Bacon's*
 Brazen-Head, as give the least Credit to it; I won-
 der you are not asham'd to Report it to any Body
 that you think has more Sense than a *Monkey*.

Prim. Had it been Attested by any Gentlemen of
 Honour, or Devout Ladies of Unspotted Reputation,
 then I should have said something to it.

Harlem. I'll assure you 'tis Attested by a very Vertu-
 ous pious Lady, whose Father is no less a Man than a
 Knight in *Cambridge-shire*, only I chang'd her Name,
 in Respect to her Quality.

Blunt. I suppose she is one of the *Camisars* Congre-
 gation; for if there be such a Report, and any that
 Warrant it for a Truth, it must be a Juggle contriv'd
 by such sort of Impostors to amuse the Ignorant.

Querpo. You may be assur'd it is either Roguery,
 or Lunacy, in the first Reporters.

Harlem.

Harlem. Ah Gentlemen! we that Live in this Religious Town, little think how busie the Devil may be in the Country.

DIALOGUE IX.

Querpo, Blunt, Prim, and Harlem, remaining at a Table.

Querpo. I Am apt to fancy, Mr. *Harlem*, that the Devil is as busie in *London*, as in any part of the Kingdom, notwithstanding we have Guttred Religion as the *Irishman* did his *Oysters*, and think to secure our selves by Creeping into the Shell.

Blunt. I must confess, a good Man would guess that the black *Chymist* makes this Town his principal *Laboratory*, or else so many two Leg'd Brutes would not be Tempted to pervert the Laws of Nature by their filthy *Sodomy*, and then to Swing themselves into the Devil's Embraces to avoid Publick Infamy.

Harlem. What signifies two or three Hundred Profligates in such a Righteous City? I hope we have a great many Lots to save us from the Judgment of *Old Sodom*.

Querpo. You speak as presumptively as if you knew where to find 'em: As for my part, was I to go upon the search, I believe I should be as much puzzled as *Diogenes* was in *Athens*, when he look'd for an Honest Man.

Prim. I protest, Gentlemen, I have such a Qualm come over my Stomach, that I must beg your Pardon: I find this *Tobacco Air* does not at all agree with me. Pray Doctor don't forget me: Gentlemen your humble Servant.

Omnes. Yours, Sir.

Blunt.

Blunt. This Effeminate *Tom-Doodle* of a Fop, looks as like a *Catamite* as if Nature had design'd him to gratifie the Amphibious *Lust* of some double Dealing *Hermaphrodite*. What a Pox is the matter with him, he looks so Sneakingly?

Querpo. Ask no Questions for Conscience sake. He is not well. *A Word to the Wise ought to be sufficient.*

Harlem. He is a very generous Gentleman; I am sorry to see him so very much out of Order. I wish *Love's Dragon*, that often Lurks in the Garden of *Venus*, has not bit him by the Rudder of his Affections.

Blunt. May all such vain Cox-combs be so serv'd, who have the Impudence to charge their Scandalous Intreagues upon Women of Honour and Quality, when their Vices and Debaucheries are only practis'd among *Chaucer's Sempstresses*, and *Common Strumpets*. But since he's gone, prithee let's have done with him.

Querpo. What is the meaning of all this Noise of *Sodomy* about Town? Is there any Truth in it; or is it only a *White-Fryars Sham*, to gull *Alley-Gossips* out of their Half-Pence, which their own poor Families want as much as the Printers.

Blunt. Who can question the Truth of any Wick- edness in this Exuberant Town? For my part, notwithstanding all our External shews of *Piety* and *Reformation*, I believe there is no *Vice* but what, in spite of Religion, is in its highest Ascendancy.

Harlem. I am of a quite different Opinion. *Religion*, in my time, never Flourish'd as at this present. We have as many *Churches* as ever, and thrice as many *Meeting-Houses*, consequently more *Preaching*; more *Praying*; more *Piety*; more *Vertue*; and more *Honesty* amongst us now, than ever has been known in any Age before us.

Querpo.

Querpo. If you put *Religion* in the Plural Number, and give an Estimate of our *Piety* by the diversity of our Opinions, I must needs confess we abound with that Variety, which the most Reform'd Ages heretofore could never boast of. But if you Talk of *Honesty*, *Vertue*, *Brotherly-Love*, and *Charity*, I think they are Blessings as hard now to be found as ever.

Blunt. I have often told you, tho' I love the Practice of *Religion*, I hate to talk of it; for tho', like Fire in Cold Weather, it is a Comfortable thing in every Christian Family, yet, if we offer to handle it, or approach too near it, we must expect no other than to be Scorch'd or Burnt.

Harlem. But, however, Mr. *Blunt*, we need not be so over cautious; a Man may talk of a *Lion* without shaking him by the Whiskers.

Querpo. Since *Pimps*, *Profligates*, and *Panders* turn *Reforming-Agents*, and *Weavers*, *Cobblers*, and *Tailors* become *Ministers of the Gospel*, methinks it should be no such Crime in a *Layman* to peep a little into the present Circumstances of *Religion*, especially now it's made the Universal Topick of every good Wife's Tittle Tattle.

Blunt. Physicians, you know, Doctor, are generally accounted *Atheists*, therefore it is full as Preposterous for a Man of your Faculty to talk about *Religion*, as 'tis for an arrant Knave to rattle about his *Honesty*; therefore pray have done with it, or else tell me, in a few Words, what it is you would say of it.

Querpo. I acknowledge it the highest Obligation that can Possibly be laid upon all Humane Society; yet, methinks, at present it seems to me like a spacious Plain in a dark Night full of abundance of Cross-Roads, where, if a Man presumes to Travel without a Guide, he will go near to be Bewildred. But when there are so many Pretenders to the right

R

Path

Path, with every one his *Holy Light* kindled at the same Fire, yet Wrangling about the safest Way, pray how shall a Man do to know a Faithful Guide from a Deceitful *Jack-a-Lanthorn*?

Blunt. Prithee don't trouble me with a parcel of *Sceptical Notions*. If thou hast Liv'd to these Years and know'st not how to distinguish a *Scholar* from a *Dunce*; a *Good Man* from a *Hypocrite*; and an *Orthodox Divine* from a *Whining Enthusiast*, I think you ought to be sent to School again, and there Whipp'd till you are Wiser.

Harlem. But really, Mr. *Blunt*, since such diversity of Paths Tempt us Daily to be Straying, and the Devil takes such care to keep his broad Cossways so Sandy and Smooth for the easie Treading of a Sinner. It is no wonder that so many should be decoy'd to step awry, since the right and the wrong are equally open to the choice of all Passengers.

Querpo. I find the Devil has not yet laid so many Stumbling-blocks in the way of *Christianity*, but he is putting another Spoke in the Wheel of *Religion*, in hopes to Confound his greatest Enemy the *Church*.

Blunt. Prithee what's that? *Satan* I know has been very busie of late; yet I question not but that his utmost Efforts will prove at last but like Pelting *Snowballs* at the *Sun*, with a malicious Intent to extinguish his Glory.

Querpo. I mean those *New Jesuitical Jugglers*, call'd *Camisars*, who Travel about the County to delude Ignorant Wretches, with their Prophetical Epilepsies and Fantastical Revelations.

Harlem. Now you talk of those *Enthusiastical Gypsies*, or rather Blasphemous *Impostors*, I can tell you a Story of 'em that will be some amuzement to you if you have not heard it.

Blunt.

Blunt. Prithee let's have it; for I love to hear how every new Embryon of Religious Madness thrives among the Frantick Zealots of this divided Kingdom.

Querpo. I believe, truly, there is not such a Nursery of wild Opinions in the whole Universe as our Bewitched Nation. But pray excuse my Interruption, and let's have your Story.

Harlem. I hear the *Cammizars*, amongst 'em, have got a Wench with Child, and carry her about in great Triumph, pretending she has Conceiv'd by the *Holy Spirit*, without the Knowledge of *Carnality*; so that I suppose, in a little time we shall have some Young *Prophetical Impostor*, or *Counterfeit Messiah*, Basterdiz'd into the World, who is to declare some strange Wonder as soon as Born, and to Prophesie in his Swadling Clouts to his own wicked Disciples, who are to spread the Miracle, if the Law does not take care to stop their Mouthes, and punish all that are found to be Abettors in so vile a Blasphemy.

Blunt. Bless us; what an Age do we live in, that Foreign Madmen, or else deceitful Villains should be suffer'd Publickly to Ridicule the very Fundamentals of Christianity, in order to Distract the Common People in their Principles, and Delude poor Innocent Wretches to run Head long to the Devil.

Querpo. I wonder some of the *Indian Gymnosophists* don't come over hither, and teach the People the Art of *Pawwawing*. It being a new way of Prophefying to our Giddy-brain'd *Enthusiasts*, it must certainly take; for they are apt to admire any strange Novelty, especially in *Religion*.

D I A L O G U E X.

Harlem, Querpo, and Blunt, at a Table.

Harlem. **P**RAY what piece of Heathenish Conjur-
ation is this Art of Pawwawing a-
mong the *Indians*? I never heard of it before; and
I thought there could be no Miracle done in this
World by the Power of *God*, or the *Devil*, but what
either the Saints, or the Sinners of this Town would,
at some time or other, pretend to imitate. — Pray,
Doctor, inform me further of this Mystery?

Querpo. Though I have Travell'd over *France*,
Spain and *Germany*; *Sweden*, *Denmark* and *Poland*;
Rome, *Italy* and *Holland*; Practiced in all the Hospi-
tals of *Europe*; taken my Degrees at *Leyden* and *Utrecht*,
yet my Curiosity never led me into the *Heathen World*,
so that I can only Oblige you with an imperfect Ac-
count, gathered from other Travellers.

Enter Log.

Omnes. Mr. Log, your humble Servant.

Log. I wish I had a Ship full of such Servants in
America, I would soon teach you to Sing *Psalms*, and
Steal *Logwood*, and make you at once serve *God* with
your Tongues, and the *Devil* with your Hands, or
else I would fetch Fire into your Backsides with a
Ropesend, or a Cat-of-nine-Tails.

Blunt. We may thank our Stars we are not at your
Mercy; for, I am apt to believe, when you are in
Sovereign Power over your Wooden Territories, or
amongst your Slaves in *Virginia*, you are subject to
forget

forget they are your fellow Creatures, and of God's Making.

Querpo. But pray, Mr. *Log*, in your repeated Voyages to *America*, was you ever an Eye-Witness of the Pawwawing of the *Indians*?

Log. Many Years since I had once the Opportunity; and, I'll Swear, I was as much amaz'd as if I had met an Army of Old Witches Floating upon the Main Ocean in a Fleet of *Egg-shells*.

Harlem. Pray, Mr. *Log*, acquaint us with the manner of it, and you will much Oblige us, because the *Doctor* thinks that our *French* Prophets, according to the Account he has had of the *Indians*, deceive the World in their Preposterous way of Prophefying by the like Subtilties.

Log. I am but a Blundering Novice at telling a Story; for you know the Stars are my Library; the Compass my Tutor; and a Ship my University: But, however, I'll hammer out the Truth to you as well as I can; and if you don't like my Tale, you may kiss my Stern.

Blunt. Pray lay aside the License of a Traveller, and begin as soon as you please.

Log. That I will upon my Word.— You must know the *Indian Sagamores*, or *Kings*, never undertake any considerable Enterprize, but they call a *Sunday*, as themselves Term it, which is usually continued, with great Solemnity, for several Days, and it happening, some Years since, that the *Indians* upon the Main in *New England*, being at Wars with those of *Long-Island*, Proclaim'd a *Sunday* in order to *Pawwaw*, that they might know the Success of some of their Forces who had been sent over to *Long-Island* with a new invented Blind. Accordingly they Built a very large long *Wigwam* by the Sea side for the Stowage of the Spectators, who Steer'd their Course from all Parts of the Country to behold the Wonder, and

I being then in *New-England*, went Aboard my Pinnace with two pair of Hands, and so Row'd along Shore till we made the General Rendezvouz, where a great Number of *Indians* with their *Squaws* and *Papooses*, were met together in a higgel-de-piggel-de Multitude, who stunk as rank of their Beautifying *Pomatum*, *Yellow-Oker* and *Bears-Grease*, as a *Bacon-Man's* Daughter does of *Swines-Lard*, after she had been making of *Hogs-Puddings*. However, the *Indians* being all *Neatups*, that is Friends, as a Body may say, I edg'd my self in amongst 'em right a-head, till I arriv'd at the upper-end of the *Wigwam*, where three very large Fires were kindled to keep the Devil, as I suppose, from catching of Cold, who was come privately out of his Hot Country, to give his Humble Servants, as I believe, his Invisible Assistance. Finding I had got a very convenient Birth, I was resolv'd to keep my Station till the Show was over, where I had not lain by for above a quarter of an Hour but an old Hachet-fac'd *Wizzard*, who look'd as frightfully as if he had swallow'd a Young *Devil* for Breakfast, began to *Pawwaw*, beating his Breast after so Passionate a manner, as if he was striving to spew him up again, screwing his Body into as many awkward Postures as an Old *Planter* troubl'd with the *Dry-Belly-Ach*, making all the time as hideous a Howling as a Ships Crew just ready to sink, till of a sudden ceasing his Noise, he fell flat to the Ground, and without Speech or Motion seem'd Dead, to all appearance, for a considerable space, lying as near the Fire as if he design'd to rise ready Roasted, that he might be Eaten by his Countrymen, no Person speaking or stirring during the whole time, excepting one, that attended with a Bowl of *Sea-Water*, often sprinkling him in the Face, as if he was Baptizing him in the *Devil's* Name, or else Basting him as we do a *Pig*, with Salt and Water, that his Skin,

when

when he was ready, might be the more Crackly; at last up he starts without the least damage from the Fires, which would have scorch'd a *Christian* to Death in a quarter of the time, and declares to the Company That they should overcome their Enemies. After him a Woman *Puwaw*'d much after the same manner, only that she fell down between the Fires flat upon her Back, the most Natural way of a Womans falling, where she lay, as in a Trance, for a considerable time, without Singeing her Hair, or doing her Body the least visible Injury, tho' she was near enough to the Fires to be Bak'd into a Crust as hard as a *Sea-Bisket*, at last up she started from between the Flames, and, in Contradiction to the former, declares That all their Forces were Cut off, and that if they went but down to the Sea-side they should see the *Cannoes* coming back which Transported 'em over, with none but those few Men which were left to take care of 'em; upon which the Multitude ran out of the *Wigwam* to the *Strand*, which was but a small distance, where they soon found the sad Story she had told 'em to be all true to their Sorrow.

Querpo. Pray, by what Art or Power do you think their Bodies were preserv'd from the Effects of the Fire? I confess it is a strange thing to me that a Human Body should be render'd *Incumbustable*.

Log. I know not what you mean by your *Bustables*; but I believe the *Devil* Skreen'd 'em, or else they would as surely have been broil'd to Death as ever St. *Lawrence* was.

Blunt. If the *Devil* had any thing to do in the matter, how came he to be so very Foolish as to let his Agents be in two Stories, one False and the other True?

Log. Perhaps the Man was not Wicked enough for the *Devil's* Purpose, and so the Old *Serpent* had

a mind to put a Trick upon him. But finding the Woman fitted him to a *T*, he made choice of her as the fittest Messenger of ill News.

Blunt. The Female Sex are much oblig'd to you for your Complement. — But, pray Doctor, what Affinity has this manner of *Prophefying* with that of the *French Prophets*? Do they pretend to show Miracles in the delivery of their Prophetical Inspirations?

Querpo. Yes, yes, they are able to out-do the *Indians* Mr. *Log* has been talking of, as much as the *German Artist* can out Conjure a Common *Juggler*; for *Glavis*, I think his Name is, one of the chief of 'em, pretends to go actually into the Fire, and to set himself down bare-Ars'd upon a heap of Red-hot Coales, and Smoke a Pipe of *Tobacco* for half an Hour in the middle of the Flames, and come out, when he has done, with no more hurt than if he was a new *Abednego*, or the Son of a *Salamander*.

Blunt. Well said Doctor, you are an Excellent Artist at the *Long-bow*: I find you have out-shot Mr. *Log*, as far as Sir *Harry Blunt* would an Ordinary Traveller.

Harlem. Though you seem to Laugh at it, upon my Word, Mr. *Blunt*, I have heard, Seriously, from several *Devout Fanaticks*, That the same Man, to convince them of the Truth of his being a real *Prophet*, and no *Impostor*, has some where beyond Sea, walk'd Soberly into a great Fire and out again with as little harm as the Three Children pass'd the Fiery Furnace, and that several Persons now in *Holland* have sent over hither their Testimonies of the Fact, who were Eye-Witnesses of the Miracle.

Blunt. I believe you mean from *Ireland* instead of *Holland*; for I fancy the best Evidence of such Wonders are to be found among the *Bog-Trotters*.

Querpo,

Querpo. I confess, could I be but a Spectator of such a Prodigy, it would go a great way in settling my Faith of abundance of Misteries, which I am now a *Scriptist* in.

Log. As I Live, I have seen such strange things among the *Indians*, that I can almost believe any thing, though I am verily persuaded, what they do is by the Power of the Devil, because they openly Worship him as a powerful Spirit, that he should do them no harm.

Harlem. Therefore why may not the *French Prophets* do as great Miracles by the same Power, for before they *Prophesie*, they fall into strange Extravagant Fits, beat their Breasts, screw themselves into Frantick Postures, and make ugly Noises like the *Indians*, and look, I am sure, with such Infernal Countenances, as if they were the Devils near Relations.

Blunt. So long as you allow their Works, Doctrine, and Prophecies to be of the Devil's Contriving, I am ready enough to agree with you; but whoever esteems them as *St. John's* Interpreters, or sets them up as new Lights in the *Christians Religion*, proves himself such a *Fanatical Blockhead*, that he deserves to be Excommunicated out of the Pale of the *Christian Church*.

Querpo. Ignorant People in all Ages are led astray by *Hypocritical Sanctity* and *False Miracles*. If an Impudent Fellow does but pretend *Inspiration*, and can but amuse the People with *Dreams, Visions* and *Prophecies*, he may soon become the Oracle of a parcel of *Zealous Lunatics*, who, like the Old *Ægyptians*, are ready to Worship every Owl that does but Hoot and Hollow to 'em.

DIALOGUE XI.

Harlem, Blunt, Querpo, and Log, sitting
at a Table.

Harlem. IT is no great Wonder, in my Opinion, when *Hypocrisie* is grown as *Epidemical* as the *Scurvey*, that a *Sinner* should wear the Face of a *Saint*, or a *Weaver*, by the motion of the Spirit be suddenly Converted from the *Loom* to the *Pulpit*. But it is a Wonder to me how such a *Barking Car-wibble* of a *Zealot*, when he is turn'd *Shepherd*, does to muster up a *Flock*.

Blunt. That's answer'd in the Old Proverb, *One Fool makes many*. Besides, they are generally so *Cunning* as not to pretend a Call till they are sure of a *Congregation*.

Querpo. I'll Swear 'tis a Comical way of shifting off *Rags* and *Lice*, and descending from a Rotten Old *Garret* to the Government of a *Conventicle*, instead of ascending from the *University* into the *Pulpit*. If such sort of Fellows shall pretend a Call into *Spiritual Authority* over a *Christian Congregation*, the Lord have Mercy upon such Ignorant Wretches who Blunder Headlong after such Blind Guides.

Log. What a Fuss you *Fresh-Water Christians* make about *Religion*. I have been Aboard among a Hundred Hands, all Honest Fellows too, but if it would have sav'd us from Sinking to the bottom, I am sure we could not have muster'd up the *Ten Commandments* among us all; yet we Liv'd as Peaceably and Quietly as if the *Boatswain* had Whistl'd us up to *Prayers* Twice or Thrice in a Day.

Harlem.

Harlem. I hope you were not such *Heathens* as to forget your *Duty*, though you were not Whistl'd to it. What, did you never *Pray*?

Log. Yes, yes, very heartily sometimes in a Storm, but then 'twas mix'd with so much *Cursing* and *Swearing*, that while one half were *Praying* to God, the other were *Serving* the *Devil*; yet those that were most Wicked always did most Work; for, in short, if they had not, I know not where we might have been for all our Snivling.

Blunt. I find by you Profane Talk you were Born of *Wappin* Parents; Christen'd, I believe, in *Punch*; Nurs'd up at a *Cabbin-Door*; and went to School between *Decks*. I hope all *Mariners* don't set as light by *Religion* as you seem to do?

Querpo. I suppose Mr. *Log's Religion*, like that of the *Times*, is to get *Money*; and the only Blessing he desires, when at Sea, is a *Prosperous Voyage*.

Log. What do you *Land-Lubbers* make such a Bustle about *Godliness* for, if there was not Gain at the bottom of it? Do ye not make *Interest* your *Haven*, and Steer your *Consciences* accordingly? What is it that your *Pilots* Squabble for, when they are all at Anchor in so safe a Harbour, if it was not about who should have the best Birth? If the *Painted Stern* would give but way to the *Rusty Collier*, the one would never fall foul upon the other to tear down her *Gilding* and *Carving*, but that she hates to see another as Fine as a *Prince's Yatch*, and her self as Black and as Homely as if she was the *Devil's Ferry-Boat*.

Blunt. I like your *Allegory* well enough: But I find you *Mariners* have as wild a Notion of *Religion*, as if you thought it of no other use than to be made a *Stalking-Horse* to your Worldly Affairs; and that it might be either Practic'd, or Neglected, according as the Use, or Omission of your *Duty* should best agree with your *Temporal Occasions*.

Log.

Log. Why, does not every Body do so? May *Salt-Water* be my *Poison*, the next time I drink it, if ever I dealt with any Man in my Life, but I always found he could lay aside *Religion* to make way for his *Interest*, though you should never catch him in his Shop without a *Geneva Bible* in his Hand; and do you think us *Seamen* such Fools that we can learn nothing from the *Policy* of you *Landmen*?

Querpo. Then, I find, you think it a very Notable piece of Cunning to be as wicked as the rest of the World, provided, like them, you can but make it Profitable.

Log. Blood and Gun-powder, what would you have one do? — If a Man will not be as great a Hypocrite as those he Deals with, he is sure to be Cheated; and if he be, he will be able to make but Trick and Tye, just a saving Lay of it. He must be a greater Hypocrite if he means to Thrive in this World, and then, perhaps, he may gain an Opportunity of Cozening them as they would him, if he could not out Wit 'em at their own Weapon.

Harlem. I'll Swear, Mr. *Log*, I did not think you had been such a Man. You talk as extravagantly as if you were over a Bowl of *Punch* instead of a Dish of *Coffee*.

Blunt. I confess there are too many that shape their Primitive Tunicks, and screw their Sanctify'd Countenances up to a Religious Formality, who are as sharp in their Dealings as a *Newgate Solicitor*, or an *Amsterdam Jew*: But that is no Rule, or License, Mr. *Log*, for a Man to play the Hypocrite with Heaven, in order to out-wit them by the same Art of Dissimulation.

Log. The *Devil's Broker* Preach'd the same Doctrine to my Lord *Shaftsbury* before he bit him of his *Beaver Skins*. Those Honest Men that hold your Principles, are the very Fools that the Sanctify'd

fy'd Knaves we Talk of, seek to make their Markets of. They desire all People may be Just but themselves, so that they may Cheat others without the danger of being Cheated.

Querpo. I fancy, Mr. Log, you are apt to think they deal by *Honesty* as they do by *Moderation*; cry it up as a wonderful *Vertue*, but never use a Jot of it.

Harlem. I hope Mr. Log's a Man of more *Charity* than to Judge so hardly of any, but such, who by Experience, he knows to be Designing *Pharisees*.

Log. I don't pretend to understand your hard Words: A *Pharisee* may be a *Witch*, or a *Gipsie*, for ought I know. — But you may be sure I have not Traded between *London*, in *Europe*, and *Boston*, in *America*, above these Thirty Years, without acquainting my self a little with the Saints of Both *Englands*.

Blunt. Then, I'll warrant, you have been long enough Conversant with 'em to think your self as Good a *Hypocrite* as the best of 'em.

Log. To be plain with you, Old Friend, as Wicked as we are on Shipboard, when I'm on Shore, I can Lodge at a *Saint's* House, Handle my Hat at a long *Grace*, Pray with him in the *Parlour* next the Street twice a Day; lay my Hand upon my Breast, and profess abundance of *Religion* after Dinner, yet Kiss his Wife as soon as his Back's turn'd, without trouble to my Conscience.

Querpo. Fye upon you, Mr. Log, that's a Degree beyond Hypocrisie, and amounts to downright Treachery.

Harlem. I hope you never found them so Wicked as to serve you so; and without a Provocation of the like Nature, how could you be so Barbarous?

Log.

Log. I thank my Stars, they were never even with me in that particular; but it is because I have an Infallible Receipt against the *Horn-Plague*, which my own Mother, God rest her Soul, bid me be sure to remember as long as I us'd the *Seas*, for she often told me there was but one way to prevent that Evil.

Blunt. Pray, what Excellent Advice could this be that could guard your Brows against so *Epidemical* a Misfortune?

Log. I told you there is but one way for a *Seaman*, and that is not to *Marry*. I thought you *Land-Wise-Acres*, that Brag so much of *Schools* and *Verstities*, might have had the Wit to have guess'd that without being told it.

Querpo. We were indeed a little dull of Apprehension, or else we might have understood you without asking the Question.

Harlem. Mr. *Log* must consider the Smoky Air of this Town, especially that of a Coffee-House, Muddies our Brains, and makes our Senses Cloudy; we in *London* want the Pleasure of such fresh Breezes to clear our Understandings as he has had the Advantage of.

Log. You may boast as you please of your Land-Education, and your *Terra-Firma* Colleges; but I say for the Honour of the *Sea*, that we have better Breeding, and more Honesty on Board of Ship, than ever I could yet find amongst any of you. As for *Religion*, I confess, we don't much trouble our Heads about it, we leave that to you *Land-Lubbers* as a Cloak for your Knavery; we *Seamen* are all so upright in our Dealings, that we have no occasion for it.

Blunt. You mean you are such Sordid *Heathens* that you have no regard to it, but live, like so many *Hogs*, grunting over your *Pea's*, as if you were
Created

Created for no other End, but to serve your selves and your Owners.

Log. If I had you but on Board, and could but hear you say as much, I'd make you know what it was to speak *Petit-Treason* within the Fortify'd Walls of my little Wooden Dominions.

Querpo. A *Mariner*, I'll allow, is a very Honourable Profession. But, however, Mr. *Log*, it must not be put in Competition with *Physick*, *Law*, or any of those Noble Sciences.

Log. No; then I'll be bound to knock my Ship o'the Head, buy a Founder'd Jade as Poor and as Lame as a *Gravesend-Hackney*, Mount my self upon his gall'd Back, and Sell Two-Penny Packets for a Livelihood. — Pray behold your Lady-look'd *Lawyer* Wrangling for his *Client*, with his Noddle full of Cases, his Tongue tipp'd with hard Words, and his Hands full of Writings. The *Physician* feeling the Pulse of his Sick *Patient* with one Hand, and holding up the Head of his *Ebony-Cane* to his Nose with the other, and compare either of these to a *Sea-Commander*, with his Hat and Feather Cock'd, Brandishing his drawn Cutlace upon the *Quarter-Deck*, giving the Word of Command in the height of an Engagement, amidst a Shower of Bullets, and a Cloud of Gunpowder, and then tell me, without Flattery, which of the three is the Bravest Fellow in his Station.

D I A-

D I A L O G U E XII.

Harlem, Blunt, Querpo, and Log *sitting at a Table ;*
to them Enters Double.

Double. BLESS me, Mr. *Harlem*, what does a Man of your Faculty do Sotting in a *Coffee-House* over a Pipe of *Tobacco*, when the Town is surpriz'd with such terrible News from the *Bishop* and his *Clarks*.

Harlem. News, Sir! and from the *Bishops* and *Clergy* too ; Flesh and Eels 'tis time to be running: Gentlemen Farewell to ye.

Blunt. What frightful Story's this, you are come Puffing and Blowing in all this hurry to amuse us with ?

Double. Ah, Sir, 'tis such a woful Misfortune, that I cannot tell it without Weeping.

Querpo. I'll Warrant you some Rich Alderman or other, Troubl'd with a Scrupulous Conscience, has Hang'd himself in his Gold Chain, or some such business, I suppose.

Double. You are much mistaken, Doctor, it is worse News than that, I assure you ; we could better have spar'd twenty Aldermen, at this time of Day, than one such Admiral.

Log. Blood and Gun-Powder I hope we have not lost an Admiral.

Blunt. Heaven forbid ! that would be sorrowful News indeed, to happen at the end of such a Summers Work.

Double. Ah, Mr. *Blunt*, with Grief I tell it, it is too true; and if Report ben't a Lyar, we have not only lost the Admiral but two or three great Ships into the Bargain.

Querpo.

Querpo. This is bad News indeed ; and every true *Englishman* ought to be heartily sorry for it. Pray which of the Admirals was it ; and after what manner came he by his Misfortune ?

Double. Sir *Cloudsley Shovel* is the Man, that Gallant Commander.

Log. Sir *Cloudsley* lost ! by all that's round the Compass, he was as Brave a Seaman as ever stood between *Stem* and *Stern* of a Ship.

Blunt. It is Melancholy News indeed. Was he Shot, Burnt, Sunk, or did he Die a Natural Death ? Which way did he make his *Exit* from the Cares and Troubles of this Jarring World.

Double. It's reported he was lost among those fatal Rocks, about a League off *Scilly*, call'd the *Bishop* and his *Clerks*.

Querpo. It is a hard case that a Man, who lov'd the *Church* so well, should at last split upon a *Bishop*. Are you assur'd of the Truth of this unhappy News ? Pray how is it Confirm'd ?

Double. It is only generally Reported, but the Publick as yet have not any Confirmation.

Blunt. Then, I hope, he is only missing for the present, and that he still may be alive, to contradict the *Rumour*.

Log. I wish he may, with all my Heart ; But the *Rocks* you speak of are very dangerous, tho' if he struck upon that call'd the *Bishop*, it is very probable he might save himself and his Men, for it's a large *Rock*, and able to receive them, tho' they may there perish for want of Food, if we send not out a Vessel on purpose to look after him.

Blunt. The Sea is a hazardous Element, full of many Dangers, and the Bravest Man, tho' never so Circumspect, when floating upon its Surface, is there continually liable to very fatal Disappointments. But,

I hope, notwithstanding the Uncertainty of the Waves, that we shall hear at last of the safe Arrival of our Admiral.

Double. I wish it as heartily as any Body, tho' I fear it's to be doubted.

Log. When that Good News comes to Town, I am resolv'd to Treat you with a Bowl of *Punch*, that shall Elevate your Souls *Main-top-mast* high, and make your Hearts as Merry as a *Boatswain* and his Mate over a *Sea-Pye* and a Can of *Flip*——Chear up, my Lads; who knows but it may happen.

Blunt. Heaven grant it may.——But pray Mr. *Double*, what other News have you, that may give us a little Comfort after so great a Misfortune?

Double. Truly none at all that can administer, to a *True Protestant*, any manner of *Consolation*; therefore if you want to be Comforted, you know a Dram of *French Brandy* is an Excellent Cordial.——But now I think of it, I had such a Comical Printed Bill thrust into my hand by a Fellow upon the *Change*, that Amuses me so strangely, I know not what to make of it.

Blunt. Prithee let's see it.

[*Double gives him the Bill, and Blunt reads it.*]

S I R,

Above Two Hundred Sober and Discreet Citizens having Seriously Consider'd, That there are many more Justices of the Peace for this City since the late Revolution, than were before, and, consequently, the great Delay of Justice that may happen, if any one of them should be Chosen to represent the said City; have therefore, in their Wisdoms, agreed to Promote the Interest of Sir Johannes Spratlove, being a Person of great Courage and Loyalty, and whose Temper and Moderation have been so
very

very Conspicuous, thro' the whole Course of his Life, and more particularly during his late Authority, and who has promis'd Occasionally to Conform to the said City for such time as he shall have the Honour to Represent her : For whom, therefore, your Vote is humbly desir'd ; and he shall ever Pray, &c.

Blunt. A very comical Petition, upon my Word ; I suppose it's design'd as a Banter upon some Worthy Citizen or other.

Double. I don't pretend to understand it ; I have no knack at unriddling such kind of Jocular Mysteries ? I confess, I have heard of a Great Citizen in *Spittle-fields*, who us'd to Lord it over the *French Protestants*, that got such a Surfeit by a Shoal of *Sprats*, which he had eaten for his Breakfast, that tho' he happily escap'd being Choak'd with the Bones, yet, as the Lord would have it, he over-burthen'd Nature with a Peck or two too many, and a little after he had ended his Feast, he finish'd his Course, crying out, in a wonderful Agony, *O Sprats, Sprats*, and so he dy'd.

Blunt. It could not be upon him, for he is Dead ; this must be a Jest put upon some Body that's Living.

Double. I'll warrant you 'tis upon some of the *Sprat's* Loving Generation, but who it is I shall not pretend to determine.

Log. Flesh and Eels, I think a Dish of Broil'd *Sprats* is a Feast for an Admiral ; why should a Man that loves Fish be Jested upon for Eating it ? As for my part, I think the Sea produces as good Provision as the Land.

Harlem. Ah, Gentlemen, all bad, bad, bad ; worse and worse for certain.

Blunt. What Tidings now, Mr. *Harlem*? I doubt but little Comfort. Pray give the Doctor a Jog; he's taking Nod over this bad News.

Querpo. What's the matter Gentlemen? I think this melancholy News has made me Drowfie.

Log. Pray, Mr. *Harlem*, what News hear you of our Admiral? Is he gone, or no, to the bottom of the Deep?

Harlem. I suppose he has been there; for it's Credibly reported, that his Body is taken up Drown'd.

Querpo. I am heartily sorry that so Brave Man should end his Days after so Unfortunate a manner.

Blunt. Truly he deserves to be Lamented, for he was a Valiant Man, and a Great Commander; but Fortitude is no Fence against the unhappy Accidents of this World.

Double. Ah, Gentlemen, 'tis for the crying Sins of this Wicked Nation, that these Misfortunes befall us. How can we expect our Undertakings should be Bless'd, when we see *Sodomy* Riding in amongst us, upon the Back of *Reformation*.

Querpo. I wonder, Mr. *Double*, a Man of your Wisdom, Piety, and Gravity, does not shift off your Trading Temporalities, and turn Spiritual Pastor. I fancy you would Cant it extraordinary well to a *Low-Church* Congregation.

Double. Alas, Doctor, the Lord has not thought me worthy of so Blessed a Call, nor bestow'd upon me such a Portion of his Grace, as to Qualifie me for the Ministry.

Blunt. You will not be the first Man that has thought himself too Holy for his Temporal Employment, and has therefore Flung of his Trade for a more Profitable Congregation. I my self know a Teacher of the Word that was first a *Thread-Man*, then Sold *Tobacco*, and tho' he acknowledges in his Writings he has been

a great Sinner, yet a Fit of Conversion came upon him at last, and made him, all of a sudden, such a wonderful Saint, that the Spirit of Preaching came upon him, and made him step from behind his Counter into an *Anabaptist* Pulpit: But at length, the Spirit striking up a new Light in him, he thought the *Quakers* to be the true Primitive Christians, so declar'd to his Congregation, that he believ'd it no Simony to Sell his Pulpit; for that the Holy Spirit had mov'd him to forsake his Evil ways, and had convinc'd his Conscience, that the Lord's People call'd *Quakers*, were the only Saints upon the Earth, and that he was therefore converted to be of their Opinion.

Double. I Bless the most High, I happen to be well known to the Good Man thou talk'st of; and indeed, I think him to be an Upright Man, of Great Truth and Wisdom, and very notably enlighten'd with the Knowledge of the Scriptures, and the Holy Mysteries of Godliness.

Blunt. So it seems; for it is not long since he was caught by the Beadle of the Parish with a Common Strumpet, in White Chappel; and therefore, to be sure he must be one of the *Elect*, and a Saint of Excellent Morals, as well as Singular Probity and Piety.

Double. Truly I have heard as much before now; no Man is perfectly exempt from the Temptations of the *Flesh*; we are frail Creatures by the Corruptions of our *Nature*, and liable to be drawn into many Sinful Follies by the Wiles and Subtilties of *Satan*.

Querpo. Then I find, Mr. *Double*, you think a Woman is a very deluding Creature, that Flesh and Blood is not able to forbear; and that G—d's Lambs, notwithstanding their pretended Sanctity, now and then must Play.

Blunt. You must consider, Doctor, the Saints are Privileg'd to many Liberties, Sinful in the Wicked, but not in themselves, so that the Elect are Licens'd to many unlawful Pleasures, forbidden to others; amongst which, I suppose, *Fornication* to be one; from whence it must be concluded, if the Saints do so humbly condescend as to lift up the Linen of a willing Sister, that they only commit the Act, but not the Sin.

Double. No doubt but the Saints are intitled to all the good Things of this World, if not, what Benefits upon Earth would the *Saints* enjoy above the Wicked. It seems to me very reasonable to believe that the Lord will grant greater Immunities to his own People, than to the Seed of the Serpent, who are a Reprobate Generation; for suppose a Man has two Servants, and to one that he loves best, he Grants the Privilege of his Garden, and gives him leave, at his own Pleasure, to enjoy the Fruits thereof, but denies it to the other; he that is belov'd may Eat without Offence, but should the other presume to take the like Freedom, the Master, in his Anger, would Correct him for his Impudence.

Querpo! A very hopeful Argument, indeed, to prove *Saints* have a Commission to Play the Devil for God-fake.

Blunt. Prithee let's have done with this *Enthusiastick Stuff*.——Have you heard, Mr. *Harlem*, any other News than what you have already told us?

Harlem. Only that three of our Capital Ships are missing, the *Association*, which the Admiral was in, the *Prince George*, and the *Rumney*.

DIALOGUE

D I A L O G U E XIII.

Blunt, Querpo, Harlem, Double and Log
sitting at a Table.

Log. **Y**OU may see, by the Misfortune of our *Admiral*, as well as those that went with him, what Hazards we poor Seamen run in the Service of our Country, yet, when we are disabled by the Loss of our Limbs, we may hop, till our Hearts ake, upon our Wooden Legs, before we can Mump a rich Citizen out of a Penny-worth of Charity.

Querpo. You must consider, Mr. *Log*, Aldermens Estates are not to be got by Relieving the Poor, tho' they are often left to *Charitable Uses*.

Blunt. That's true: But they are often raised by Grinding the *Neecessitous*, imposing on the *Credulous*, wronging the *Fatherless*, and oppressing the *Widow*, and that's the Reason (when the Stings of *Conscience* torment them upon their Death Beds) that they beggar their Relations, to atone for their Sins, by Bequeathing *Alms-Houses* for decay'd Sots, who have less Title to their Charity,

Double. You judge very hardly of us Citizens: We can never do any Thing to please you Gentlemen of *The other End of the Town*. If we are saving, we are Niggards; if we are bountiful, we live like Lords, and not like Shopkeepers; if we are sharp, we are Knaveish; if honest, we are Fools; if religious, we are Hypocrites; if liberal, Ostentatious; and if Charitable on our Death-Beds, you take it as an Argument our Estates were ill got, and therefore have it not in our Power to bless our own Families with the Fruits of our Extortion, so that you will always have something to say against us, tho' we are never such good Christians.

Harlem. Just so they use us *News-Writers*: If we tell the Naked Truth, we are too bold and insolent; if we soften bad News, we are false and partial; if we improve our Successes, we are mercenary Flatterers; if we administer groundless Hopes in the room of reasonable Fears, we are byass'd *Scriblers*, and not to be heeded; yet, if we fail to do these things, then we must be call'd *Coram Nobis*, and forc'd to write a Recantation of the Truth, or else be collar'd with a *Wooden Toak*, like a Country Hog that is given to Hedge-breaking.

Querpo. Now you talk of softening bad News, pray what certain News, at the End of so many various Reports, have you of the outward-bound Fleet, which fell into such ugly Jeopardy with their Five Convoys?

Harlem. The *Gazette* tells you, (after all our Grumbling) *That we have lost but ten Merchant-Men out of the whole Number*, which was reported to be near a hundred Sail; and that the Royal Oak Convoy behav'd herself with that Noble Resolution as became the Courage and Bravery of true Englishmen, under the Valour and Conduct of so gallant a Commander. What would you have more? I think, of a bad Accident, it's well it was no worse.

Log. This was warmly talk'd on upon *Change* several Weeks since. — I confess, there is more Honour in saving one Ship wisely, than in losing four foolishly.

Blunt. But pray, Mr. *Harlem*, what became of the Convoys? How did they behave themselves?

Querpo. That's a material Question; but perhaps Mr. *Harlem* may not think it a proper one. Pray what says the *Gazette* as to that Point?

Harlem. In answer to that, Gentlemen, I'll tell you a Story. — A lusty young Fellow, Son to a *Western Farmer*, in the time of the Rebellion, was order'd by his Father to fetch home some Sheep from a distant Meadow,

Meadow, for fear the *Popish Red-Coats* should happen to light of 'em; and as he was driving 'em along, an unlucky Ram made a loose the wrong Way, and all the Sheep after him, and as they were scampering along a narrow Lane, *Ralph* happen'd to espy a Party of Foot Soldiers, marching hastily to meet 'em; with that the Fellow catches hold of a lusty Weather that was hindmost, flings him upon his Back, runs home with all Speed, and leaves the rest to become a Prey to the Enemies of King *Monmouth*, and bolting in a Doors with the Sheep upon his Shoulders, cries loudly out with abundance of Joy, *Vather, Vather, I have sav'd one with hard Tugging. Why, how now, Veazon*, cries the old Man, *what's become of his Vellows?* *Nay marry*, replies *Ralph*, *if that be all the Thanks you will give me for my Labour, you may go look the rest your self.*

Querpo. Then I find, if we are not thankful for the good News of what we have sav'd, if we want to be satisfy'd in what we have lost, we may e'en go look as well as the *Farmer*.

Blunt. But where must we go look, to find the Truth of bad News? since it is so hard a matter to find a Molehill of good, that is not magnify'd into a Mountain?

Harlem. Nay, some People are guilty of that unpardonable Fault, as to improve bad into worse, and to afford us nothing but cold Comfort, when we have most need of a Dram of *Brandy*.

Log. That's true, to my Knowledge; for how many shaking Heads and sorrowful Countenances have I seen upon *Change*, when the News we have now been talking of was first whisper'd, some turning up the Whites of their Eyes, crying, *Laud, at this rate, what will at last become of us?* And this among a parcel of faint-hearted Hypocrites, who never ventur'd three Pence upon a Ship's-bottom since they were launch'd into

into the World by their Mothers off the Stocks of Generation.

Double. I have been silent a great While, to hear how vainly you all talk ; what would you not have a Lover of his Country be sorry for her Losses , and every true *Protestant* grieve to see a *Popish Tyrant* play the Devil for God Sake ?

Blunt. But still it is Prudence to make the best of a bad Market, and not, upon every trifling Mischance, to run whining about, as if, upon the Presumption of nothing but Success , we had rashly engag'd our selves in such a War that we were not able to sustain the Fortune of.

Querpo. War is a precarious Undertaking. The Battle is not always given to the Strongest ; nor is the Justice of a Cause a sufficient Security to the most warlike Host, that they shall not be disappointed. But Mr. *Double* , I believe, is one of those *Predestinarian Saints*, who think all things are determin'd by a Pre-establish'd Decree, so that there is no room for Accident.

Double. I shall not enter into a Dispute about that ; but I do verily believe, that a *Protestant* People have a better Title to the Mercies of Providence, than the Bastardly Breed of the Whore of *Babylon*.

Querpo. I thought, indeed, we should put you into a Fit of Raving ; but how came it about, Mr. *Double*, that you were so high a *Flyer* , before the Revolution, as to go along with Sir *John Shorter* to kiss Somebody's Hand, and to contribute towards a Purse that was given to his Governess ; nay, sneak several times to *Mas*s in *Friday-Street*, should now become a Saint of that wonderful Moderation, as to start more at the very Word *Pope*, than you do at the Name of the *Devil*, and to think that no People in the World are the Out-Laws of Providence, but such, as in your Opinion, are the most refin'd *Christians* ?

Double.

Double. I am ready enough to confess, like other Sinners in my Time, I have wander'd out of the Way, but am now satisfy'd I am in a true Light, and hope for the future I shall remain stedfast in the Truth.

Blunt. Truth! By that, I suppose, you mean Interest; and if you do but keep firm to that, tho' you change your Religion, you may still be a Zealot in the same Principle.

Log. This thing call'd Religion, which People make such a Wrangling about, is such a Mystery to me, that I know not what to make of it. I have been cheated by a *Spaniard* as soon as ever he has come from *Mafs*; by an *Amsterdam Jew* as soon as he has step'd out of the *Synagogue*; by a *New-England Saint* as soon as risen from his *Prayers*; and by an *Old-England Puritan* as soon as he has peep'd out of a *Conventicle*; yet I have heard all these People make as great a Noise about Religion, as if it had been a Trade they had all liv'd by; but as for those you call *Church-men*, who talk the least of it, hang me at the *Yard-Arm* if I don't think they are the honestest Fellows in the whole Pack.

Harlem. To prattle about Religion in a *Coffee-House*, is like talking News in a *Church*. I had rather by half hear something that's agreeable to my own Talent, and then a Man may find Room to put in a Word with ye; but to enter upon Religion over a Dish of *Coffee*, I'll swear it has been of late such a *canting Practice* among *designing Knaves*, that whoever does it now, is certainly taken for a *Hypocrite*, if not for a worse Creature.

Querpo. I'll swear, Mr. *Harlem*, you are a very cunning Gentleman; I find you are for keeping Religion out of the *Coffee-Houses*, for fear Sermons should be laid upon their Tables instead of News Papers.

Double. I love News as well as any Body, but, however, I should think that a most blessed Change; for every

every thing in this World ought to give way to Religion.

Blunt. Except Interest, for I know Mr. *Double*, notwithstanding your wonderful Zeal and pretended Conscience, you would sooner renounce *Christianity*, and turn *Mahometan*, than give a hundred of your old broad Pieces to keep out the *Alcoran*.

Harlem. Since I find you will still be harping upon this religious String, I shall take my Leave of you at present, and try if I can't pick up something, against I meet you next, that may divert you from this Phari-
saical Humour of wrangling about your Piety. So, Gentlemen, farewell to ye.

Log. I had as good Step along with you, I know, you are moving t'wards *Change*, and that's my Way too; if you, have a mind to squabble about Religion, as *Knaves* do about their Honesty, I'll take Care to be out of the Noise of it. So, Gentleman, I am yours, as the *Purser* said to the *Devil*.

DIALOGUE XIV.

Blunt, Querpo, and Double at a Table.

Blunt. PRAY, Mr. *Double*, your Opinion of these Pious Times; Do you not find the *Reformation* go on apace?

Double. Heavens be praised, it succeeds prosperously; *Religion* is much advanc'd, and *Prophaneness* and *Immorality* suppress'd to a Miracle.

Querpo. How should it be otherwise? For to carry on the good Work the better, as *Ladies* have their *Chaplains*, every *Bawd*, now-a-days, keeps a *Reformer* in her House; nor will a *Harlot* venture herself the Length of *Cheapside* without an *Immorality Constable*,
with

with his Truncheon under his *Rascal Wrapper*, to protect her as she walks.

Double. You mean, I suppose, to take her up, and punish her, if he can catch her in her Wickedness.

Querpo. Yes, if she has neither Money nor Cloaths to pawn for any; but if she has, she's as safe in her *Whoredom*, as a Thief in a Mill.

Blunt. At this Rate the *Town Harlots* are rather encourag'd than discountenanc'd; for if the *Reforming Constables* will take their Bribes, the *Curtizans* have then some Reason to think that they *Whore* on by Authority.

Double. I am satisfy'd, in my Conscience, that these Accusations against the *Holy Instruments* are but the Suggestions of the *Devil*; for it cannot surely enter into the Hearts of Men, in so good an Office, to behave themselves so wickedly.

Querpo. I'll Swear, Mr. *Double*, you entertain a very charitable Opinion of your *Reforming Agitator's Scoundrels*, started out of *Bulks*, and drop'd from *Garrets*; who under the Pretence of *Authority*, live by *Pandering* and *Pimping*, only now and then revenge themselves upon a poor *Strumpet*, who has nothing to grease 'em with, and by carrying the Ragged *Bunter* in Triumph to Punishment, Cozen the World to believe that their whole Industry is to detect *Vice* and *Immorality*, that idle Persons may have due Correction, when, in Truth, they are no more than a parcel of *Brimestone Dogging Rascals*, who encourage their Confederate *Prostitutes*, to pick Gentlemen's Pockets as they pass the Streets, that they may share the Booty, if it be Money, or perhaps, get a handsome Reward offer'd in some of the *News Papers*, for the Return of a Pocket-Book.

Double. Bless me! How idly you talk; and what a vain Conceit you have of those honest Men, who, I dare

dare to Swear, out of pure Zeal and Conscience, give their unfeigned Assistance to so good a Work. But yet the Labourer ought to be thought worthy of his Hire.

Blunt. If some of them had their Deserts, who skreen their Villanies under this reforming Umbrage, I believe 'twould be a Gallows; for as my self was, one Night, crossing to my Lodging, more than a little in Wine, under a Gate-way I happen'd to be jostled by a Brace of Harlots, between whom, as it prov'd afterwards, I lost my Pocket-Book; but, being elevated with the Bottle above the pitch of Business, I went to Bed without missing it: Early in the Morning, before my usual Time of Rising, up comes my Servant, and tells me, *A Couple of good looking Fellows were below in the Entry, and wanted to speak with me.* I bid her shew them into the Parlour, and tell 'em, I'd come down to 'em presently; so slip'd on my Gown, and went to wait upon my Visitors; who, after abundance of humble Bowing and Scraping, ask'd me, *If I had not lost a Pocket-Book in my Passage Home the last Night,* I answer'd, *Not that I knew of:* Upon which one of 'em pull'd out the Book, and I saw it was my own; after I had examin'd my loose Papers, and found all safe, I began to enquire after what Manner it came into their Custody, in answer to which they told me, *They were Servants to the Reforming Society, whose Business was chiefly to take up Lewd Women who walk'd the Streets to decoy Gentlemen, in their Cups, into their ruinous Embraces, and to carry them before the next Justice, that such Correction might be order'd 'em as the Law directs; and happening last Night, to take up a couple of loose Strumpets, who were at present secur'd in New-Prison, they had the Fortune to find upon 'em the Pocket-Book they had given me, and finding my Name in the Beginning, and some Notes within the Book, whose Directions were agreeable, from thence they came to understand my Lodging; so thought it*
their

their Duty to return me what I had lost : And to further convince me that they were such Persons as they represented themselves to be, one of them lugs out a Constable's short Staff, and shews me his Badge of Authority. So, in return of their Civility, I gave them a Crown, telling them, I would not be at the Trouble of Prosecuting the Ladies, but that they might deal by them as they should think most proper in their own Judgment. So away they went, seemingly very well contented. —

Double. Look you there now : Did they not deal honestly by you, as became Men in their Station ? And are they not highly to be commended, first, for securing such wicked Harlots ; and secondly, for bringing you your Book ?

Blunt. Yes, yes ; Men of such wonderful Integrity, that they are an Honour to a Reformation, as you will hear presently, when I have taken the Pains to unridle the whole Mystery.

Querpo. Hitherto, I confess, the whole Matter seems very honest and very plausible ; but if there be a Snake in the Grass, prithee lug him out, that we may see his Colour.

Blunt. I was pleas'd my self with the seeming Honesty of the Scoundrels, and swallow'd their Story as glib as if I had been a Country Gudgeon ; but about a Week after comes a complaisant Spark to me, and tells me, *He belong'd to Doctors-Commons ; and after abundance of Preamble, to let me know what a wonderful deal of Honour he had for all Gentlemen of Worth, of which number he took me to be one ; he therefore came, out of an infinite Respect, to acquaint me, That there was an Information exhibited against me in the Spiritual Court, for Incontinency with a Couple of Strumpets upon such a Night, by the same Token I lost my Pocket-Book at the same Time ; and that he had more Regard to a Gentleman of my Figure and Character*

rather than to serve me with a Citation, before he had paid me a Visit to communicate the Matter, that I might take the speediest Way to stifle the Disgrace, and put a Stop to the Proceedings, which, by a notable Stratagem that he had in his Head, might be done at the inconsiderable Charge of about five Guineas; which, besides the Scandal, would otherwise stand me in at least twenty.

Double. Come, come, Mr. Blunt, notwithstanding your pretended Modesty, I find you had been dabling, tho' you'd make your self innocent, as you tell the Story; and Sinners ought to be punish'd either in Person, or in Pocket, or how can we expect a thorough Reformation?

Querpo. Prithee what Answer did you make to the Gentleman, who was so much your Friend?

Blunt. Friend, with a Pox to him. — I'll tell ye; I bid him meet me at a certain Tavern, about five a Clock the same Evening, and that I would then give him my farther Resolutions.

Querpo. Now I begin to foresee, we shall have a comical Conclusion; for I know, you are not a Man to be so easily bubbld.

Blunt. You are in the Right on't. — I get my Money too honestly to fling it away so foolishly. — I smelt a Rat presently; and to be better prepar'd for my Spark at Night, I call'd upon an old Friend well acquainted with the Villainous Practices of this exuberant Sodom, and gave him the whole Story; who began, like Mr. Double, to banter my Modesty, and told me, That a Man of my Gravity between two young Strumpets, must look like old Father Lot kissing his two Daughters; but however, assur'd me, it was nothing but a Town-Trap, and that he would go with me at Night and put a Stop to the Proceedings without the five Guineas, and make them glad to give me Money too, for the Trouble they had put me to.

Double.

Double. Ay, ay; I think 'tis very hard, that any honest *Reformer* should be so serv'd, for only endeavouring to punish *Vice* as it ought to be.

Querpo. I find you are just like the rest of your Tribe, forward to Censure, but impatient of the Truth. Pray hear the Whole first, and then judge afterwards.

— Proceed Mr. *Blunt*.

Blunt. At Night we met at the Time and Place appointed, and no sooner had my Friend set Eyes upon my *Proctor*, but he knew him to be a *Sharper* about Town, who had formerly been bred in the C——rs Office. *Why, how now, Mr. S——,* says my Friend, *Pray how long have you belong'd to Doctors Commons?* Notwithstanding his *Impudence*, at the Sight of my Friend he was so dash'd out of Countenance, that he had not the least Excuse that could extenuate his *Roguery*; upon which my Friend told him, *Unless he would discover his Accomplices, and open the whole Intrigue he had so Villanously undertaken, that we would charge him with a Constable.* But knowing my Friend to be a Man of Sense and Value, he thought it would avail him but little to prevaricate, so, upon Promise of Forgiveness, he up and told us the whole Truth, which was, *That there was a Gang of extravagant Fellows, who undertook to be Informers against Lewd Women, amongst whom was a reforming Constable, by which Means they all protected themselves from being forc'd into the Service of the Government. But that, instead of suppressing Vice and Immorality, they kept a private Correspondence with such base Women who were both Whores and Pick-Pockets, two of which were the very Ladies who had pick'd my Pocket of my Book under the Gate-way, and that seeing he was very fuddled, and believing he might forget himself, they were both ready to swear that he had carry'd them into a certain Tavern and had there lain with them; and that now they were all contriving, since he had parted with a Crown, to bubble*
T
him

him of more Money, and that several of the Gang were at that Instant below in a Box to wait the Success that he should have in his Enterprize—

Querpo. Very hopeful Reformers! What say you to this, Mr. Double?

Double. These were only a Pack of Wolves crept into Sheep's Cloathing. There can be no Society on this side Heaven so entirely good, but there will be some ill Men among 'em.

DIALOGUE. XV.

Blunt, Querpo, and Double at a Table.

Querpo. A Very Notable Contrivance; what Penance did you put upon your *Sham Proctor* before you parted with him?

Blunt. He should have paid the Reckoning, but he had no Money; so I made him give me a Note for what I disbursed, to take off the Scandal of my being a *Bubble*, after which he made a sneaking Bow, and so departed; and the next News I heard of him was, that having enter'd himself into the Service, he was Shot to Death for his *Cowardice*.

Querpo. I wish all the *Reforming Scoundrels*, who turn *Petticoat Pensioners*, the same Fate; for they keep the Jades so Poor, that if once they get *Pox'd* they are forc'd to beg themselves into *Kingsland-Hospital*, for want of Money to buy *Physick*.

Double. What News now, Gentlemen? Pray give us something that may divert Mr. *Blunt* from this Topick of *Reformation*; for I cannot perswade him to have a Charitable Opinion of so Laudable a Work.

Harlem.

Harlem. The People are all Mad; their Tongues run at Random, and their Brains a Wooll-gathering, as if all the World were turn'd *Bedlamites*.

Blunt. That's no News; for this dissatisfy'd Town has been in the same Condition ever since I can remember.

Querpo. And will be so as long as *Knavery, Folly, Avarice,* and *Contention* are so very Exuberant.— But what's the matter now, Mr. *Harlem*? Perhaps a new Worm has crept into their Noddles, and made them more Mad than ordinary.

Harlem. I think, truly, that a General *Lunacy* has Infected the City, for, where-ever you come, the People are talking of nothing but *Dark-Doings, Treachery, Black Rods, Traitors Gates,* and such a parcel of wild Stuff, that you would really think they were distracted.

Double. I suppose their great Concern for the unhappy Loss of so Brave an Admiral, has hurry'd them a little beyond their Natural Tempers; Grief, we know, is a kind of Frenzical Passion, yet have but a little Patience and all will be well again.

Blunt. I hope they are not so Mad to think that Sir *Cloudsley* cast himself away, with any design to disoblige the *Government*.

Harlem. Not quite so Mad as that neither: But some over-heated Zealots are so very Angry at the *Bishop* and his *Clerks*, that, I dare to Swear, if they knew but how, they would bring them into a *Plot*, and turn 'em out of their Places.

Log. Upon that Condition that they could but be Removed, I would become an Evidence against them. I know 'em to be bitter Enemies to Her Majesties good Subjects: One Night I had like to have gone to Heaven that way my self, had I not happily escap'd the Danger, and *Dissented* from 'em in due Season.

Double. I find you are a good Man, Mr. *Log*, because you wou'd rather Dissent than hazard your Ruin upon a *Bishop* and his *Clerks*; for, indeed, I think I have wisely taken the same Method.

Querpo. I doubt you make such an *Allegory* of Mr. *Log*'s Words, that he never intended: I believe you think he is so *Low* a *Churchman*, that he dare not venture his *Salvation* upon the *Church Episcopal*.

Log. Then I can tell him he is as much deceiv'd in me, as if he had taken me for a *Crocodile*; tho', I confess, we Seamen cannot boast much of our Religion, yet I have enough to convince me, that the *Bishops* are safe *Pilots*, the *Church* they Govern a very sound *Vessel*, and that they are able to Steer us to the *Port* of *Heaven*, much better than those *Irreverend Interlopers*, who hate the Name of a *Bishop's See*, for no other reason but because they don't rightly understand *Apostolical Compass*.

Querpo. I believe you are mistaken in Mr. *Double*; for some People will be apt to say he has vary'd his *Faith*, at times, to all the Two and Thirty Points of it.

Log. Then he's a meer *Fane*, a *Weather-Cock*: Give me a Man that will stand as true to his *Principles* as the *Needle* to the *North*; and that dares, in the highest Storm that Blows, venture his Neck to save the Vessel he Embarks in.

Double. If you talk of Necks farewell to ye: I have but one to my Back, and I shan't hazard it upon any score, so long as I can help it.

Harlem. I am glad he's gone; for he is never easie but when he is talking of Religion; and I dare to Swear he has no more in him than a Country *Sexton*.

Querpo. Well; but, Mr. *Harlem*, a Word or two more with you about this Frantick Devil that the People are Possess'd with: What a P—x is the matter with

with them ? If they are Mad enough to take Physick, prithee recommend my Pills to some of 'em.

Harlem. They have only been glutted with such variety of *Successes*, that now, forsooth, a little *Disappointment* is such a coarse Novelty, that it will not go down with 'em, without Grumbling and Kecking.

Querpo. It is always the unhappy Temper of Impatient Spirits to be Riding upon the Ridge of the House, or Scratching in the bottom of the Cellar ; either *Mad* with extravagant Joy, or *Distracted* with deep *Melancholy*, *Dissatisfied* with what they *have*, or *uneasie* at what they *have not* ; and the very same *Grumbletonians*, who are now for Magnifying our present *Misfortunes*, were always for Lessening the greatest of our *Successes* ; and those who were Drunk with Excess of Gladness upon the smallest *Fortune*, are now Drown'd with Sadness upon every trifling *Mischance* ; therefore how is it possible that either *God* in the Course of his *Providence*, or Man in the Best of his *Conduct*, should long preserve such an untoward mixture of uneven Temper'd *News-bounds* in their right Senses.

Blunt. We are too apt to fancy our selves *God Almighty's* chosen *Favourites*, and therefore, whenever we expect a *Blessing*, and it chances to fall besides our own Mouths, the *Elect* are apt to think they have lost a part of their *Patrimony*.

Harlem. That's the Reason that when any thing goes contrary to their Wishes, they always charge it upon the Mismanagement of their Governours, because, if it goes against 'em, they think *Heaven* can have no hand in it.

Log. Then they are just like my *Sailors* ; for, give 'em what good Usage you will, they think they well deserve it ; but if once you Drub 'em with a Ropes End for their Faults, the Rogues will grumble as if

the Devil were in 'em, forget former *Kindnesses*, but always remember the last *Punishment*.

Harlem. I am sure for Years together I had scarce a Paragraph of Bad News to discredit my Paper withal, and yet all our Victories by Land, our Successes by Sea, our Triumphs and Thanksgivings, are as much forgot already, by a parcel of *Avaricious Hotspurs*, because they have Fool'd away a little Money upon the *Toulon Expedition*, as if we had receiv'd no Signal Favours from the Hand of *Providence* worth our Thankful Remembrance.

Blunt. The common Ingratitude of Mankind puts me in mind of a very remarkably Story, viz. A couple of young Gentlemen happening to be left, by an Extravagant Father, wholly Unprovided for, a Rich Uncle, who was a Citizen, taking a liking to the Eldest, the most hopeful of the two in the best of his Judgment, bequeath'd him, when he Dy'd, a four Thousand Pound Legacy, making no Provision for his Youngest Nephew, because he was of Opinion that he would prove a Spendthrift like his Father; but the Eldest who had the Fortune, being a Man of a Liberal Disposition, took Compassion on his Brother, and receiving him into his House with all Filial Affection, made him Welcome to all manner of Necessaries equal with himself. The Younger observing the Generosity of the Elder, took the Advantage of his Temper at all times when he found his Heart was most open, and would lose no favourable Opportunity of begging a small Sum of him upon some Pretence or other, which he took care to improve, or hoard up with all imaginable Husbandry, till at last the unhappy Gentleman, by his Liberality to his Brother, and other Persons, had quite consum'd his Fortune, that he was forc'd to apply himself to his Younger Brother for Relief; who very Ingratefully made him this ill-natur'd reply, viz. You, Brother, have Undone your self by Spending and Giving, I have

have Made my self by Begging and Saving; therefore your self is such a Warning to me, how I ever return Generously what you gave so Foolishly, that I must deny your Request, and advise you to turn *Porter*; and, perhaps, what you get by your Labour, you'll have Wit enough to keep.

Log. Of all the unmerciful Monsters that ever walk'd upon two Legs, I never before heard of such an Ingrateful Hell-Hound, even among the Heathens in a *America*; and there the Undutiful Rogues will knock their Parents on the Head when they are grown so Old that they Eat more than they Earn. Was this Fellow ever at Sea, on Board a *Pirate*, or a *West-India Buccaneer*?

Blunt. What makes you ask that Question?

Log. For certain if he had he would have learn'd more Gratitude; and yet those Heathenish Dogs are generally so Wicked, that there is not above the thickness of a Sea-Bisket betwixt them and the Devil.

Blunt. This very *Barbarian* of a Brother is now become a Topping City Gentleman, and is as great a Stickler against the *Orthodox Church*, as e'er a *Fanatick* of 'em all.

Querpo. So much the better; I think it would be an everlasting Scandal to a Christian Congregation to admit so inhumane a Wretch to be a Member of her Community.

Blunt. Therefore since there are such unnatural Brutes who violate the Obligations of Love, Gratitude, and Charity, to so Kind and Bountiful a Brother, it can be no wonder to find such a wicked Offspring of the Old Serpent, who, for past Benefits, will neither be thankful to a Merciful God, or a Good Government.

DIALOGUE XVI.

Venture, Talley, and Double, sitting at a Table.

Enter Harlem.

Harlem. **Y**OU that are of the Church, Gentlemen, may toss up your Bonnets, and fill a Bumper to my Lord Mayor; he has got the Day in Spite of all the Artifice of the Opposite Party.

Venture. I am glad to hear it with all my Heart; he is a worthy Gentleman, and deserves the Honour of being the first *British* Member for the City.

Talley. Are all the Boastings of the indefatigable Saints come at last to this? I thought they had been so cocksure of their own *Candidate*, that they would have given a thousand, and have poll'd with their Adversaries?

Double. So we could, if there had not been so many *Ovens* and *Tap-Tubs* in the City of *London*: I can tell you that, Sirs, we lost it by nothing but *Light-Loaves* and *Short-Measure*; if we had not been blinded with the Meal-Dust the *Bakers* shook out of their White Coats, and over-flow'd by the Malt-Liquor the *Victuallers* brought in their Tun Bellies, you would have look'd as blue, as you think we do, now so greatly disappointed.

Venture. You must have a Care, Mr. Double, how you talk so much of the *Loaves*, lest it put us in Mind of the *Fishes*. I'll warrant, if the *Sprat-Women* could but have poll'd, you would have found an Equivolent.

Double. Have you got that foolish Tale by the End; I know your Meaning; but there's nothing in't, as the *News-Drabs* have it. *Contending Parties* will say any thing upon an *Election*.

Talley. I know the trusty Zealots of your *Kidney* will never allow any *Calumny* to be true but what's of your own Coining.

Ven-

Venture. I am against all *Calumny* upon such Occasions, either true or false, for no Manner of Artifice ought to be us'd, that may either bias, or prejudice the *Electors*, or impede, in any Measure the Freedom of the *Election*.

Double. You speak, Mr. *Venture*, like a very honest Man. I protest to you, seriously, I am of your Mind to a Tittle.

Harlem. But, I remember, when your *Candidate* was declar'd upon the *Hustings*, I my self heard you bawling, in the *Hall*, with as much Violence as any body, No Cornish's *Juryman*.

Double. I confess I was a little overjoy'd, to see Things go on so prosperously; and perhaps, such a Saying might drop out of my Mouth before I was aware of it; but I was sorry for it afterwards.

Talley. Not, I suppose, till you found your spiteful Endeavours prov'd all but ineffectual, and then perhaps, you might think it a Fault to discover so much ill-Nature towards so good a *Magistrate* to so little Purpose; but had your Wishes prevail'd, you would have certainly been proud of what you are now asham'd off.

Venture. Pray, Mr. *Double*, how came your Candidate to be so much mistaken in the number of his Friends, as to scoffingly say, *When a Poll was demanded he could give his Opposite a thousand*.

Double. Wise Men are oftentimes mistaken, especially in Matters so precarious and uncertain.

Venture. Then they shou'd not be so merry about the Mouth, till they are infallibly sure of what they are gaping for.

Double. Pshaw, pshaw: A Gentleman that plays at that Sort of Game, may be allow'd to laugh, tho' he does not win.

Harlem. The Knight's Disappointment in the number
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ber of his Friends, puts me in Mind of a very applicable Story, viz. In the Reign of King Charles II. a very violent Defender of Liberty and Property, happen'd to be prosecuted for a Misdemeanour, found guilty, and fined a hundred Pounds, which was a Sum too heavy for his own Circumstances; so that he had no Way left but the Bounty of his Friends to redeem him from Prison; and being too positive of their Kindness, happen'd, vauntingly, to say, after his Fine was passed, That he did not value it of three Pence, for he had Friends enough in the City of London, to pay such a Sum as that for him, with so small a Trifle as a Groat a piece: His Majesty happening to be inform'd of his arrogant Expression, was pleas'd to say, That he would receive that Fine himself, and tell it over with his own Fingers, tho' it came all in Groats. But the unhappy Offender was so mightily disappointed in the Number of his Friends, that he could not find a single Benefactor amongst 'em all, that would give him one Groat. Therefore, 'tis not good to be too sure; for he that depends upon a Multitude of Friends, may, perhaps, at a dead-lift, be serv'd by a few; but upon all Emergencies will certainly find he will be deceiv'd by many.

Venture. Pray how got your Property Man, at last, his Liberty since his Friends fail'd him?

Harlem. After he had lain some time in Prison, he made an Interest to some of the Loyal Aldermen, to set their Hands to a Petition, fill'd with a great deal of Humility, Sorrow, Recantation, and Repentance, &c. The King hearing how his Legion had serv'd him, order'd those that deliver'd the Petition, to tell the Petitioner, viz. That since his Groats have fail'd him, and that he is sorry for his Crime, he shall find me a much better Friend than all his boasted Number: So his Majesty, according to his wonted Mercy, commanded his Fine to be remitted.

Venture. He was a Prince of great Wisdom as well as Clemency, notwithstanding the Grinning-Hag under the

the Steps upon the *Monument*, has betwitch'd so many *Hot-Spurs* to be such Enemies to his Character.

Talley. Prithee, Mr. *Harlem*, what Notable Exploits happen'd at the Election? Generally some Accident or other falls out at such a time, that proves very Diverting.

Harlem. One Occurrence I chanc'd to hear of betwixt his *Lordship* and a stiff Necked *Quaker*; that I think was both Pleasant and Remarkable.

Venture. Pray Mr. *Harlem* let's have the Benefit of it? For the Disrespectful Deportment of a *Quaker* to a *Magistrate* commonly affords some Pleasantry.

Harlem. There is a certain *Primitive Christian*, that Lives at the Sign of the *Dancing King* of the *Quadrupedes*, who, like the Man in the *Moon*, has a Bush Hanging at his Back——

Talley. If I can guess at the *Querpo Zealot* you are Pointing at, he is a *Bacchanalian Saint*, that wears many Badges of his Trade in the light of his Countenance, and has Slav'd himself into Riches enough to be as Proud as a Lord.

Harlem. The same Diminutive *True-penny*; you have him right: In the late Election, amongst some others of his Friends, he was Warming the Hall with the Comfortable Rays of his most Glowing Phiz, and who should happen to move just by him, towards the *Hustings*, but my *L——d M——r*, who had the extraordinary Civility, as he pass'd by, to cast a *Pearl* before a *Swine*, and bestow a civil Complement upon the inflexible *Stiff-Rump*, who, being an Enemy by his Principle to all Ceremony, receiv'd the Honour as bolt upright as a *Constable's Staff* at Midnight, making no other return to his Lordship than in these Words, viz. *I understand thy meaning, but thou shalt be never the better for it.*

Venture.

Venture. I think he shew'd himself as Proud in his short Crusty Speech as the *Spaniard* did, who happening to Trip against a Stone, Tumbled down in the Street, and leaping up again nimbly upon his Legs, cry'd out, with abundance of Scorn and Indignation, *viz. This it is to walk upon the Ground.*

Double. What would you have a Man say who is avers'd to all *Ceremony*. I suppose he was resolv'd not to Poll for my Lord, because it was his Interest to be for the Knight; therefore I think he spoke like himself, that is, like a *Quaker*.

Talley. I think he answer'd his Lordship's Civility like a Proud Wealthy Church, who wanted Manners to behave himself as he ought to do to so Great a *Magistrate*.

Venture. As for the *Quakers* in this Town, I look upon 'em to be a Respectful People in their Carriage to every Body; a very Neat People in their Dress; very Obliging in Conversation, after their way; very Friendly to their Neighbours; Liberal to their Friends; Grateful to those that serve them; Honest in their Dealings; and very Hospitable in their Houses: But if one, by Chance, should prove so *Stiff* and *Haughty*, as to be guilty of ill-manners to so Great a Person, the single Error of one Proud Man ought not to insinuate any Reflection upon the Rest.

Harlem. I would not have you think I told you the Story with any design to affront the *Quakers*, for I look upon them, in general, to be a very Friendly, Good-Humour'd, and Peaceable People, but it must be allow'd that there are some *Wolves* crept into their *Sheeps* Cloathing, as well as among other Saints, who are more *Noisie*, and less *Righteous*.

Bays. Your Servant, Gentlemen, I am glad to catch such a Merry Knot of you together.

Omnes.

Omnes. You are Welcome, Mr. *Bays*, we are Joyful to see so great a Stranger. —Pray Drink my *Lord Mayor's* Health in a Bumper, and then you'll be just even with us.

Bays. With all my Heart; here's his Lordship's Health.—— I heard some Hours since he had got the better of the Day.

Talley, I know, Mr. *Bays*, you have a Respect for my Lord; therefore I hope you will oblige us with some little taste of your Faculty upon this happy Occasion.

Bays. To tell you the Truth on't, I have been just Smoaking my Pipe at our old *Coffee-House*, and already Musing upon the same Subject.

Omnes. We hope you'll gratify us with a sight of your Performance.

Bays. With all my Heart, Gentlemen; if you please I'll read it to ye.

Talley. Pray, Gentlemen, be Silent.

Bays plucks a Paper out of his Pocket and reads.

The struggling *Saints*, in spite of Care and Cost,
Altho' Cock-sure, their mighty Aim have lost;
The various Projects of their Grand Cabal,
The early Crowding to the *Common-Hall*,
The Painful Elbows to the Cause they lent,
The Time and Money they Profusely spent,
The Fabulous Reports they basely made,
The Printed Scandal thro' the Town they spread,
The study'd Lies their Canting Tongues diffus'd,
And all the Old *Fanatick* Shifts they us'd,
To their great Grief did ineffectual prove,
And only shew'd in vain their Zeal and Love:
For still the *Church* accomplish'd what was right,
And justly rais'd the *Lord* above the *Knight*.

'Tis

'Tis true the *Saints* by Diligence and Care,
First fill'd the *Hall* to jostle out their *May'r* :
In sweating Numbers made a wond'rous Show,
And thick as *Sprats* in Shoals, mov'd to and fro.
Whilst their glad *Candidate*, with great Delight,
Most smilingly beheld the pleasing Sight ;
Yet at last push the *Churchmen* made their way,
And the Pale *Skinny Legions* lost the Day.
Thus the Knight's hopes, for want of Number, fail'd,
And spite of all their Arts the Lord prevail'd.
From whence the *Church*, may to her *Comfort* see,
Those *Saints* that with her Worship disagree }
Have lost their Old *Infallibility*.

DIALOGUE. XVII.

Bays, Double, Venture, and Harlem at a Table.

Bays. **W**ELL, Gentlemen, since I have ventured to throw some of my Poetical Excrements under your Noses, pray be so kind as to tell me how they favour with you ?

Double. They smell a little too rank of *High-Church*, for my Nostrils. I am for *Moderation* in all things ; but that's a *Virtue* you Poets have seldom any regard to.

Venture. I confess that Deform'd Off-spring that you seem to be Fond of, was first Calved into the World by your Party. But no sooner was the *Illegitimate Issue* Born and Christen'd, but the Adulterous Parents having an aversion to the Brat, drop'd it at the *Church Door*, that those might Maintain it at their Cost and Sorrow, whom you thought would Foster the *Bastard* for its Name's sake, so that as soon as
ever

ever you found it was taken up and Fondl'd, tho' you own'd your selves the Parents, yet you, never afterwards contibuted any thing to the Support of your hopeful Progeny.

Double. Fie, fie Mr. *Venture*, did we not give it a good Name, call it *Virtue*, Preach it up in our Meetings, strenuously Maintain it in all our Weekly Pamphlets.

Venture. Yes, yes : Whilst you were under the *Lash* of a Set of *Honest Patriots*, who did not like your Proceedings, and when your *Scribbling Insinulators*, who were to Poyson the People for your Purpose, were daily in Danger of the Old *Protestant Ruff*; then nothing but *Moderation* was the earnest Cry of the *Saints*, because they knew too well their own Practices most justly deserve the Resentments of Authority ; but as soon as they had procur'd such Change of Affairs, as to make themselves safe in the Holy work of *Reformation*, then every thing was out of Danger on their side, and *Moderation* had turn'd it self into a *Voracious Serpent*, that began immediately to Prey upon the Vitals of those who, thro' mistaken Ignorance, had so kindly Nourish'd the Deceitful Worm in their warm Bosoms : But Heaven be Praised, the Impostor is Detected, and the whole Fallacy by this time pretty well exploded.

Bays. But what's all this, Gentlemen, to the Question I ask'd you ? This is not telling me how you like my Verses.

Venture. As to my part I very well approve of 'em, considering they are only the indigested Froth of an Exuberant Fancy, Elevated by nothing but a little dull *Coffee*, meer Poyson for a Poet.

Harlem. Without any Flattery to you, Mr. *Bays*, I think they are very applicable to the Purpose ; I have known the time when a Poet might have got a Guinea or two by presenting such a Copy to a generous Alderman of the right Stamp.

Double.

Double. Should any Body give it now, I should think
a Fool and their Money was soon parted.

Bays. Why so, Mr. *Double*, I remember, you were
 once so generous, as to present me with a Guinea for
 a Copy of Verses upon the Birth of the young Gentle-
 man; but I believe you have suffer'd that to slide out
 of your Memory.

Double. I knew we should be plagu'd with nothing
 but your *Jingles*, or a Talk of 'em, as soon as you
 came into our Company; I would as soon chuse a
Green-Bird for a Companion, who is always ringing
Whittington upon his Bells, as I would a *Poet*, who is
 always jabbering about his Verses.

Bays. Why so angry, Mr. *Tackabout*, your Weather-
 cock Conversation is very much to be valu'd, indeed,
 wind you up but with t'other Quart, and with a Sil-
 ver Weight a Man may make you run round like the
Flyar of a *Jack*, to all the Points of the Compass, either
 in *Religion*, or *Politicks*.

Venture. I think Mr. *Bays* has been pretty even with
 you now, Mr. *Double*.

Harlem. You must have a Care, Mr. *Double*, how
 you give such Provocations to Men of *Wit*, you had as
 good take a *Bear* by the *Tooth*, as to meddle with a
Poet, or an *Author*.

Double. I think you *Poets* and *Authors*, as you call
 your selves, are fittest Company for *Booksellers* and
Printers, that know which way to get *Money* by you,
 as for my part, I never got three Pence by you in my
 Life; so there's my Club to the Wine, and farewell
 Mr. *Poet*, and Mr. *Author*.



A SECRET

HISTORY.

Faithfully handed down from a
Committee of *Safety*, to a
Committee of *Secrecy*, &c.



OF all the Kingdoms in the World, *Albigion* is reckoned the fullest of Adventures, there being scarce any Nation in the Habitable Earth but what it hath some Commerce or Communication with, insomuch that the People are become as famous Abroad for *Politicks*, as the *Muscovites* are at Home for *Love* and *Gallantry*. The Youth of that Country, encourag'd by their Parents Example, Aspire to be Privy-Councillors before they get rid of the Rod of their School-masters; and Prentice-Boys assume the Air of Statesmen e'er yet they have learn'd the Mystery of Trade.

Meehanicks of the meanest Rank plead for a *Liberty* to abuse their betters, and turn out Ministers of State with the same Freedom that they smoke *Tobacco*. *Carmen* and *Coblers* over Coffee, draw up Articles of Peace and War, and make Partition Treaties at their Will and Pleasure; in a Word, from the Prince to the Peasant every one here enjoys his Natural Liberty; whether it proceed from the Nature

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of

of the Climate, or the Temper of the People I cannot resolve you; I rather think *Subjects* are such as the Rules and Laws of the Government make them.

The renowned Lady *Zarah*, (tho of Obscure Parents) was Born in the Reign of *Rolando*, King of *Albigion*, one of the most Gallant Princes the World ever had, when *Gallantry* was so much in Vogue, that it was almost as Natural to be a *Gallant* as to Live: In those Happy Days it was she first received the Breath of Life, common to all other Creatures as well as her, but which none has improv'd to that vast Advantage. Her Mother's Name was *Jenisa*, a Woman in a low Sphere, but had a large Occupation; was one who knew the World well, and was studious of her own *Interest*; though she was not admir'd for her *Wit*, that Defect was supply'd by some little Arts she had peculiar to some sort of Women, by which Means she gain'd the Hearts of all Men who convers'd with her.

In a few Years *Zarah* grew up to the Admiration of all that knew her *Birth* and *Education*, for her Mother had instructed her in ev'ry Art that was necessary to engage and charm *Mankind*, so that she soon became the Object of their Wishes and Desires, as well for the Excellency of her Conversation as the agreeableness of her *Beauty*. About that time there was one *Hippolito*, a Handsome Gentleman, Well Born, Young and Vigorous, who had pleas'd other Women, and was reputed to make his Fortune that Way; she had Twice or Thrice seen him at the Ball, which was frequently made in those Days for the Diversion of the Ladies; *Hippolito* was excellent at Dancing, and always came off with Applause and Admiration; every Step he took carry'd Death with it, and made all the Company praise him,
which

which sensibly touch'd *Zarab's* Heart: 'Tis not unusual to find Women affected with a Man's Merit upon Occasions of that Nature ; She was deeply sensible of the *Applause* and *Honour* bestow'd by the Company on *Hippolito* ; when she came from the Ball she cou'd not forbear being Melancholy and Pensive, even before her Mother ; she could neither Eat, Drink, nor Sleep ; this troubl'd extreamly the Indulgent *Jenisa*, who was so inquisitive after the least Concern of the *Health* and *Pleasure* of her Daughter, that she was more in Pain than her to see her languish as she did ; she cou'd not imagine what it should be that she should hide it from such a Mother, and was so much concerned at it she could not rest for thinking of it ; *Zarab* was more and more *Love sick*, which by degrees grew so upon her it alter'd her quite ; the good Mother redoubled her Care, and if it had been possible wou'd have redoubled her Love ; she pray'd her every Moment if she was in *Love* to tell her the Cause, and protested she wou'd not stick at any Thing for her Satisfaction, so tender a Regard had the Old Woman for her Daughter's Passion.

Zarab perceiving her Mother's Fondness, and how pleasantly she flatter'd her most passionate Desires, cry'd out with a surprizing Tenderness, *Hippolito is the Man the most Charming in my Eyes, and the most Accomplish'd on Earth ; but alas, he loves and is beloved again by Clelia, and you know*, continued she, *what Disadvantages a Lover lyes under, to have a Rival that is both Proud and Handsome ; besides the Title of Chief Mistress to the King gives her both Power and Favour to oblige him, and affords him the greater Pleasure and Ambition to be oblig'd ; For Clelia is wholly possess'd with a Passion for Hippolito ; she loves the King as most Mistresses of that Kind use to do, that is, as far as the Power of a Monarch could make her love a Man who rai-*

sed her above all other Women; she Reigned in all outward Splendor imaginable, but amidst all her Glories she was troubled with a Passion for a Man she could love for his own Sake. A Woman subject to such Reflections as these is hardly kept within the Bounds of her Duty; thus Clelia found it too hard a Task not to Transgress a little when she had cast her Eyes upon Hippolito.

The King's Bounties she thought were but her Due, or at least sufficiently requited in the superficial Acknowledgments she made him; and that it she lov'd him not heartily, 'twas not her fault, but his, who knew not how to gain her Affection. Such is the Fortune of Monarchs in Love, when they are with their Mistresses, they commonly lay aside that Majesty which dazzles the Eyes and affects the Hearts of Mankind; they go undress'd into their Chambers and make themselves so familiar with their Mistresses, they afterwards use them as other Men.

As Glorious as it is for an Ambitious Woman to see at her Feet every Day a Person who commands all others, yet Monarchs are deceiv'd if they think their Mistresses are always true. No Passion, but that of extraordinary Love, can fix a Woman's Heart. Ambition alone is too weak a Gage for their Fidelity; it frequently happens Princes owe their Amorous Conquest more to their Quality than Merit; and accordingly they extend only to what is External and Gross, when Love and Inclination, frustrated of their Expectation from them, and not satisfied with Pomp and Show, goes in Search of Satisfaction elsewhere.

If this be all (said Fenisa, the kind Mother) trouble not your self about it, this is but a small Matter in respect of what I have perform'd in my Time of the like Nature; for as Hippolito is a Brave Man, he will Scorn to be oblig'd long to a Woman, who having first forfeited her Honour to her Royal Master, will Cancel the Obligations of Honour he otherwise owed to her, and be glad of the Pretence to bestow his Favours on another Woman, in
whose

whose Beauty and Fidelity he can place his Heart as well as his Interest; for 'tis Natural for Men that love Pleasure, to love that which is of their own procuring. And 'tis easie, continued she, to think of such Measures as will bring about what is very agreeable, both to your Wishes of Love, and my Desires of Ambition.

According as *Jenisa* had laid the Plot, the next Time *Zarab* went to Court, *Clelia* saw her, grew violent fond of her, and invited her to her Apartments, little thinking she was her Rival, which *Zarab* was so far from denying, that she willingly accepted of the Favour. Night drawing on, *Hippolito* came as usual to pay *Clelia* a Visit, but how was *Zarab* confounded when she saw the Man she lov'd next Heaven best, approach her with all the Advantages and Opportunities of a happy Lover, not knowing how he should come there; for *Clelia* was absent, being sent for suddenly by the King; *Hippolito*, who saw her in surprize, gaz'd on her Beauty for a while, was Charmed with the Sight of it, and cou'd not express his Joy for the Transport of his Love. But at last recollecting himself, and observing *Zarab's* Confusion, he broke Silence thus, *Madam I confess my Surprize, but it is altogether owing to your Beauty, for I can scarce satisfy my self that what I see is real, tho' my Heart wou'd willingly flatter me it is. Pray resolve me, Madam, Is this Place Enchanted?* (For it was very spacious, and made on purpose for a Cooling Room in the Heat of Summer, and had in it several Beds of Turf very prettily made, with Pots of Jessamine Flowers, and other Sweets all about; in a Word it was a Place pick'd out for the King's Pleasure:) Here *Zarab* was in Bed; and as there is nothing so handsome as a Beautiful Woman in Bed, he was so charm'd at the Sight of her, that he was as much disorder'd as she, and knew not

what he did. - At last Zarab got the Liberty of her Tongue, which at other Times was voluble enough, and answer'd, I believe, Sir, (said she) you have mistaken the Object of your Passion, for I am not ignorant Clelia is her, the happy she, for whom those soft and tender things were meant. I confess Madam, said he, Clelia is my Mistress, but deserves not to possess a Heart whose Eyes have seen a Lady so Beautiful as you are: and nothing but a Passion equal to that I have for you cou'd prevail upon me to think less of her. Nothing but the extremity of your Beauty, whose Charms are irresistible, cou'd excuse me. But let a Man value himself never so much on his Integrity, yet a Passion raised in him by a Person so Amiable as you, will be proof against all Batteries of Duty or Interest.

We may easily guess these passionate Expressions of Hippolito were not a little pleasing to Zarab, who reply'd, That she believ'd he was a Generous and Brave Man, but that his Heart was its own Master, and wou'd love one to Day, and another to Morrow; that his Sentiments were subject to change as other things; that Love, like Nature, was not Charming to him but Variety: For Example, says she, to Day you are for me, but Three or Four Days hence you will be for another. And you wou'd think it Injustice in me to expect that you shou'd be truer to me than you are to Clelia.

It may be admired perhaps that Two Persons so little acquainted shou'd in so few Minutes become so familiar; but we must know Love in those Countries makes far quicker Progress than in ours, where the Winds, and the Snow, and the Rain, spoil his Wings, and hinder his Flight; for it is the Custom of the Grandees of that Country, when they have not a particular Inclination for any Woman, to take this to Day, and another to Morrow: And having lost the Taste of Love, to Search for Pleasure in Change and Variety.

Thus

Thus while the Two *Lovers* were wholly engag'd in their Amours, *Hippolito* us'd all the Gallantry of a Courtier, and all the Indearments of a Passionate Lover. *Jenisa*, who had contrived this Interview, and likewise procured *Clelia's* Absence, and resolving to strike while the Iron was Hot, goes directly to *Clelia's* Apartments, on purpose not so much to Surprize the Lovers, as to compass the Design which she was then carrying on, of Marrying her Daughter to *Hippolito*. They heard a Noise at the Door; *what should be the meaning of all this?* Said they one to another, having a Thousand Fears upon them, tho' they cou'd not imagine that any Person in the Apartments cou'd make the least Discovery of an Intrigue, which was so accidental, that neither of them was the Contrivers of, or could have imagin'd to happen. But at last *Jenisa* breaks open the Door, comes in quite out of Breath, and throws her self half Dead (as she pretended) into the Arms of her Daughter. What frightful Fancies had *Hippolito* then in his Head? He presently imagined they were utterly undone, and that it was by *Clelia's* Contrivance, not suspecting *Jenisa's* Designs in the least.

Blast my Eyes, said she, *what is this I see?* (And then she let fall a Shower of Tears) *Hippolito! And alone in your Company? For Heavens Sake, my Daughter, tell me how he came hither? and on what Design?* *Zarah* not knowing what to Answer or Reply, continued Mute, while *Jenisa* loaded *Hippolito* with a Thousand false Reproaches for his Unworthiness in undertaking such a Bale Attempt. This was a well-manag'd Scene on the part of *Jenisa*, who had not so much as let her Daughter into the Secret, but fell upon her with that pretended Fury, that *Hippolito* interposed, and used all his Endeavours,

lest She should be ill Handled. He was sensibly touched to the Quick at this Outrage, and no Consideration of Life or Duty cou'd have prevented him from doing Violence to *Jenisa*, had not the Fear of losing *Zarab* prevail'd more upon him than her Resentment.

The Scuffle was no sooner over, but *Hippolito*, before the Mother's Presence, took *Zarab*, and embracing her tenderly, *Madam*, said he, *the Dangers you have gone through on my Account, and the cruel Assault you have now endured, will make me for the Future study your Repose and Satisfaction more than my own Love, tho' it is no easie Matter to be disengag'd from a Passion like mine.* This Declaration answered not *Jenisa's* Intentions so fully as she desired, for she was afraid this his Passion of warm Love wou'd dwindle into cold Friendship and Respect, but that *Zarab's* Reply reliev'd her doubtful Fears; Sir, said she, *I am satisfied you have a Value for me by the kindness of your Expressions, and the Concern I observ'd you in at this Rencontre, but I can never have the Vanity to hope you can so easily quit your Passion for Clelia as to think of loving any other.* But you shall find, *Madam*, answer'd *Hippolito*, *that all the Passion I can have for her, will never hinder the Tenders of Love I offer here; I will quit all my Pretensions to Clelia, that I may prevent all Dispute with a Person to whom I am so deeply oblig'd, that there can be nothing so dear to me but I will part with it for your Sake.*

At this *Jenisa* smil'd to perceive the good Effects of her Policy, while *Hippolito* made her a Thousand Oaths he would keep within the Bounds of that Respect and Discretion she might expect from the severest Virtue, and protested he desired only till to Morrow that he might have an Hour's Discourse with *Clelia*. *Jenisa*, who knew too well the Fickleness

ness of Men, and all the seducing Arts the Women are Mistresses of, reproach'd him for such a Thought while he requested it of *Zarah* with all the kindest Words and the most tender and passionate Expressions imaginable: *Zarah* answer'd, *She ow'd that Duty to her Mother, and that Virtue to her self, she wou'd not betray for the whole World; since he had profess'd such a Passion for her, and her Mother was now become a Witness of it, she did not know how he could part from her without giving her such Satisfaction as Parents in those Cases expected. I have Honour and Virtue too,* said he, *as you have, and the Precepts of 'em are perhaps as severe as yours; but Love is stronger than all the Precepts in the World.*

This began to nettle *Jenisa*, who was not very well pleas'd to think of any thing that might delay their being immediatly Married, and therefore she told *Hippolito* there was but one of these Two Things that ought presently to be resolved on, either that *Clelia* be made Privy to this Affair, and then he might easily guess what wou'd be the Consequence both as to himself and *Zarah*, or else to Marry her, which might preserve both his Honour and his Interest; for the King would be better satisfied to have his Rival Married, and then *Clelia*, said she, cou'd not Reproach you with a dishonourable Action. *Hippolito* was silent for a Time, as if he studied what to say, but *Jenisa* pressing him to declare what he would do, looking with a Melancholy Air, he told her with some Trouble, *Madam*, said he, *I am the most Unfortunate of Men, especially in Love; Zarah, added he sighing, the unkind Zarah, has not the least Tendernefs for me, no, not the least Pity for the Torments she sees me suffer for her; and unless you will be a little kinder to me I know not what will become of me: Let me but know what you desire of me, and what it is you'd have me do.*

do. I wou'd have you resolve, said *Jenisa*, instantly to Marry *Zarah* ; I have a Priest attends without, ready to perform the Ceremony. This Proposal astonish'd him on the sudden so extreamly, that having blush'd at it very much, he knew not what Answer to make, while *Jenisa* observing the Disorder he was in, went directly and fetch'd in the Priest, who without more Hesitation perform'd his Office, and pronounc'd them Man and Wife.

As soon as this was effected, to *Jenisa's* great Satisfaction, and *Zarah's* Desires, *Hippolito*, to both their Amazements, left the Room, and made a Thousand Reflections on his Ill Fortune that had drawn him into such a Fatal Snare ; not but he was passionately pleas'd with *Zarah's* Beauty, and perswaded some Considerable Greatness wou'd attend her, but the Consideration of being Out-witted, and as it were forced into such a Compliance, grated upon him exceedingly, and seem'd to be the chief Thing that troubled him.

But *Zarah* finding him leave the Chamber so abruptly, and fearing lest what had then pass'd, might occasion *Hippolito* to do some rash Act, immediately follow'd him into the next Chamber, where finding him in a Passion, almost beyond the Power of Reason to manage, and enough, to put him on the most desperate Enterprize, she fell at his Feet with all the Agonies of a despairing Lover ; *Am I then despis'd already?* said she ; and with Tears in her Eyes continued, *Do you insult o'er your Conquest, because it was so easily gain'd? You have already too cruelly wounded me, not to pity me a little.* More she would have said, but the Excess of her Passion stifled all her Endeavours to proceed, and she sunk down under the Conflict between her Love and Resentment. *Hippolito* snatch'd her from the Ground, rais'd her up into his Arms,

Arms, and claspt her round with all the Tenderneſs poſſible ; for the Transport of his Love had baniſh'd the Extravagance of his Fury, and he melted into all the Softneſs of a happy Lover : It is beyond Imagination to conceive the Joy *Zarab* was in at this ſudden Change of *Hippolito* ; and being about to return his Paſſion an equal Fire, after having given him ſome Looks that diſcover'd her Inclination, ſhe had Time to ſay no more, than *Heaven and my Hippolito ſupport me, for I'm raviſh'd with Exceſs of Pleaſure* ; when *Clelia*, in a deſperate Frenzy, occaſion'd by what had happen'd that Night, enter'd the Room where theſe two Lovers ſeem'd ſo happy ; but hearing of a Voice ſhe knew, and *Hippolito's* Name, ſhe had not Conduct enough to ſtay and obſerve them, but haſten'd forward, and ruſh'd upon them, when ſhe was too well ſatisfy'd, 'twas *Zarab* and *Hippolito* ſhe ſaw. *Ab, Traytor, cry'd ſhe, is it poſſible, you ſhou'd be thus ungrateful ? Have you the Confidence to make my own Lodging the Scene of your Villainy ? Could you find no other Way for Revenge, but to make me Witneſs of your Infidelity ? Barbarous Man,* continu'd ſhe, *Is this the Way you repay my former Services to you ? Madam,* ſaid he (with a Coolneſs of Temper, and Preſence of Mind peculiar to him,) *'tis fit you ſhould hear us ſpeak for our ſelves ; and if you pleaſe, we will ſend for thoſe who ſhall juſtify us, and you ſhall ſee how we will defend our ſelves.* What a Rage, what a Fury did this put her in ! *Good Heavens ! ſaid ſhe, to what will this Impudence ariſe ?* At that ſhe ſeiz'd the Sword he had on, not knowing which of the two to begin with firſt, being both equally perfidious ; ſhe thought at laſt *Zarab*, as moſt Criminal, was firſt to be ſacrificed to her Revenge ; and juſt as ſhe was going to ſtab her, *Hippolito* interpoſed, and receiv'd a ſlight Wound upon himſelf by ſtaying of her Hand, when
ſhe

she threw her self upon him, *Traytor*, said she, *this Blow was not reserv'd for thee, thou shalt not have the Power of being first reveng'd.*

At these Words, and the Bustle that was made, *Jenisa* and the Priest not being yet gone, enter'd into the Room: But, Heavens! what Confusion and a Trembling seiz'd *Clelia*, when she saw them! This was a Scene more shocking than what her Thoughts and Jealousies could ever have suggested to her: *Gods!* she cry'd, (with all the Rage and Fury that Despair could raise) *What mean these Apparitions here? Why that old Hag? And why that bawdy Priest? What, have you Robb'd me? And what have you done with my Hippolito?* And then she ran round the Room like a distracted Woman, seeking in every Place, but the Noise continuing, all the Servants awak'd, and came running in to their Lady's Assistance, supposing some Misfortune had happened; but when they saw *Hippolito* was there, they readily withdrew again, knowing the Disorders the Family had been sometimes subject to upon his Account; and he perceiving *Clelia's* Passion too violent to hearken to any thing he cou'd say at that Time, committed her to the Care of her Woman, and with the Rest of the Company retired.

In a few Days this Action was nois'd all over the Court, and at last it came to the King's Ears, who seem'd to be pleas'd with the News that *Hippolito* was married, and that he now shou'd be quit of the Rival that had alienated from him the Affections of a Woman he loved the best in the World; for the King was no Stranger to *Clelia's* Unfaithfulness, notwithstanding he continued to doat on her Charms. Upon this he sent for *Hippolito* to Court, gave him Joy of his new Bride, and repeated Assurances of his continued Favour to him. This so much surpriz'd *Hippolito*,

lito, that he knew not whether to thank his Majesty for those Expressions of his Bounty, or no; thinking it could not be real, but that Clelia had told the King all that had happen'd, and that this was done to mock him: But you may guess the Surprize was very agreeable to him, when the King continued in this good Humour, and told him, *He was sorry he was not so happy to know the Lady that he had made his Choice, for she could not chuse but be very handsome, since he knew very well he had a good Taste in what was beautiful or agreeable. He desired to see her, and reproach'd Hippolito very handsomely, in telling him not to be concern'd, if she was as fair as he believ'd her, for he would moderate his Desires, and not think of invading any Man's Property again, since Clelia had shown him what he had to expect from the most Charming of her Sex.* This put Hippolito into some Concern, lest the King should tax him with his former Love to Clelia; but instead of that, he being a Personage of admirable Wit and Pleasantry, began to be very facetious, and railly him. *What would become of Men and Women of Gallantry, says he, if when they engage in Kindness with one another, they should absolutely sell themselves, and not be allow'd to change when they grow weary, or have an Inclination for another: 'Tis a Natural Right to bestow our Affections where we please, and revoke them when we please: They are wretched who enjoy not that Liberty.* And you know, Hippolito, continued the King, *I glory in those Maxims; for if Clelia had not been of my Humour, I fancy I shou'd not have loved her so well; and perhaps I love her for nothing more, than that she loves Inconstancy. I once endeavour'd to engage her to be false to me, insomuch that I told her one Day, I dream'd I had seen her in your Arms, and it was not long ere I found it true: Now, Hippolito, wou'd you take it ill, the King shou'd do as much for you as you did then for him? Yes, without Doubt, says he, Sir,*
for

for I did it not for that Purpose that you shou'd do as much for me. Well, answers the King prophetically, if I do not, another may. This pleasant Dialogue was soon interrupted by one less entertaining; for Clelia, who had heard of Hippolito's being there, who had free Admittance always to the King's Presence, enter'd very Majestically with that haughty Air natural to her Temper when provok'd, and thus accosted the King: *Is it thus you love me, Sir, to entertain and countenance the Man that has abus'd me? And you, perfidious Traytor, says she to Hippolito, How durst you approach your Royal Master you have injur'd?* 'Tis hard to represent the Astonishment, the Fear, and the Confusion of Hippolito, when he heard these Words, knowing how apt the King was to be seduc'd by this fair Flatterer: For pleasant as he was with Raillery before, he was forc'd to hear what was spoken; and without examining any farther into the Reason of Clelia's Resentment, cries out to her, *You false one, without Honour or Truth, do you reproach me? Is this your Requital of the Obligation I laid upon you in making you what you are?* There was harsher Language in the Case, which I shall forbear repeating; however Hippolito came off with flying Colours, and left the King and Clelia to make up the Breach betwixt themselves.

Jenisa all this while was over-joy'd to think she had married her Daughter so well, considering all Circumstances; for Hippolito was a gallant Soldier, and one that had the Favour of the Court; for he had serv'd in the Armies of a Neighbouring Prince, who was famous for the best Generals and the best Troops then in the World, and he was look'd upon at that Time as one that was the likeliest to be preferr'd, whenever the Nation had Occasion to make Use of his Services that Way. However it was, he in-

increas'd his Esteem both with the King and Court, so that *Zarab* and he liv'd very great and splendid, and began to draw the Eyes of envious People upon them, who stood gazing with Admiration to behold their sudden Rise, and successful Proceedings, while *Hippolito* insensibly wound himself into the Favour of Duke *Albanio*, the King's Brother, and next Heir to the Crown, who was a warlike Prince, and gave Encouragement to all Gentlemen about Court, who had been bred in the Field, or had a *Genius* to Arms. For having been educated in his younger Years with Drums and Trumpets, though he was forced from their Noise at Home by a fatal Necessity of relinquishing his own Country, to embrace a long and tedious Exile, he had still a strong Inclination to War, as hoping to make a better Security, if ever he came to the Crown of *Albigion*, by the Use of Arms than his Father had done, who lost it through the ill Conduct of his Soldiers.

But now *Zarab* (for so I shall call her still) was introduced to attend upon the Princess *Albania*, who was the second Daughter of the Duke, and afterward became Queen of *Albigion* ; by this Means she had the Opportunity of improving the Interest of *Hippolito* with *Albanio*'s Family, who were sure to succeed to the Crown ; and likewise to ingratiate her self with the young Princess, who was then about the Age that Women settle their Affections upon those they like best, with the most lasting Impressions of Love and Friendship. About this Time it was said *Albania* discovered a secret Inclination to a Nobleman of the greatest Gallantry, Wit, and Address, about the Court : This Passion, *Albania* had stifled in her Breast sometime before she could meet with one to whom she durst commit an Amour of such Importance. But finding *Zarab* a
Wo-

Woman every way qualified for a Confident, by the Observation she had made, and the Account she gave of her own Life, and the Variety of Accidents that had attended her to that Time, she then made no Scruple to entrust her with the Narration of her Love to *M——*, which to that Time had been a Secret all the World besides:

But *Zarab*, whom Fortune had cut out purely for the Service of her own Interest, without any Regard to the strict Rules of Honour or Virtue, soon resolv'd within her self how she might make the best Advantage of this every Way, both to the Satisfaction of her Ambition, in having the Opportunity of communicating an Affair of this Consequence, both to the King and *Albanio*; and next, in gratifying her Pleasure with *M——*, who was one she greatly admired, and whom she was glad she cou'd appear to be as his most particular Friend, when at the same Time she had taken Measures to frustrate any Success he cou'd pretend to gain by Means of those promising Hopes she design'd to flatter him with about *Albania*.

This was a treacherous Part, as was ever acted by a Woman fill'd with *Love* and *Ambition*; for though she was resolv'd to gain the *Last*, she was one who left no Stone unturn'd to secure to her self the *First*, which has always made her Life one continued Scene of *Politick Intrigue*.

No sooner was the Princess retired, but *Zarab*, fill'd with her intended Treachery, hastes away to the King's Apartments, where the first Person she met, was *M——* then in waiting, who was very inquisitive what Affair had brought her at that time of Night to Court, and if he could serve her? *Zarab* was puzzled, and knew not which Way to dis-
semble

seemle her Infidelity, but at last, with a flattering Smile, answer'd: *You little think, my Lord, how much the Thoughts of you employ my Time. Don't mistake me, you are a happier Man than you think your self, the Princess loves you, ask no Questions now; I have Business with Albanio, and they say he is with the King.* She had no sooner done speaking, but the Duke came into the Gallery where they were; which Zarab perceiving, soon follow'd him, and desired to speak a Word in private with him, which as soon as he knew it was concerning his Daughter, he ordered her to go along with him back again into the King's Closet.

M——s, who saw this Interview, was very uneasy, and could not imagine what mighty Business Zarab could have to be Closeted at that Time of Night with the King and *Albanio*: In the meantime Zarab was busily employ'd to acquit her self handsomely to the King, lest he should suspect she was guilty of any Treachery. Sir, said she with a feign'd Story in her Mouth, *the Princess her self does not know or suspect that I am privy to the Amour betwixt M——s and her, nor had I been capable of doing your Majesty this Piece of Service, by discovering an Affair that may be of so great Moment to the Royal Family in particular, or to the Nation in general, had not I accidentally met with M——s, as your Highness saw me, said she, turning to Albanio.*

I must confess, continued she, I have lately observ'd the Princess very pensive and melancholy, but never cou'd obtain from her the Cause, which increas'd in me a Suspicion that she was in Love; but I must own I had never known with whom, had not M——s himself confess'd it to me.

What, said the King with a great Deal of Passiott, wou'd M——s own that Albania lov'd him, or was it only that he lov'd the Princess? The last speaks him

what I always thought him, an ambitious Man ; but the first declares him impudent, impolitick, and a Fool.

This Heat of the King's put *Zarah* into a Trembling, knowing what a Falsity she had forged, she wou'd have given the World to have withdrawn ; but the Duke, who was less passionate, and more thoughtful, increas'd her Fears upon her, by asking how *M——* durst commit such a Secret to her, considering the little Intimacy that appear'd betwixt them Two, and the great Confidence the King and he had placed, both in her and *Hippolito*. This put *Zarah* to her Wits for an Excuse, which in this Confusion she must certainly have fail'd of, had not the King interrupted *Albanio* from taking her Answer by the Excess of his Rage. Sir, said he, turning to *Albanio*, *I cannot trifle with this Matter ; therefore I lay my Commands upon you, that Mulgarvius be instantly Banish'd the Court, and such farther Care be taken of the Princess as may put me out of all Fears and Jealousies of this Nature.*

In this Disorder of the King and *Albanio*, *Zarah* found an Opportunity to retire, which she could not do without Tears in her Eyes, and the utmost Confusion in her Face, which *Mulgarvius* soon discover'd as she came out of the Closet, for he had waited all the time with the last Impatience, to guess at the Meaning of this close Cabal betwixt the King, the Duke, and *Zarah*. Having this Opportunity, he was resolved not to let it slip without knowing something of this Grand Affair before he let her go. *Madam*, said he, *with all the Tendernefs of a Lover, I conjure you, if you have any Honour, if you have any Pity or Compassion for a Man upon the Wrack of Despair, satisfy me in this Point only ; Was not I the Subject of your Discourse, when in the King's Closet ? And have you not betray'd the Princess to her Father and the King ?*

King? Answer me, I entreat you, for my boding Heart foretels me, it is true. Was it not barbarous and cruel to tell me, that the Princess lov'd me, when you design'd to ruin me? Could you not have kept that Secret from my Breast?

At this Rate he went on exclaiming against the Perverseness of his Stars, and reproaching *Zarah* so passionately, as if he had been rather her Lover, than *Albania's*. She all the while, tho' she had been confounded with Vexation, listen'd to the Musick of his melting Numbers, and found her Breast soon warm'd with a relenting Pity for the Usage she had treated him with; nor was she able any longer to keep on the Mask which veil'd her Passion from *M——*, but cry'd out as in the Extasy of Love, *You are undone, my Lord, and I have made my self unhappy!* At these Words she would have left him, but he used all Means possible to stay her. *For Heaven's sake, Madam, said he, tell me what you have done or said to my Prejudice or your own, that I may be able to vindicate my self if innocent, or sue for Mercy if guilty. You are guilty,* answer'd she, *for you love the Princess, and I am doubly guilty, for I have betray'd both her, my self, and you.* And with that she broke out of his Arms, and run down the Back-Stairs with much Violence; he was left in the greatest Surprise imaginable, not knowing what to think or do; sometimes he fancy'd one Thing, sometimes another; now he imagin'd this the Effect of some sudden Passion of Love in *Zarah's* Breast, and then again, he thought this might proceed from something that *Albanio* had spoke against him to the King; and thus agitated betwixt Hope and Fear, he took as little Rest as we may suppose *Zarah* did, that Night.

Next Morning a Message from the King was sent him, in which he was forbid the Court till further

Orders: But, good God! What Confusion was he in when he receiv'd it? *Is it possible*, said he, *that any Person, much less that Zarah shou'd be so wicked, without any Reason or Provocation, to expose me to the King's Anger?* It is a Thing I cannot believe, I cannot penetrate into; but 'tis a Thing I can never pardon. Zarah, in the mean Time being sensible, what she had done wou'd reflect upon her, without she found out some Way to divert the Storm, instanc'd Hippolito all that Night to go to the King next Day, and give him such an Account of the Matter, as might intirely alter his Measures against M——s; for the King was easie to believe any Thing that might free himself from Trouble; and therefore thank'd Hippolito for his Information, and was glad he had an Opportunity now of showing the Esteem he had for M——s, whom he caus'd to be call'd to Court again very suddenly: This created many Speculations Abroad, as well as at Court, to know what the Secret of the King's sudden Displeasure was against M——s, and his as suddenly being reinstated in the King's Favour again; but at last it got Wind, and was publickly talk'd by every Body, that M——s had made Love to *Albania*, that she really approv'd of his Addresses, and that Zarah was confident to the Amour, that the King had been inform'd of it, and that this was the Cause of his sudden Disgrace; so that being made no Secret, it presently blew over, and there was an End of that Hurricane. But our Heroick Lover could never forget this Treachery of Zarah's all his Life after, though she courted him to her Favour by all the Arts and Endearments proper for a Woman now in her Rank and Station; for she had always a double Plot upon him, the one was to oblige her self by his Conversation, and the next was to oblige him by

by maintaining him in the good Graces of the Princess, whom he always believed had a Value for him; and therefore notwithstanding he cou'd never heartily forgive her, he carried a fair Outside to her, to show that either his Politicks, or his good Manners, or both together, were able to surmount his ill Nature.

In a short Time after this, *Rollando* dies, and *Albanio* succeeds to the Crown, when *Hippolito* became one of the greatest *Favourites* of his Court; and now there was no longer need to make Use of *M——*s for any Designs they had in View; but *Hippolito* and *Zarab's* Interest were sufficient to obtain what they cou'd reasonably desire. The King first of all, as his future Merits show'd he deserv'd, advanc'd him to one of the chief *Commands* of his *Army*, and afterwards made him a *Grandee* of *Albigion*. *Zarab*, at the same Time, was not wanting to establish the Interest of her Family firm, as well as that of her own; and though her Sister had good Assurances of all the Favours *Albanio's* Queen cou'd bestow upon her, yet her Assistance was not wanting to make *Onelio* Viceroy of *Iberia*; and notwithstanding this had not all the Effects they expected from so great a Design, they made still sure Work against all Accidents that might happen hereafter, to engage the Princess *Albania*, who was certain, in her self or Posterity, to succeed her Father; so that they took two Strings to their Bow, and were resolv'd, when ever either of them broke, they would still have something to trust to.

But it was not long e'er *Zarab* her self grew jealous of some Powers at Court growing too great for her or the Princess either to master: She did not like the Queen taking upon her so much, and particularly her Intimacy with *Volpone*, who was her

Creature, and she saw the Queen had entirely gain'd him to her Lure, by some Arts she was sensible no ambitious or covetous Man could resist; therefore she presently rais'd a Misunderstanding betwixt *Albania* and the Queen, being continually near the Persons both of one and the other; in which Controversie she influenc'd both *Hippolito* and *Volpone*, pretending there was a great Deal in it that concern'd the Good of the Nation, and the Succession of *Albania* to the Crown. Indeed there was such just Apprehensions of Danger as she spoke of; but they proceeded not from that Cause which she wanted to pique the Queen with, but from a private Grudge the Queen had against *Zarab*, whom she observ'd influenc'd *Albania* in all her Actions; and therefore she cou'd never have any Intimacy with her, but what immediately was communicated to *Zarab*, and so of Course came to *Hippolito* and *Volpone*, both whom were always on the Watch, lest the Queen, by her subtle Insinuations, should alienate the Affection of *Albania* from those private Friends of hers, and procure her other Acquaintance of her own Interest, which was necessary to perswade her into a good Opinion of the Queen, and the indulgent Fondness of the King her Father, who at the same Time were contriving to deprive her of her Hopes of Succession to the Crown, and only wanted to make her an Instrument in her own Ruin.

This Matter was long in Agitation, to bring *Albania* into the Interest of the King's Designs; but their Measures were always broke or interrupted by *Zarab*, *Hippolito*, or *Volpone*, who still counterplotted all the Stratagems laid by the Court, till they were let into the Secret, and rewarded liberally by the King for their wise Management of *Albania*, whom they were directed to keep in Ignorance from the
great

great Designs they had in View: At this Time there was one *Solano*, a perfect *Machiavel*, and one who was secretly in the Interest of *Zarab*, but had not at that Time declar'd himself; this subtle Statesman the King employs, caresses, and in short opens to him all the Secrets of his Heart, so that nothing was done now without *Solano*, he govern'd the King as absolutely as *Zarab* did *Albania*; no Designs were set on Foot, but what he was first made privy too, and none were executed without his particular Direction. He was a Man of *Zarab's* Principles and *Volpone's* Politicks; and therefore had this Gentleman been subject to Revenge, having shown us what Wonders he was capable of performing, what might not his Enemies have expected from him? But as it was not sufficient for the Legislators of the *Greeks* only to understand Philosophy, but also to put it in Practice; so it was his Pleasure to profess the Precepts of the *Stoicks*, and particularly that of taming his Passions, before he wou'd sit at the Helm to prescribe Rules of Government.

The Obligations which *Albigion* owes to this Great Man, render her incapable of an Acknowledgment; and the Thanks they owe his Policy, are much greater than the Satisfaction they receive from it; though he made a bold Attempt to purchase the Benedictions of the Kingdom, and by the Productions of strange and unheard of *Revolutions*, to furnish the rest of the World with Matter both for Envy and Admiration; for without being any thing less than a *Barbarian*, no Man ought endeavour to blemish the Fame of his Politicks, who has made *Albigion* flourish so much in *Policy* as it has done of late.

But to proceed, *Solano* was the very Creature both of the King and Queen, so that all Foreign Princes made their Court to him, as they did after-

wards to *Hippolito*. This uncommon Favourite of the King's, being so entirely Master of all the Transactions at the Council-Board, and every where else, and not making the least Court to *Albania*, by which Means *Zarah* might pry into some of his mysterious Doings, perplex'd her very much, and she cou'd no longer bear the Torment of living ignorant amidst the Variety of *Cabals* that were then carry'd on without her Privity; for *Volpone* and *Hippolito* were both ignorant of the Designs *Solano* was advancing, in which he acted with such refin'd Subtilty, that he made even the King himself a *Stalking-Horse* to his dexterous Treachery. *Zarah*, on the other Hand, perceiving to what a Height Things were carried, and how *Albania* was now like to become no other than a *Pensioner* to that Crown she had Expectations to wear, resolves with all her Might and Power to thwart the Designs of *Solano*, which she by this promoted to the last Degree.

Away she haltes to *Albania* with all the Speed, Revenge and Jealousie could make in an enraged Woman; *Madam*, said she to the Princess, Prepare to hear the dismal News I am oblig'd in Duty to tell you, that you are undone, and *Solano* has contriv'd your Ruin: I cannot doubt, but you must understand the fatal Consequence of what is now transacted by the King your Father, who has at last excluded you from all Hopes to the Crown of *Albigion*; there was never so notorious a Thing done in the World, as is now advis'd by *Solano*. The King asks Counsel no more of *Salopius*, *Volpone*, or *Hippolito*; therefore, *Madam*, for Heaven's sake, see the Queen no more; I'll spread it Abroad, that she has insulted you since Prince *Cambrio's* Birth; the Nation then will pity and protect you; then leave the Court, give it out as if the King had slighted you, and fly to some popular Place for Safety; the Court will be too much embarrass'd to take

Notice

Notice of your Journey, if it be true as 'tis reported, that Prince Aurantio is marching with an Army to oppose the King's Designs.

Zarah, answer'd the Princess, *What Danger is there for me to fear, that I should fly the Court? Is not the King infinitely fond and kind to me? and has he not this Day ordered me Two Hundred Thousand Florins out of his Treasury? But, Madam, said Zarah, What is that to the depriving you of a Crown? Besides, It is dangerous to stay when the Nation appears in a Disposition to revolt and forsake your Father. And therefore, says Albania, would you have me forsake him, and become the first Rebel against my Father, to set Aurantio, my Brother, on the Throne; and so, lest I be thus depriv'd by my Father, run on headlong, and by this Means deprive my self? But why do you perswade me to forsake the King, since Hippolito is oblig'd both by his Command and Duty to attend him? And Gratitude should tie you closely to his Interest, since he always generously promoted yours.*

I own, you have convinc'd me of my Duty and Allegiance, answer'd Zarah; but consider, Madam, the Zeal you have express'd for the Religion of your Country, which you must leave, without you leave the King. You know, Madam, continued she, I hate Aurantio, nor do I love the Princess; but 'tis for your sake alone that I advise this Counsel. I'll instantly go to Hippolito, Volpone, and Salopius, see to perswade 'em all to leave the King now, when he least expects it.

*Can you prevail on them, think you, to act such base Ingratitude? Said Albania: And would you perswade your Husband to be a treacherous Villain to his Master, and a Traytor to his King? As for Volpone and Salopius, I always took 'em for Statesmen, Politicians, ——— and consequently***; but for Hippolito, he is a Soldier, and should have more Honour than to betray his Prince.*

Well, Madam, says Zarah, if you depend upon Ho-
nour

now, I hope you never expect to succeed to the Crown of Albion.

Upon this they parted, and the next News that was heard, was, That *Hippolito* had forsaken the King, and sent him a Letter of Excuse, wherein it plainly appear'd he did not leave him for Interest or Honour, but purely as *Zarab* had told the Princess, out of a Principle of Religion. This soon was made publick, and became the Subject of Discourse and Admiration of all the Court: Every Body wonder'd to hear of *Hippolito's* Defection; some thought it was only a Feint to try how the Army stood affected to the King, others supposed he had taken some private Disgust against *Duraceo* the General; but at last all the World was satisfied he had deserted his Master, and embrac'd the Interest of Prince *Aurantio*. Good Heavens! what Exclamations did the King's Friends make against him? the Army curs'd him, and every Body despis'd him, so that he was forc'd to retire a time, for fear of enraging the Populace, who, tho' they were imbitter'd against his Master, they could not forgive this Treachery of the Servant.

On the other Hand, *Zarab* was far enough out of the Reach of the Tumult, having with much Perswasion drawn *Albania* along with her. And now the Spirits of the People being on the Ferment, occasioned partly by the Mismanagement of State-Affairs, directed by *Solano*, and partly by the Advance of *Aurantio's* Army, flock'd in great Numbers to *Albania*, as another Assertor of their Liberty and Freedoms. *Zarab* all this time pleas'd her self to think how she had obtain'd her Ends, by ruining all the Designs of *Solano*; hearing every Day how he was Curs'd by the People, and what grievous Crimes were laid to his Charge; that the whole Turn of
Affairs

Affairs that were prejudicial to the King, were laid at his Door: So that a great many good People there began to pity the King, and thought he had been too wretchedly abused by his Ministers, and particularly by those that appear'd at last to slight him; but this touching too near upon *Zarah*, notwithstanding she could with Pleasure hear *Solano* reflected on, she thought it was high Time to interpose, and let the World know, how barbarous *Albanio* and his Queen had been to the whole Nation general, and how unkind they had been in particular to *Albania* then amongst them: This succeeded as she could wish, for the whole Country expressed their Value and Esteem for the Princess, by paying her all the Honours and Respect due to her Birth and Character. In a little time they heard *Albanio*, almost distracted with the Infidelity he met with among those in whom he most entirely confided, fled from the hasty Advances of *Aurantio*, after he had endeavour'd to consult *Solano*, without so much as suspecting him false; or however, not in the least imagining, that he was the Person that had designedly betray'd him to *Aurantio*. But yet ere he could leave his Country, he was resolv'd to try *Hippolito*; but as he was enquiring for him, a fatal Letter soon inform'd him he was miserable beyond Redemption. This Stroke left him no Room for Thought, but made him precipitate his Flight, and banish'd him *Albigion* for ever.

And now the Time was come when *Zarah* found a happy Opportunity of flattering *Albania*. *Madam*, says she with dissembled Tears, *your Royal Father, Just as he was, and Kind to you, has been oblig'd to quit his Throne; Solano, whom you suspected always, has been the Author of his Misfortunes. Aurantio, your hateful Brother, revels in his Palace at Lodunum, and all the Peoples Voices Crown him*

him King. You ought not Zarah, says the Princess, to reflect, since you might have well foreseen the Consequence that would ensue, when you advis'd me hither. Madam, answer'd she, I dream'd not that Aurantio would be King, or that Albanio would be forc'd to fly, but only that he might be brought to Reason, and your just Right asserted to the Crown. During this Discourse, a Messenger came in and told *Albania*, that *Solano*, who was supposed by every Body to have been the King's sincerest Friend, as he was his secret Counsellor, was the chief Instrument that betray'd him to *Aurantio*, with whom he was at present, and declar'd himself publicly in that Prince's Interest. At this Narration, *Zarah*, who was disappointed in what she had done to oppose *Solano*, fell into a violent Rage, and Curs'd her self a Thousand times. The Princess surpriz'd at what had happen'd, and not being able to guess the Cause, left the Room, and *Zarah* to her Passion, thus exclaiming against her own Mismanagement; *Weak Women*, cry'd she, and unfit for those Designs thou art surely Born for, that could not penetrate into *Solano's* Treachery. I might have known a Man like him, Bred up in all State-Craft, could never design what he pretended, or was so shallow as to make Pretensions of any thing that he design'd. Poor Fool, is it for this *Hippolito* betray'd his Benefactor? Is it for this *Volpone* has lost his Royal Bubble? Is it for this I have Rul'd *Albania*? And is it for this at last I must repent? I hate my self for such a Thought, but worst of all, I hate *Aurantio* who occasions it? In this Way she spent the remaining Part of the Day.

By this Time *Aurantio* had settled himself at *Lodunum*, and *Albania* was invited to the Court again, where *Zarah* had the daily Mortification to see her Rival, in Dissimulation and State Politicks,

liticks, Flourish and Caress'd by the very Man she most abhorr'd. She cou'd have kill'd her self for Spite ; but finding that Disquietude was vain, she resolv'd to attempt whatever Statesmen she cou'd meet withal fit for a Competitor to *Solano*, to try if she cou'd Counterplot and Frustrate all the Designs laid by *Aurantio* ; but still, to increase the Misfortunes of *Zarah*, and make more Work for her Intriguing Brain, *Aurantia*, Sister to *Albania*, was sent for to be Crown'd with the Prince her Husband, King and Queen of *Albigion* ; this was a Stroke beyond the Reach of her Invention to have thought of, and now beyond the Power of her Malice to prevent, so that she imagin'd her self Miserable beyond Redress ; but being of a Restless and Indefatigable Spirit, she was resolv'd never to sit still till she had eas'd her self of this Oppression, by satiating her Revenge either on her Self or Enemies ; to favour which Design the New King takes into his Council *Salopius*, a Man every way as well qualified as *Solano* ; This gave new Life to *Zarah*, who knew *Salopius* was a Man of Wit and Intrigue ; that he had formerly been very *Amorous* upon her, and that she thought such a Spark once kindled cou'd not be so soon extinguish'd, in one that she knew had a great deal of Love in him and very little ***. Besides, he still retain'd a Secret Kindness for *Albanio*, which she understood how to improve to the best Advantage.

It happen'd about this Time there was a great Design on Foot to penetrate into *Picardia* by the Way of *Duneclesia*, a Place of vast Importance to the King of *Albigion*, as well upon the Account that he was at War with the Prince of that Country, as that he was a Friend to *Albanio* in the Recovery of his own Dominions ; this Affair was carried on
with

with great Secrecy, and no Body thought fit to be entrusted with it but *Salopius* and *Hippolito*, who by his Interest was introduced to *Aurantio* as a proper Person to execute the Design, or at least to advise with about it, by reason he was allow'd to be a good Soldier, and a Man of great Conduct. *Hippolito* was now reckon'd to be as firm in the Interest of *Aurantio*, as any Officer employ'd about his Person, and in his Service, and accordingly the whole Plan of the Design was communicated to him, with strict Instructions to divulge it to no Person Living, upon any Pretence whatsoever; but *Zarab*, who was always upon the Watch to take Advantage, observed Something a doing more than usual, by the daily Attendance of *Hippolito* at Court, and therefore having the Ascendant over him, was resolv'd, if possible, to penetrate into the Bottom of this Affair, and accordingly she laid a Train for him which succeeded, otherwise he had run the Risque of a Perpetual Noise in his Ears, which to free himself from, he was resolv'd to venture the Displeasure of his Prince, and the Forfeit of his Honour.

Zarab by this Means having gain'd her Point, away she hastes to *Salopius*, being assured she cou'd work upon him to give her the Opportunity of Transmitting this Account to *Onelia*, her Sister, at *Albanio's* Court; she had no sooner met him, but with a Flattering Smile, *My Lord*, says she, *how glad am I, to meet with a Person of your Merit, happily plac'd at the Helm of State, whereby you have the Opportunity of showing your large Acquirements to all the World, and your particular Friends? Your Lordship has had always the Character of a Gallant Kind-natur'd Man; that I am sure you cannot think it Flattery in me who have made Trial of it to tell you so:*

Madam,

Madam, answerd he to Zarah, The only Way to convince me, is to try how far I wou'd extend that Good Nature you are pleas'd to Compliment we with to your Service.

'Tis but a Trifle, says she, I wou'd ask of you, but I know 'tis contrary to the Trust repos'd in you, to grant me a Conveyance of some little Domestick Occurrences to Onelia, my Sister at Albanio's Court; though I am confident, you cannot but retain some small Respect for the Unhappy Prince, if you cou'd imagine without a Fault that I cou'd be guilty of giving any Intelligence to that Court I help'd to banish hence; but I know, my Lord, you are sensible my Interest is so firmly knit to Albania; and hers to the present Disposition of Affairs here, that it wou'd be impossible in me to have a Thought tending that Way.

Zarah pressing this Argument so very affectionately, gave Salopius Reason to suspect there was something more in her Request than he at first apprehended; he therefore made some Excuses to try her a little further; but finding she grew warmer in her Request, he was then confirm'd in his Suspicion, and was not a little glad to find one of her Management had undertaken to do something that he was unwilling, however she shou'd know it pleas'd him to have perform'd; upon this he consented to her Desires, and immediately dispatch'd her Intelligence, all the while being tickled with a Secret Pleasure to think he had discover'd this, without running the Hazard of letting her know it was agreeable to his Inclinations; for no body knew her Character better than he, and he was resolv'd never to trust her with any Secret but what was indispensably necessary to the maintaining both her Honour and her Interest; for though she might be prevail'd with to sacrifice one to the Service of the other, yet she would never part with the last, without it was

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to gratifie the noble Passion of *Revenge*, which is the darling Vice of her Sex, and was not a Stranger to *Zarab's* Breast.

It was not long after this e'er *Aurantio* had Notice his well-laid Stratagem was Discover'd, he Betray'd, and his Expedition Frustrated; away he sends for *Salopius* and *Hippolito*, both whom persisted in their Innocence, and that they were ignorant of any Discovery that had been made by them; though at the same Time *Hippolito* cou'd not but be Conscious of what he had said, and *Salopius* of what he had done; *Aurantio* was gall'd at the very Soul to think such a great Design shou'd miscarry through Treachery, and he be thought so little a Statesman as not to know the Men better that he entrusted; never was a Prince so perplex'd with Ministers, nor knew he how to help himself, for still as he chang'd he was but in a worse Condition; sometimes he thought to please the Friends of *Albanio* by employing them, but they betray'd him; then he took the sworn Foes both of him and their Country, but they were true to nothing but their Interest. *Hippolito* was vex'd within him self to think what a strange Opinion the King wou'd entertain of him after such a Betraying of his Trust, and therefore went to *Zarab* with all the Passion of a Man justly provok'd to Anger; *Madam*, said he, *What Fury has possess'd you, to seek my Ruin by your base Designs? Did you not study it to satisfy your foul Revenge when I forsook Albanio, and now you have contriv'd this to bring Disgrace upon me from Aurantio? 'Tis you have done it, no other cou'd, no other durst but you: Has not Aurantio advanc'd me to Honour as Albanio did? And will you bury it while fresh and green? Good Heavens! contain me that I act not some rash Deed to make us both for ever Infamous.* With that he flung himself way, and left her to her own melancholy Reflections, which

which however prevail'd not upon her to alter her Disposition; but she curs'd her Ill Fortune which had reduced *Hippolito* to the Extremity of serving *Aurantio*, yet was mad to think he shou'd be taken for a Villain, though she was glad of the Cause that gave the Prince that Occasion, notwithstanding she had Betray'd him so basely? *Hippolito's* Anger was not the Thing which troubled her, but the Thoughts of his being no more employ'd by *Aurantio*, whereby she wou'd be depriv'd of the Opportunity of giving Intelligence; for she wou'd not but have done what she did for all the World; and therefore that she might be sure to know what was always in Agitation, she resolv'd, how contrary soever it might be to her present Inclinations, to strike up a Friendship with *Solano*, in order to which she had made an Appointment that Evening with *Aranio* his Friend, where Love as well as Politics was to be the Subject of their Conference.

While *Salopius* being sensible of the Favour he had bestow'd on *Zarah* so lately, resolv'd she shou'd serve his Ends in a Proposal that included as much Treachery in it as that he had transacted, and therefore purpos'd immediately to go and see her that Night in Disguise. He had not Patience to stay long, but as soon as 'twas Night he went away in such a Disguise as prov'd like that *Aranio* was to come in, and being come to the Apartment, he found only an Old Moor at the Door, whom he sent to *Zarah* to tell her a particular Friend of her — *Acquaintance desired to speak with her in the Chamber of Repose*; he made Choice of this Chamber as the most proper for his Design; the Old Moor innocently told her, *there was a Particular Friend of her Acquaintance desired to speak with her in the Chamber of Repose*; *Zarah* hearing of this, made no Question at all but *Aranio* was the Man, and without farther enquiring what Kind of Man he was, or any other

Consideration, she goes to the Place of Assignment: Had she made the least Reflection on the Message she could not have been deceiv'd, nor have expos'd her self so easily. It was not the Custom of her *Gallant* to use her thus, or to see her usually in this Chamber. But those who are in Love, as *Zarah* was, are subject to greater Oversights than these; she knew *Aranio* was not to see her till Late at Night, yet she apprehended nothing in this *Amorous Expectation*, which tantaliz'd her extreamly, and kept her in a Mortal Inquietude; whether he came or came not, there needed no Help to hurry her away when the Time drew near. Women who have been in Love will easily confess there is nothing so hard as to be prudent on such Occasions; and that the *Name* of their *Lover*, when expected, has made them start up for Joy, and run to meet him, e'er they knew whether he were come, or no. The passionate *Zarah*, having given up her self to be led Blindfold where she thought Love waited for her, borrow'd Wings of that God to carry her the sooner into that Chamber where the *Moor* had first Conducted *Salopius*; there was not any Light there, but this did not Surprize her, it not being usual to place any there when *Aranio* came. Our *Gallant*, who waited for her, took her by the Hand, and led her to the farther End of the Chamber, where he was so loth to lose time for making Use of the Occasion, that embracing her with some Transport, he had almost put it out of her Power to defend herself. *Zarah* thinking this Action too violent to be *Aranio's*, began to mistrust, and having given him his Liberty till then, she did the utmost in her Power to resist him. The Resistance she made after the Kindness she express'd at the first was observ'd by *Salopius*, and made him then sensible he was taken for some other; so that
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having no Hopes to succeed any other Ways, or at least not venturing to Fortune, without further dallying he made his last Efforts, and rendred those of *Zarah* so useless that she lay at his Mercy. But it was not long e'er this Transported Lover had allay'd his Passion, when he wou'd have withdrawn without saying a Word : But the Lady, who was resolv'd to know who had been so bold with her Honour, held him fast; and refus'd to let him go till he discover'd himself, when *Salopius* spoke; *Madam*, said he, *I hope you don't Regret this happy Moment I have had, tho' I own it equal to the Hazard of my Life and Honour, both which I ventured to oblige you.*

At these Words *Zarah* trembled, partly from the Confusion of what had happen'd, and partly from the Words that were spoken, fearing lest *Salopius* had made a Discovery of her Intelligence; however, she resolv'd to dissemble it a little further, that he might not think she understood him in his Hurry of her Spirit: *For God's Sake, whoe'er you are, answer'd she, don't continue to fright a helpless Woman, whom you have thus injur'd by Surprise !*

I thought, Madam, said he, with all the Softness Love cou'd inspire him with, to sooth her up for the Violence he had offer'd; *I am happier than e'er you design'd me, tho' I have ever been your Lover; I am now your Slave, your devoted Salopius; accept therefore, I beseech you, Madam, the Sacrifice I here make you.*

Bless me ! Cries *Zarah*, *is this you, my Lord ? And cou'd you find no other Way to wrest a Favour from me but this unpresidented one !*

Madam, answer'd he, *if all the Passion Man can have for a Woman is not capable to justify the Crime I committed against you, you ought to Pardon me at least, having suffer'd that for you which still fills my Soul with Grief and Confusion, tho' yet to serve you I will not spare the doing*
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my self any Violence I am capable of ; and if I have wrong'd you, I know how to punish my self for it ; attempting to go.

I should be heartily sorry, said she, so extraordinary a Person as you shou'd part with an ill Opinion of me, and that I know not how to Value your Friendship. Salopius extreamly Surpriz'd at this Answer, too full of Respect, cry'd out, I Love you, Madam, and Love you with a Passion as tender as it is lasting : And tho' I committed an Innocent Treason, it was the Power of your Charms provok'd me to it. However, I am more in Love than any Man Living, and what will become of me unless you pity me ?

This Dialogue continued for some Time till Zarah recover'd her Surprise so far as to makes Enquiries after what was doing afresh at Court ; while Salopius was fond to discover to her all that was consulted ; he told her the King resent'd the last Discovery so heinously, that he was resolv'd to oblige Albania to discard her, else to forfeit his Displeasure, and so incur the Danger of being thought a Publick Enemy to the State, by Countenancing one that had Betray'd it.

This nettled Zarah so it disturbed all the Pleasure she cou'd otherwise have taken in Salopius's Company at that time, since he was a Person so likely to be serviceable to her in her future Designs.

It was now the King sent Aurantia to her Sister on purpose to perswade her not to employ Zarah any further in her Service, and to give her the Secret Reasons why.

But Zarah had so manag'd the Matter with Albania as to prepossess her with the Thoughts that her Sister was come on a private Message from the King to prevail with her to relinquish her future Title to Albigion, or at least to do something that

that would be Prejudicial to her and her Posterity; and in order to that they design'd to engage her Highness to turn her out of her Service, upon some Pretensions or other she heard they had form'd against her, to facilitate their Designs. So that when the Queen was arrived at the Gates of *Albania's* Palace, which was then in the Country, which she had chose on purpose to be retired from Court, she had a Message ready prepared for her, *that Albania was not in a Disposition to receive Visits, tho' it was from the Queen her Sister.* This you may be sure cou'd not but afflict the Good Queen, who was full of Love and Affection to *Albania*, being a Woman that was always Compassionate, and shew'd a tender Regard to all her Subjects. But the King, who was naturally Passionate in himself, tho' he govern'd it more than most Men were capable of doing in the Publick Administration of Affairs, yet he took such Notice of this Carriage to *Aurantia*, that he scarce forgot it all his Reign after. And since he cou'd not reach *Zarah*, whom he never thought Innocent, he shew'd visible Marks of his Resentment to *Albania*, and neglected *Hippolito* a long Time after. Tho' it was not so long e'er *Zarah* remember'd the King again, when he had laid a Second Stratagem to penetrate into the Enemies Country by the Way of *Briescia*; but this succeeded worse than the First, and was so well known to the Enemy, that the whole Nation began to take Notice of it as a Miscarriage that redounded much to the Dishonour of *Aurantio*, who had more People about him, some said, than *Zarah*, that studied to confound all his Devices, and render him Odious to the People, who then began to Murmur grievously against his Reign; others there were that extoll'd those very Persons the Court thought Instrumental

to all the Treacheries that happen'd in the Publick Councils of the Nation.

At last *Aurantio* saw there was no good to be done without employing those Persons who appear'd to thwart his Counsels; not but he saw at the same Time they were Persons fitly qualified for Publick Business, being Men of discerning Parts and quick Judgments; besides, *Salopius* began now to appear backward, and refuse every Thing the King would have put upon him, for he never suspected him at all, notwithstanding his Treachery, because he deceived him by his Indifference and Shiness to be employed, when his chief Reasons were he lov'd his *Pleasure* too much to serve any Prince, and he lov'd *Albanio* too much to serve *Aurantio* to any Purpose; another Thing was, *Solano*, who transacted all Affairs behind the Curtain, was now become as one Person by his strict Alliance with *Hippolito*, and therefore recommended him to the King's Favour, who saw in him every Thing he cou'd desire to his Designs, and therefore receiv'd him again, both into the Council and the Army; nor was it long e'er *Volpone*, who had likewise ally'd his Family to *Zarah's*, was employ'd in the most *Secret Councils*, so that she had no room left now to entertain Envy or Revenge; yet still she had not what she chiefly wanted, *Aurantio's* Absence; for tho' the Queen was gone, her Fears were greater still, lest any Accident shou'd intervene to cross *Albania* of the Crown, for there were all her Hopes; and Fortune, which had pursued her close in every Adventure of her Life, resolving not to keep her long in Suspence, now made Way for all her Expectations to succeed, by the sudden Death of *Aurantio*, and *Albania's* Accession to the Throne of *Albigion*.

Now the whole Scene of Affairs was turn'd to *Zarah's* Will and Pleasure; she cou'd look no where round

round her without Tempting Objects of *Grandeur*, *Riches* and *Ambition*; every Thing that she saw flatter'd her, every Body made their Court to her, while the Formality of *Albania's* State hindred her of the Secret Pleasure *Zarah* enjoy'd among Crouds of *Fawning Courtiers*.

The Government of the Kingdom was in a manner in her Hands, and whoever expected Favours or Rewards must apply themselves to *Zarah*, by whom all was granted, as the Pipe that convey'd the Royal Bounty to the Subject; past Ages have furnish'd us with Examples of this Nature, Posterity may see the like, but not equal to this; for it may be said, without Exaggerating upon the Subject too much, *Albania* took the Crown from her own Head to put it on *Zarah's*.

This great *Rise* of hers, and her *Power* at Court, gain'd her the Title of Queen *Zarah* among Foreigners, who knew not the Constitution of *Albigion*, where it has been an usual Thing for Kings to uncrown themselves, and place it on their Favourites. This rais'd her many Enemies among the Ambitious *Grandeess*, who envy'd her Greatness; yet she had a particular Way with her of Monopolizing all Perquisites to her self, that gain'd her more Hatred from the *Court-followers*; but the most Considerable and Dangerous Enemies she had were *Roffensis* and *Mulgarvius*, the last of which retained still a Relish of her old Grudge to him.

Statesmen and *Favourites* of this kind are seldom known to agree, the *First* aiming at the good of the State, and the Felicity of their Monarch; the *Last* only striving to Enrich themselves, though upon the Ruin of their Country, are Opposites to one another; and so consequently when Favourites flourish, the State languishes, for Persons of their Characters being Rivals to one another, generally go cunningly to work, and so interrupt all other Business going forward but their own.

These Persons, though they were all of great Spirits, they were too Prudent to declare open War against one another, and let the World see their blind Side, and who had the apparent Advantage over the other. *Albania*, on the other Hand, was very wise, and of a Peaceable Disposition, too Cautious as yet to Side with either to the Prejudice of the other; but having a Kindness for both *Roffensis* and *Mulgarvius*, and knowing *Zarah* had a Secret distaste against them, as Persons that were only capable of Influencing her, she never gave *Zarah* the Encouragement of speaking any thing to the Prejudice of either of them.

And now we must suppose *Hippolito* advanc'd to the highest Pinnacle of Honour he was capable of having bestowed upon him as a *Subject*; and indeed none cou'd be too great for his Services, considering all their Circumstances; he merited a just Esteem both from the Court and Country; every Body now admired the Queen, that she had confirm'd the Wise Choice of *Aurantio*; for all the World spoke well of *Hippolito*, and Extoll'd his Gallantry, he was look'd upon Abroad as if he had been Sovereign of *Albigion*, from which he had been sent; and the same Honours were paid him in the Army as they use to Crown'd Heads: Thus laden with *Honours* at Home, and *Victory* Abroad, he Fought, he Conquer'd, and Triumph'd over all the Heroes of his Age; nor was he less in his Family than in himself: *Volpone*, his nearest Ally, was Absolute at Home as he Abroad, under his Administration the Nation Flourish'd in *Wealth* and *Riches*. *Soldiers* turn'd *Usurers* in their *Tents*, and *Sailors* in their *Cabbins*; the *Merchant* went no more Abroad for Gain, but Traded safer with the Government: The Queen sat easie in her Throne, nor felt the Weight that Crowns do give, and all the People wonder'd at the Tranquillity the Nation felt in those Blest Days of *Zarah* and *Volpone*'s Reign,

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But there was still one Obstacle to all their Flattering Felicities, for what Humane Happiness has yet been without a *But*? The *Ecclesiasticks* of *Albigion* were very Restless and Uneasie at this Tide of Government, which like a Torrent threatned the Destruction of their Constitution, which, as all Wise Men of the Nation thought, was the Foundation of *Albigion's* Future Peace and Tranquillity; the *Priests* began now, as they had all the Reason in the World, to exclaim against the *Modern Invasion* of their Rights and Privileges from the *Pulpit*, and to admonish their Audience boldly to adhere to the Principles of Religion their Forefathers had Taught 'em, and Purchas'd for 'em as an Inheritance, at the Price of their Precious Blood; they were daring enough at all Times, and in all Places, even in their Publick Assemblies, to point out, as we may say in Plain *English*, the Persons whom they saw were the Authors and Promoters of those Mischiefs that were then brought upon their Function, and daily like to increase, to the Prejudice of the *Present Establishment*.

This Management, which was thrown upon *Zarah* and *Volpone*, caus'd great Alterations in the Ministry, and no small Feuds among the People, whose Heats rose to that Degree they were ready to knock those on the Head who appear'd to Vindicate the *Religion of the State*, which the others were endeavouring to laugh out of Countenance, and stigmatize all those that were its faithful Assertors with Infamous *Nicknames*, to render them odious to the Populace; but this Hellish Stratagem so far fail'd of its design'd Success, that it produced quite contrary Effects, and those very Persons whose Fame and Reputations they design'd to Ruin, became the *Darling Patriots* of all the Wise, Disinterested and Unprejudiced People of *Albigion*, and may in future Times become a Scourge to those Impolitick Statesmen

Statesmen who now envy them the Honour that they themselves have establish'd upon them throughout their Country, and it is not unlikely they may prove a Thorn in the Sides of those Men who thought to stab them to the Quick.

If *Mulgarvius* and *Roffensis* be thrown out of the Ministry, who knows but *Volpone* and *Fuimus* may be drawn into the Mire? *Obornius* was as great in the Days of *Rollando*, who lov'd him as tenderly as e'er *Albania* cou'd *Volpone*; but yet this Wise and Just Favourite Minister durst not be trusted by his Master through the Streets of *Lodunum*, for fear of the enrag'd Multitude; 'Tis a Happiness a Statesmen knows not how sufficiently to value *not to be Popular*: *Hippolito* has manag'd this beyond Example; he never made himself the *Peoples Idol*, and consequently the *People* will never make him their *Sacrifice*.

What though *Danterius* was made a Stalking-horse to the State? They were forc'd to part with him before they could catch the Game *Volpone* was hunting for; and though the *Cambrian* be a Tamer Beast, he's but an *Ass* at best, whose Ears will scare the *Partridge* before they can drive them to their Nets; *Solano*, the Beardless Legate, will return well fraught with long Experience, and then the State will have no further Use for *Make-Shifts*.

But all this while these intricate Affairs of Church and State perplex'd the Good Queen *Zarah*; for though her Royal Mistress was still Living, and Reign'd Absolute Queen o'er all her Subjects Hearts, yet the Weight and Burden of the Government press'd heavy on *Zarah's* Shoulders, which she, like a Second *Atlas*, kindly sustain'd, without the least return of Thanks from that Ungrateful Country of *Albigion*; that Country that could never speak well of her *Protectors* and *Deliverers*, but like an untam'd Horse,
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was always apt to kick those that dar'd to Ride her.

Nothing griev'd *Zarah* like this ungovernable Spirit of the *Albiginois*, who wou'd not bear to think of being rid with a *Side-Saddle*, having had their Backs gall'd so much before in the Female Reign of *Rolando*. But notwithstanding all these Difficulties, *Zarah* was resolv'd to mount on the *Stirrup* of *Hippolito's* Fame and Conduct, and drive her Beasts forward by the help of *Volpone's* Rod; for though it wou'd not *Smart* as some other *Rods* do, it had a strange Faculty in it of Tickling such *Cattle* as were Froward into the most Pleasant Gentle Paces imaginable; by this Means she got on the Backs of the most Able Pads in the whole Kingdom of *Albigion*, some of which she rid to Death, others she Jaded, and some she rides still.

There were two very serviceable *Black Nags* she would gladly have Rid, and used all the Gentle Means she cou'd think of to manage, but they wou'd never submit to be Back'd; they had been so long us'd to *Run* at their own Liberty, it was not in her Power ever to get 'em bridled with either *Curb* or *Snaffle*; there was a Milk-white *Steed* that was thought wou'd have made one of the usefulest Beasts about the Court; this she managed so dexterously as to be able to mount him; but setting forward of a Journey where she design'd to ride him, he kick'd her Highness off at the Court-Gate, which so disgrac'd her, she never cou'd endure a White Horse since; and some say it had such an Effect upon her, that she begins to hate every Thing that is White, will scarce bear Clean Linnen, and cannot endure *Lawn Sleeves*.

A small Time after these little Disgraces which *Zarah* met with, the great Esteem *Mulgarvius* gain'd among the Patriots of *Albigion* did not a little perplex her, for he had now both the Ear of *Albania*,
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and the Affections of the People, and Nature and Merit both had furnish'd him with a Capacity fit for Authority; and that which vex'd *Zarah* worst of all was, that they had given him so much Independency; for had he been one that wou'd have suffered himself to be carried away by the Perswasions of *Flattery*, he wou'd easily become a Prey to her Alluring Arts.

This was so insupportable to her, that she cou'd not rest till she had communicated her Resentments to *Volpone*, of continuing *Mulgarvius* still about the Court, to be an Eye-fore to her, and a Spy upon all her Actions. *Volpone* submissively told her all Things shou'd be according to her Mind in a short Time; but as yet she ought to wait a few Days, saying, *That great Politicians* (such as himself undoubtedly) *had found by Presidents*, that *Peace and Union preserves a State*, that *Love maintains it*, that *Ambition and Novelty destroys it*, that *Moderation banishes Hatred and Quarrels*, that *Swavity suppresses Envy*; besides, continued he, amongst so many *Illustrious Qualities* as we have observed in *Albania*, I will not omit the *Supream Virtue of Moderation*, wherewith she favours her Friends, and even her very Enemies too, and which we both know by Experience she possesses in the highest Measure; and that her *Irascible Part* hath never been able to surmount it; wherein I take much more Notice of their Good Luck who have the Benefit of it, than of their own Deserts; and of the Influences which come from her, than of the Subject which makes her lay aside Severity, and shew her self Favourable and Merciful, I mean her Clemency, which is the Judge of Vengeance, and the Moderatrix of Power, where there is Question of lessening the Punishments, which a Person of Authority may inflict upon such as are under her Obedience.

This Virtue is a Gift of Piety, a Sweetness of Spirit; for Clemency is of an Heroick Essence; and the Defection
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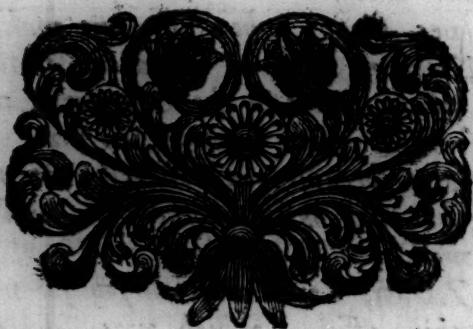
of that *Active and Unbridled Passion*, which oppugns it, and seems to check it, is the most *Wonderful Effect*, that they who exercise this *Virtue*, are able to produce, and the *Victory* gotten over it is much more *Glorious* than that which is won by *Force of Arms*.

Here *Zarah* interrupted him, saying, *Sir*, you put me in *Mind* of an *Act* of this *Virtue* which she exercised some *Days* since at my *Request* in the behalf of—— Therefore it was that I spake of it, answer'd *Volpone*, because I was present when you begg'd that *Person's* *Pardon*, and when the *Addreses* of your *Eloquence* easily obtained what you desired of a *Soul* already dispos'd thereto by *Virtue*; and for this *Cause* it is I told you, *Clemency* favours as well *Enemies* as *Friends*; and that we must hold our selves *Happy* when *Fortune* makes us meet with more *Necessary* *Motions* to *Pardon* in them whom we *Petition*, than *Merit* in the *Offenders*; not but that your *Discourse* might have wrought the same *Effect* even upon *Barbarians*, because you took *Albania* upon a good *Advantage*; but that with another you wou'd not have succeeded so well.

Sir, said *Zarah*, I will only tell you for what *Reason* I undertook this *Affair*, which was *Accidental*, for finding him alone in the *Anti-chamber* I began to discourse with him about the *Cause* of his *Disgrace*; whereupon I observed in him a great *Moderation* of *Spirit*, and much *Serenity* of *Mind*, and as he was going into the *Council-Chamber* I took occasion to speak more freely to him; upon which I undertook his *Peace* with *Albania* after this *Manner*; *Madam*, said I, it is a *Humane Accident* to have an *Advantage* over one's *Enemies*; but to *Pardon* when we *Overcome* is a *Divine Virtue*; whence it comes that we prefer *Clemency* before *Rigour*; *Pardon* him therefore, *Madam*, and if you will not grant it for his *Sake* who hath offended you, nor for mine who deserve

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not this Favour, yet do it for your own Honour, which will be much more Glorious for you than to free your self from a Weak Enemy : An Enemy ! I stile him False ; for I protest to you he has as many good Wishes for you as you can think of Ways to destroy him, and he hath already received Punishment sufficient from the Sense of his Fault, and from the Terror you have given him ; break therefore the Neck of your Indignation, and by forbearing to Punish him, show that you Hatred is not Immortal.



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S E C O N D P A R T.

A *Lbania* had not been long set upon the Throne of her Ancestors, and as yet indeed it was not to be expected she should understand how to hold the Reins of Government steadily, but *Zarah* pluck'd the slack Ones out of her Hand; and tho' she left those of *Power* behind her, she made sure of all that were of *Profit*, knowing, like a skilful Politician, they would at last produce whatever her Ambition could desire.

The Court having lain, for this small Space of Time, much in the same Condition that *Aurantio* left it, 'twas high time now to think of a *Remove*, in order to which *Zarah* cast her Eyes about to see what F—— she could find to place nearest *Albania's* Person, who at the same time might both secure and promote her own Interest. It happen'd at this Juncture *Devonius*, as Haughty and Noble a Peer as any was in *Albigion*, was then Principal Staff-Officer of the Household

Honshold, and *Zarah* finding she could not easily displace him, was resolv'd to weary him out, by discountenancing all his Under Officers, or make him obey Her Commands, by placing such in them as she directed. One Day there happen'd a Vacancy, upon which Instance was immediately made to *Zarah* to supply it, for no Body presumed *Devonius* would be so bold as to assert his own Right, when it was contrary to *Zarah's* Will and Pleasure; but this Consideration did not in the least affect our gallant Peer, who was so hardy as to enter himself into the Lists with this powerful Enemy.

Zarah took upon her the Nomination, and sent away her Officer without Ceremony to be confirm'd by *Devonius*; but to her great Mortification, and contrary to the least of her Expectations, he sent her a huffing Message back again, nor fail'd that Minute to second it himself, by waiting on her with an Air of Grandeur equal, if not superior, to her own; *Madam*, said he, *Are you Queen of Albigion? Or am I L——d S—— of the H——d? If you are the first, take this Staff? If I am the last, I only do my Duty by this Justification, and you have done more than yours to be the Occasion of it.* She was startled at this, it being the first Rub she had met withal since she fancy'd herself Absolute Mistress of the C——t.

We need not doubt but this Usage made *Zarah* cautious how such Men of Spirit as *Devonius*, were employ'd again in any considerable Posts that might interfere with her Government; therefore she pitched upon *Canutius* as a proper Person for her Turn, and one who would make himself easier under her Administration: Accordingly he had a Staff, and was made the next Great O—— in the C——t to *Devonius*: I don't say it was given him.

For

For *Canutius* happening once to be at Play with *Zarah*, he lost more than a Talent of Gold to her ; not at *Cards or Dice*, which were not known in those Days, but at a certain Game they call in *Albigion* *Loose-all*. And this Lady, who was always fam'd for Gratitude, finding she had so great an Obligation laid upon her, and he the only Person in the World she desir'd should enjoy that Place, without further Delay put him in Possession of it, which some malicious People said he purchas'd at too dear a Rate : But however it was, he was gratify'd, and *Zarah* pleas'd she had got a *Gamester* that understood *Loose-all* so well.

The People of *Albigion*, which is a Country full of Ill-nature, made strange Constructions on this Affair ; some talked very loosely of *Zarah*, others reproached *Albania*, the best Woman in the World, for giving such Liberties to a Subject as Sovereigns themselves have been check'd for. But all the World agreed she was impos'd on by the subtle Insinuations and Devices of *Zarah*, who got such an Ascendant over her in her Youth, she could never shake off all her Life after : But let the Matter be as it would, *Albania* was never free from her Influence, no more than she was from her Person, for she stuck to her like a Burr to a Garment.

The chief Reason indeed why there was no Thoughts at this Time of Day of freeing the C——t from this H—— L — b, which suck'd the L——s B——d of the Nation, tho' there was an Able Ministry then chose, because *Hippolito* was the Man pitched on, as the most fitting to serve his Country in that Station in which he was employ'd, and which requir'd one of a double Capacity, which he was happy in, to wit, that of a good Statesman and a good Soldier. This made it necessary for *Albania* to give
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him

him all the Encouragement imaginable, and bestow upon him all those Honours his Merits might justly claim. While *Albigion* was equally pleas'd, both with her Choice and the Dispensation of her Favours, but at the same time, could not forbear to reflect, that *Zarah* had done nothing for the Publick Service that could deserve such distinguishing Marks of her Sovereign's Bounty, as were fit to make her equal to her Q——n, and had already given her that Title in the Mouths of all Her Subjects; many of which had felt the Resentments of her Anger keen as that of Regal Power.

Among the rest, there is this particular Instance: As she was passing through the Streets of *Lodunum*, where she often went to Traffick with the Merchants, and where the Traders would tremble when they saw her at their Shops, ever since the Story that they had amongst them of her Cunning Way of purchasing of *Velvets*; through these Streets as she was passing in her Chair, an Unfortunate *Aga* met her passing by without Ceremony, his Cymeter broke the Glass, for which his Commission paid in a few Days; for her Imperial Highness discovering his Name by her Servants when he waited at *Hippolito's Levee*, without concealing her Anger, or the Cause of the *Aga's* Disgrace, got him absolutely *Cashier'd* from the Army, not suffering him to be heard, or his Friends to make Intercession for him.

This, as we may easily believe, provoked the *Aga* to write the following Letter to *Zarah*, which he caus'd to be dropt in a Publick *Coffee-House*, and was read thus; Madam, *How great a Shame it is for Albigion to see Albania, the Mother of her Country, a Princess who loves Goodness, and the Repose of her Subjects, sacrific'd to the Ambition of a ——, who renders her the weakest of all Women.* The Generous Hippo-
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lito has too much Honour to Espouse your Actions, Albania too much Justice to pardon your Crimes, Albigion too much Power to bear your Usurpations, and I too much Wrong to forgive the Injury,

This made a terrible Noise throughout *Lodinum*, and every Body pity'd the poor *Aga*, who was made a Sacrifice to her Indignation: And the whole *Soldiery* were so concern'd, it made the Young *Rakes* think coolly in an Evening, lest by getting Drunk, they should stumble against *Zarah's* Chair, and instead of breaking her Glasses, be broke themselves. Some of them were so dis-spirited at the Narration of the *Aga's* Fate, they would tremble at the Name, and as soon face the Mouth of a Cannon, as a Chair in the open Streets.

But these things did not at all affect the good Fortune of *Zarah*, which pour'd in upon her like a Deluge, and had been enough to have swept away the most Politick F——te, had not *Albania*, like a Rock, screen'd her from the Insults of tempestuous Waves, which began to roul upon her apace from the opposite Shore. *Danterius* and *Roffensis* succeeded well in their Councils at Home, and *Ormondo* was successful abroad. *Hippolito* in the mean time had done little in the Field; so that *Zarah* had nothing to boast of, whereon to ground a Reason for her *Usurpations* over her Fellow Subjects. *M——* upon this began to make her very uneasie, which soon put her upon the Methods of finding out a Way to make him silent, by less Attendance on the C——t. So that Councils were held without *M——* being call'd, and Business done without his Secrecy.

This being observ'd by *Danterius*, who was much valued by all Men for his wise Counsels, soon sour'd his Temper from the Publick Business, for he found he was going to be made a Tool to *Fuimus*, *Solano*,

Devonius, and the rest of *Volpone's* Statesmen, to whom now he could reckon himself no better than an *Under Secretary*. This gaul'd him to the Heart to think of, considering the Services he had done, and the Slights he had receiv'd from *Court* by Means, as it was suppos'd, of *Zarah*, who monopoliz'd all Favours to her self and *Favourite*.

Roffensis, *Danterius*, and *M...*, perceived now amongst themselves, they could no longer serve *Albigion*, since *Albania* was resolv'd to enter into other Counsels; and it seem'd plain to them no Body could continue in the Service of *Albania*, that were not first resolv'd to do Homage to Queen *Zarah*; she would admit of no Rival in *Court* or *Country*; and it is well known *Volpone* pays more Court to *Zarah's* *Couchbee*, than *Albania's* *Levee*.

For about this Time, *Somerius*, a very great Officer in the *Court*, having Business of Importance with *Volpone*, and seeing him go towards *Zarah's* Lodgings after Council was over, depended upon it he should find him there. Now *Somerius* was one of those who never made it his Study to know how to Cog, Flatter, and Prevaricate, and who never was of Opinion, that the Chief Virtue of the *Court* consisted in knowing how to Lie well, but rather valued himself upon having a good Stock of *Freedom* and *Plainness*. *Volpone*, on the other hand, was a Man who knew perfectly how to wear two Faces under one Head, that was to Flatter, Flatter and Dissemble, and never to speak as he thought: And this he did for certain Reasons and Maxims, which he would have perswaded *Albigion* to believe were void of all Design and Artifice, and managed with such *Temper* and *Moderation*, that the least Inconstancy or Levity might not appear in them.

As

As soon as *Somerius* had dispatched his Affairs with *Albania*, he hastes with all Speed to *Zarah's* Apartment, and enquires for *Volpone*; the Old *Moor*, who generally attended there, and having his Instructions, denied he had been there that Evening; but told him, he believ'd he might find his L—— there another time. Yes, answer'd *Somerius* angerly and aloud, that the whole Gallery might hear him; *I believe so too, I may find V——e here, if I come early enough, and in —— with Z——h.* The *Moor* was Thunder-struck at these Words, proceeding from so Great a Man, and having so many People then in the Gallery, therefore, without any further Reply, clapt the Door on his G——, and withdrew into the Lodgings..

This did not a little provoke *Somerius*, who was Haughty, tho' he was *Volpone's* Creature in other Respects; therefore he turn'd from the Door with Anger in his Countenance, and Resentment in his Breast, and the first Person he met, which happen'd to be *Lunarius*, who had formerly been a Rakish P——r, and whom he entertains with this Discourse; after having told him how he had been us'd; *My Lord*, said he, *Few Persons follow the C——t without engaging themselves in the Service, either of the Prince, or of some Chief Minister, to make their Fortune: A Friend of ours, who hath fix'd himself in a good One, made Use of a great deal of Art and Industry, agreeable to a Proverb known and us'd in Courtship, that is, to win the Maid before the Mistress, hereby to facilitate his Design, as well knowing that to be the only Way; in order to which he set all his Craft on Work to gain the Maid, that by her he may find out her Mistresses Humour, and consequently, to discern her Inclinations, without taking Notice of the greatness of her Pomp and Condition, or having that due Regard to the Interest of her K——ms.*

In fine, by this Course of his, he came so perfectly to understand her, and please her, by complying with her in whatsoever he saw acceptable to her, that he very easily grew to obtain of her whatsoever he would, and to settle his Fortune so advantageously as he has done; in order to which, the close Interest which he made, and the Friendship which he procured with her Cr—— and D——k, was the main Spoke in the Wheel of his Fortune, and is still of the most considerable Use and Assistance to him.

I know who you mean, answer'd Lunarius; and it must be very troublesome, said he, for a Person of his Condition, who is so much courted himself, to submit to the Service of a ——, whom he must be more careful to please, than to please the Q—— herself; and there is no doubt, continued he, but he who undertakes such kind of Service, finds at first a great many Difficulties in his Way, because he never moves but by a second Motion, in respect of his Duty to one, and Obedience to another: But Pains and Troubles grow easy by Custom, whereas otherwise they are odious and burthensome; and some Men, rather than they will use themselves to 'em, are content to lose what others gain, by undergoing them, tho' they are Matters both of Honour and Advantage, since by Humility and Assiduity we vanquish the greatest Difficulties; but every Body cannot follow the C——t, and maintain himself in the Service of a W——, and a Courtier; every Body cannot yield such entire Obedience to a State P——te, and make a Thousand Congees and Cringes for a favourable Nod, or a good Look.

Tonnario, no Enemy to Volpone and Zarah, and a Friend in the Interest with those Lords then Discourling, standing near, and hearing great Part of what had been said, join'd Company with them, and spoke thus: My Lords, If I may have the Liberty to give my Opinion of the Affair you seem to take Notice of betwixt Volpone and Zarah; that Lady hath never
much

much troubled her self at what either the C——t or the Town hath said concerning her frequent meeting Early and Late with Volpone, since they are so nearly Ally'd. Tho' some Enemies and Ill-natur'd People, censure her Guilty of a great deal of Im——, for showing so little Shame at it; yet the most Religious and moderate Sort of People are perswaded to the contrary, and the most clear-sighted Eyes turn it to her Advantage, that her Constancy and Perseverance in the Matter are the Justification of her Innocence; and that good Intentions never make any Account at all of the Noise rais'd from Detraction: Guilt is never without a Character, we may Read it in the Criminals Faces; it will appear in their very Eyes, and express that the Contempt of Virtue hath caused on Insurrection of the Passions.

Now if these Two Persons, continued he, who are allow'd to have great Spirits, had neither Shame or Fear express'd upon their Faces, how wou'd it be possible for a Woman, whose Sex is no less bashful than weak, to have the Confidence to appear at C——t, and shew her Face, after having blemish'd her Honour, and especially it being Publish'd?

As there are different Lovers, so there are different Loves: And tho' that Sympathy which in all Likelihood is between them, upon the Account of their Resemblance to each other in Politicks, may have frequent Privacies, and those frequent Privacies some little Kindness, yet I believe says he, neither of their Desires have transcended the Bounds of an agreeable Conversation. He would have gone on, but the lateness of the Night prevented him, the Company breaking up, and leaving the C——t.

However, the Subject of this Debate was talk'd about Publickly the next Morning, insomuch that Aranio fought a certain Young Lord for spreading the Report; but being happily prevented from doing further

ther Mischief. they enter'd into a Discourse of irresistible Love. Love, says *Aranio*, is a Torch which kindles another, and Burns not long alone, and without help; the Experience I have had in this Lady is certain. I have ever observ'd in that Adorable Person a Spark of the Fire of Love, which wou'd have been extinguish'd if I had not stir'd it up. And tho' Men perswaded me it was as easie to disentangle one's self from Love, as it was to break with a Friend, when one had a Mind to it, yet have I found all these Rules untrue in my self, and that they have nothing in them but vain Imaginations. As for the distinction of a Lover from a Friend, I have likewise had the same Motions with those who were of Opinion they might spur on my Hopes to the Attievement of my Desires; and as for the Facility of forsaking her, tho' another's, Alas! I have not found a Possibility yet to effect it, after having put in Practice all the severe Lessons I cou'd think of to punish my self.

I have tried all things in vain, as flattered by the Opinion that she had yet a Heaven of Love left, which I might Cultivate: Hereby you may judge of the Effect of Love, and the Power of Interest; and that the Chains of such as adore them are too strong to be broken. I shou'd not reckon my self Guilty of Impiety, says he, if I say, that Love which we bear to Women deprives us of the Use of our Free-will, and hath a kind of Tyrannical Influence upon our Liberty. I have ever observ'd this Truth amongst Lovers, when I have Read in Histories how many have died for their Mistresses; and how a violent Passion of Love slightes all kind of Danger and Considerations whatsoever; and I had sufficient Experience of this Power in my self, when I fought rather for the Interests of her whom I worshipp'd, than for my Friend, whose Honour was much more concerned.

And yet it is very true, said the young Lord, that Duels which are fought upon such slight Grounds have seldom

dom any good Issue. For Cupid, who is but a Boy, is apt to be pettish without Cause, and comes often home by Weeping-cross, when he plays with Bellona; whereas, on the other Side, if the Justice of a Cause preside, the Event proves as favourable as can be desired.

Aranio was going to have reply'd, when Volpone having heard of the Bustle, sent for him in great haste, and calling him into the Closet to stop the Fury of his hot and giddy Spirit, and to instruct him how to behave himself in these Affairs, he said to him thus;

The Love I have for your Family, obliges me to give you a severe Reprimand; for it is not the Way to get Reputation and Esteem to be found Quarrelling, and engag'd in a Duel. It is true, that of all the Parts which compose a true Man of Honour, Boldness is the most remarkable, and Valour the most necessary; since without these two Qualities a Man who pretends to Bravery cannot be valued, nor so much as aspire to it; for the former sets him forth, and makes him considerable both in Company and at Court, the latter gives him good Success in War and Duels; but with this Proviso still, that these fine Accomplishments be attended with Moderation and Judgment, which are the Productions of the Understanding, and the Beauty of the Soul. For Valour, which is an impetuous Heat, that for our Satisfaction throws us upon Dangers, is hurtful to a Man, unless he deliberately thinks before he executes. So that to fight, as you have done to Day with a young Lord, upon little or no Ground, and for a slight and frivolous Occasion, exposes your Honour to every idle Blast of Fame, and your Interest to the Hazard of a foolish Vanity.

Here Aranio had not Patience to let him proceed, but interrupted him thus.

Good Heavens! My Lord, said he, do you call your being in — with Zarah a slight and frivolous Occasion? And had I little or no Ground to Quarrel when you was tax'd with In——t and A——y? If I err'd to Day, I
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am sure your L—df—p err'd last Night. These last Words had like to have ruin'd his L—df—p's Pretensions to *Moderation*, for he was forced to summons all his Conduct and his Reason to support himself; nor were they able to calm the impetuous Stream of Blood that boyl'd into his Face, but in spight of all his Temper he discover'd his Confusion, which made *Aranio* retire with some Pleasure after his former Mortification, and cou'd not forbear now reflecting that he was Criminal, in engaging for one, who instead of returning his Gratitude, went to read a *Lecture* to him, that when it came to his own Turn he was not able to Practise one Lesson of.

Tho' this Matter blew like a Whirlwind about, it was as soon over, and *Hippolito's* Return from a glorious Campaign put an End to every malicious Tongue that wou'd now and then talk unluckily of *Zarah*: For as *Hippolito's* Health was observ'd to be oftner drunk, even than *Albania's*, *Zarah's* was what the *Albiginois* in general wou'd never once so much as attempt to offer in Publick for fear of Affronts; for as every Body were lavish of their Scandal against her, so every body were as cautious of praising her; for it was scarce possible to come into Company where the Fame of her notorious Actions were not trumpeted. For if P—n—s were withdrawn from the poor Widows of S—m, they were charitably design'd to be bestow'd on poor Workmens Widows that shou'd suffer by B—ing for her H—s. Nor wanted she a *Salvo* to save, *Albania's* Charity extending beyond the Provision for her own F—ly. If a hundred Pound was given to poor Petitioners, her H—s very well deserv'd *Fourscore* for the procuring of it.

Nor are these great Perquisites bestow'd, as some malicious People wou'd suggest, for Private, but for Publick Ends; *Albigion* cou'd not be blest with Peace
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and *Moderation* at so cheap a Rate as the Price of a few dirty Acres are able to purchase; no, no, there's more in it than a few dull-sighted People are able to see through: And the vast Sums of Money some fancy *Zarah* hoards up, are all liberally dispens'd for publick Uses; nor does *Volpone* fail to join with the pious Work, by assisting her H—s in this great Design of uniting all the Hearts of Her M—s Liege People, when Pensions and Commissions are bestow'd *Gratis*, for the Promotion of Peace and Unity, and Ecclesiastical Dignities given to quarrelsome D—rs on purpose to keep peaceable C—m—n quiet.

How many thousand Pounds are remitted yearly for the private Services out of *Zarah's* E—r and *Volpone's* T—ry? And all this to support the Interest of *Albigion*, by keeping in such a just Ministry, as knows how to lay out Her M—s Revenues to the best Advantage: Not such as wou'd cautiously save our M—y, which hang it is not worth keeping, and let *Zarah* and *Volpone* H—g or Dr—d they care not which, so it be but either. These are such M—rs as the *Albigions* doat on; for they are covetous People, and wou'd save their M—y, tho' a thousand such excellent State T—s shou'd swing for it. And therefore they say *Obornius* and *Roffensis* were great Patriots, because they lov'd their Countries M—y; and had more Regard to a Farm in *Albigion*, than to a Kingdom in *Utopia*. But we find Crowns are not purchas'd at such easie Rates; for *Albigion* has paid more for a Title than some Kingdoms are worth.

And tho' *Zarah* Reigns without a K—m, she's a happy Q—n, because she lives in Luxury and at Ease, without her Subjects Assistance, and in spight of their Teeth: She taxes them not, yet they pay her Revenues against their Wills; she is the Mirror of her Sex, and the *Phoenix* of a Qu—n, for there never was one like her, nor never will be. But

But now we must meet her, paying her Devoirs to *Albania*, who is preparing to pass through *Lodunum* for Joy of *Hippolito*'s great Success: Nor wanted *Zarah* an Opportunity to catch the Praises of the gaping Throng, without *Albania* and *Hippolito*; she fails not to prepare her self, and beautiful *Solana* her Daughter to attend Her M——y in this Procession. For Vanity and Ambition were two Things she would not miss, if to be had. And she would be sure never to give *Albania* the Opportunity of gratifying any body's Ambition besides her own, nor let the People doubt who had the best Pretensions to *Albania*'s Favours, but that she claim'd all as her undisputed Right.

There was no Body came near the C——t with the Vanity to think of being her Rival, but rather the utmost of their Ambition was to be her Creature; or however, to obtain so much Favour that she might not be their Enemy. This render'd her very happy and great, that she had nothing to fear, and scarce any thing more to hope for, but to revenge her self of her Enemies, which were too numerous to give her the least Encouragement of any Prospect that Way. However, she was resolv'd not to die without making some Attempts, and accordingly as she succeeded in these, to go on.

The first that was to be made sensible of her Resentment was M——, who had beforehand made himself indifferent to all that *Zarah* or the C——t cou'd pretend to offer or *Tantalize* him withal: But they, being ignorant of his Resolution, were resolved to Devise something that might be offer'd him very great, yet very unsuitable to him, so that he cou'd not in Honour accept of it, or refuse it in Disdain; accordingly *Volpone* was to wait on him with, as they thought, an unexpected Message; which was, that *Albania*, out of her Esteem for him, and the Sense she had of his great Abilities,

bilities, was resolv'd to confer upon him the greatest Dignity he cou'd enjoy in the Kingdom of Albion, and was resolv'd to free him from the Burden of that smaller Office he now enjoy'd, by conferring it on another less deserving. But M—— with a great deal of Wit peculiar to him, answer'd Volpone to his great Mortification, that he thank'd Her M——ty for her Superabundant Favours. And as to her great —— he thank'd God he was bred a G——n, and had not his Fortune to make, but wou'd willingly wait till the Patriarchal Dignity shou'd fall, for which he thought himself as fitly qualified; if Albania wou'd be pleas'd to bestow that on him he shou'd return his Thanks, in the mean Time he wou'd lay both his present Office and himself at her Feet, but did not think it proper to return it by the Messenger.

This nettled Volpone, who had the intended Affront he brought return'd upon himself; and the Relation of M——, his bantering them with their kind Present, sent Zarah twenty Miles out of Town, where the Bells of St. Albania rung such a Peal in her Ears, she wish'd her self deaf whenever she came there as long as she liv'd after; but this was but a Prelude to what succeeded in a little Time.

The next Person she discarded was an old Patriot, and an old Courtier; one that can bite too as well as snarl upon Occasion; and the Loss of his Staff, tho' he is aged, will not so far disable him, but he may live to help a lame Dog over a Stile yet. He was formerly Hippolito's Friend, and no Enemy to Volpone, but Albania now is the Care of his grey Hairs; and Zarah's Anger will not provoke him to leave his Country to her Conduct, or his Sheepfolds to the Care of her Shepherd. He is grown too Powerful for the Wolves, and too Politick for the Devices of the Fox. The Cambrian is fitter for his Office, for he can fawn like a true C——t D——g, and lick the Feet of his M——s.

But

But now *Zarah's* Thoughts were busily employ'd how to manage Affairs against the next great Sitting of the States of *Albigion*, for the present M——rs were very resty, tho' to her great Satisfaction their Time was short; however, they perplexed her with what they did, and she cou'd not rest quietly till *Albania* had sent them into the Country like a Parcel of ill-manner'd B——, that had no more Respect for *Zarah*, when she came in Competition with their C——s Interest, than if she had been nothing but the Daughter of *Jenisa*: Therefore she was glad when she saw their Backs turn'd, and an Opportunity was given her to revenge herself upon some of them who had been very *Malepert* to her, when they suppos'd the Power was lodg'd in their Hands. So that she was resolv'd now, not only to make them sensible who't it was they were to obey, but for the future to secure herself under the Protection of a *Shade* of her own raising.

Therefore she sent *Circular Letters* with secret Instructions to all those Petty States and Provinces, who sent R—— to *Lodunum*, to debate about the Grand Affairs of *Albigion*, that they shou'd E——t no D——, but such and such as were by her H——s nominated and appointed, as fit to answer the great Ends for which they were design'd, under the Penalties of her Displeasure, and Forfeiture of her future Favours. Immediately upon these Intimations several States and P—— under her H—— Direction made their Acknowledgments in very submissive Terms, and acquainted her they wou'd incontinently obey her Instructions, and thought themselves in Duty bound to thank her for the great Care she took of *Albigion*, and for the particular Regard she had to their several States, by the munificent Bounties she had caus'd to be distributed among them. Tho' some *immoderate* People were so unconscionable as to be dissatisfied with these things,
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and said they were so far from reconciling Neighbours, that they set 'em all together by ther Ears in the Country, for some got all the M——y, and they were for *Peace* and *Moderation*, others got none, and they were for *War*.

This made such Civil Dissentions, that *Albania* was obliged to make many new Gov—— of Provinces, purely to support M ——, and keep Mens Mouths shut, as well as tie their Hands, that they might not oppose such Men as were well principled in Political Religion, and zealously affected to her H—— present Government; but notwithstanding all this, the stubborn People of *Albigion* were obstinately bent to oppose all her tender Offers of G——. Few wou'd hearken to her kind Declarations, but some unthinking Heads, who were follow'd by a Train of giddy Mob, that hunger'd after the Flesh-pots of *Egypt*, but wou'd believe Miracles no longer than while their Bellies were full: For they were, like all other Multitudes, on their Side who fed them, but withdraw the Hand that gives them Bread, and they are gone like a Flock of Wildfowl.

It was now high time to make use of all the Stratagems her Female Wit cou'd think of, for the Tide seem'd to roul strong, in spite of all the Efforts she had made to stem it. *Zarah* had caus'd *Albania* to make a Progress into the Country, whereby she might win the Hearts of her Subjects to her Obedience, and influence the most obstinate by her milder Presence. She visited the eldest Daughter of *Urania* first, and shew'd her the Virtues she wou'd have her imitate; who not only own'd the bright Example who propos'd 'em, but swore that Gratitude and Principle oblig'd them to pursue what their *Sovereign* had so kindly taught them. This Declaration animated *Zarah*, so that she cou'd doubt of no ill Consequences after such
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a Frank Acknowledgment : Therefore she proceeded with *Albania* on their intended Expedition in all the height of Expectation , that every thing must now succeed according to her Wishes. But she was no sooner return'd to *Lodunum*, but the first thing she met withal was a publick Defiance against her from *Urania's* Daughter telling her of all the *secret Designs* she had to undermine her : That she had cover'd herself with so thin a Veil, they had discover'd her fashionable Face, which they would never trust again for her Sake ; in short, the whole Thread she had spun in that Journey was quite unravell'd. She had left her Mask of M——n, behind her, which was pull'd in pieces, and sent *Albigion* for a *Specimen* of her religious Designs ; but some burnt it, others cut it into *Atoms*, but the wisest Sort preserv'd it carefully in Spirits , as a Preservative in future Times against M——n, P——y and H——sy.

This Usage seiz'd upon her Head so violently, it had like to have cost her her Life ; what to do in this Extremity, she cou'd not tell, for all the Nation had their Eyes upon her, expecting how she wou'd behave herself in this Juncture ; she durst not impart her Affliction to *Albania*, who had already enough to reflect on, for suffering her self to be carry'd about for a Show, only to Countenance *Zarah's* Designs. Besides, this peevish Daughter of the *Muses*, had retorted *Albania's* Visit upon her, as a Treacherous In—— of hers to draw them into a Snare, and then leave them to shift for themselves. She accus'd *Albania* of Fickleness, who had been applauded for unalterable Constancy, and began to Lampoon her , by comparing her to the *Wind*, which is always subject to change ; in short, she talk'd strangely, even of *Albania* herself, upon the Score of that Visit which she is still uncharitably inclin'd to believe was design'd for no good to her ; and

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as to *Zarah*, she despises her, she ridicules her, in all Company, and to all the young Fellows that converse with her; and she will never forgive her for using her *Danterius*, her *Bruscus*, and all her Lovers, so ill.

The Noise of this Resentment struck *Zarah's* Ears with an unusual Surprize, she was troubled at it extremely, and some say, sigh'd for Sorrow, which she was scarce ever known to do before; but her better Thoughts prevail'd upon her at that Time, and she reproach'd herself for such Base Designs. But it is a ticklish Business for a Woman to repent of a Thing that extremely delights her; and she seldom charges herself home for a Fault so pleasing as Revenge. For these Reproches of *Zarah* against her self, were not altogether the most violent that might be expected from one that pretended to have a real Sense of a Fault, but rather from one that was disappointed, that her Designs cou'd not have their intended Effect, so that sometimes she wou'd be angry with herself for making so much ado. At last, being assaulted by Turns, on the one Side by *Reason*, and the other by *Interest* and *Passion*, she got up early in the Morning, without having been able to take any other Resolution, than to yield her self up; if possible, to be govern'd by *Volpone*, and be for the future meerly Passive in the Management of that Business which so long had ruin'd her Repose.

But alas, these were but vain Imaginations, and Dreams of a sickly Mind; for she cou'd no more be Govern'd by *Volpone*, than *Albania* cou'd Govern her; for meeting with him in the Gallery presently after, she reproach'd him with want of Politicks for her Mis-carriage in her late Progress. *My Lord*, said she, *you might have inform'd me better, than suffer me to be exposed to a Thousand Malicious Tongues, I had avoided, if your L—p had not given me a more agreeable Character of*

'em. But they are an abusive People, and throw all their Dirt upon me; mean time you pass for a Saint, and let the Odium lye at my Door; either assert my Innocence to the World, or Albion shall know who B—— her Liberties, and who S—— her Freedom; who makes Religion a Politick Engine, and who Albania a Wooden Tool.

Volpone was confounded, and stood Mute as a Statue, while Zarah triumph'd in her Passion, and sooth'd her Rage for a Time with such like Reflections: At last he recover'd himself, but with a trembling Voice answer'd; Madam, said he, the Sentiments I had of you were quite different from this outrageous Passion I find in you; pray tell me coolly what I have done that is not for your Interest and your Glory, for all the World besides is indifferent to me. How many Reflections have I born when I was constrain'd to oblige you? What Anxieties has it not caus'd in me since I was so near Ally'd to your H——? Yet you barbarously withdraw your Heart from me, whose Possession sweeten'd all my Sufferings, and you come now to sacrifice me to your Discontent, which I am not knowingly guilty of, my Tendernefs still Interesses it self for you, and, weak as I am, I wou'd willingly serve you, tho' at the Expence of my own Life.

Weak indeed, my Lord, said Zarah, when you cou'd not protect me from being insulted in the Palace; but much weaker in your Head, when you could not foresee the Consequences of those feign'd Compliments and Flatteries we paid Urania's eldest Daughter, to have a Return of the vilest kind imaginable, even to have our Favours despised, our Intrigues laugh'd at as empty Projects; Apprentice Boys hoot at me as I pass the Streets, and throw me Pills to Purge the Spleen; so that unless Volpone's Thoughts be better, I shall have nothing for the future to Justifie my Conduct; but all those who read the History of my Life, will look upon me as a Monster.

Madam

Madam, said Volpone, if I do not redeem your Honour, I desire to appear a Thousand times more Criminal than you can reproach me; but Fortune will sometimes play strange fantastick and surprising Tricks. However, rest assured, we have her in our Hands, and it is but turning the Wheel, and she will represent new Scenes of Pleasure.

This something appeas'd *Zarah* for the present, and they sedately consulted of new Measures, to bring about such Designs as she wanted, to establish her Peace and Satisfaction of Mind, by fresh Acquirements of Riches and Honour.

In Order to which, that her Interest might be firmer in *Albigion*, *Zarah* proposes an Alliance with *Montecuto*, a Family of Riches, but guilty of as dark Designs as *Zarah's*. The Goodness of *Albania's* Disposition daily receives fresh Trials from *Zarah*, for *Montecuto* now must be made one of the First *Grande'es* of *Albigion*, that not one Branch of *Zarah's* Race fall to the Ground dishonourable. This gave new Life to *Zarah*; she was strengthen'd now by a Man of her own Kidney; and it wou'd be hard to attack her of any Side, who had fortified her Interest with Four of the strongest Branches in *Albigion*. Young *Montecuto* and *Hippolita*, the most Charming of her Sex, were doom'd to Consolidate this last and strongest Alliance; everybody pitied the young Lover, because he was as happy as Beauty cou'd make him, but was insensible of Love, while the Fair *Hippolita* set all the World besides on Fire.

And now it was time to think of perpetuating *Zarah's* Honour and *Hippolito's* Actions; for it is much question'd which of the Two will be remember'd longest in *Albigion*; if we owe a great deal to the first, there is no doubt but we are indebted to the last; and if the Noble Edifice, erected in Memory of that, continue as long as the Remembrance of *Zarah's* Name, it will last as long as the Kingdom of *Albigion* has a Law in

it for a Female to sit upon the Throne. The Reflection of this was undoubtedly no little Pleasure to *Zarah*, to think how Posterity will read her Song, and she live immortal in the Remembrance of a Nation she has taken such Pains to serve, and who are so ungrateful to her even whilst the Marks of her Favours were fresh in their Minds.

By this Time the C——t and M——y were almost all modell'd to her Mind; *Volpone* redoubled his Care and Diligence, to see that none were admitted unto *Albania's* Service, that wou'd fly in the Face of their Benefactors: And now it was both his and *Zarah's* great Concern to observe the Motion and Disposition of the People of *Albigion*, lest the great Meeting of the States of that Country should fall into Heats about the Management of Affairs, call them to Account, and overturn all that they had been doing for so many Years. To prevent this *Volpone* feigns himself a Man of Sport and Pleasure; and *Zarah*, to prevent *Albania* from thinking what was doing, perswades her to take her Diversion along with *Volpone*; told her it wou'd be for her Health, and the Satisfaction of her People to see her, and find her easie under the Differences that some of her Subjects endeavour'd to make in *Albigion* upon the Account of Religion, as they pretended; But, said *Zarah*, those kind of Men have no Reason among them, nor is it that they are so concern'd about, but because your M——y has got a Wise M——y about you, and they are no longer employ'd. You may remember, continued she, they were as troublesome in *Rolando's* Days, when he employ'd the greatest Statesmen of *Albigion*, that were different in their Opinions from them; how did they then torment the good K——g, and caus'd him to M—— his best Friends. They would play the same Game with your M——y, if you shou'd hearken again to the Counsels of M———, and the rest of that Party, whom you know
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are of turbulent, fiery Tempers, nothing of the Meekness and M——n you so much recommend, and find practised by Volpone, Sigillarius, and the rest of your present M——. You know, Madam, said she, it was for want of this Policy your Father was so unhappy, was hurried on to Ruin by Solano, who counsell'd quite contrary to Aurantio, who had the Subtilty all his Reign to follow this Rule, as the only true State Maxim to be us'd in Albigion.

Albania, who was all Compliance to *Zarah*, yielded to her Perswasion, and every thing was prepared for her Expedition; she was now equipp'd like another *Diana*, to seek her Pleasure in the Woods and Plains, where oft *Rolando* had been happy before. For that Prince's Crown had set like a Crown of Thorns upon his Head, had not that place eas'd him sometimes from Regal Cares, which were the most insupportable to him of all Mankind; for tho' he had a Head as well qualified for *Business* as any Man Born, his Heart was all made up of *Pleasure*, which was the Loadstone govern'd all the Actions of his Life, which might have been as glorious as the Riches of *Albigion*, and the entire Affection of the People cou'd make them; yet his *Clemency*, and other Princely Qualities he was Master of, made him die the most lamented Monarch in the World.

But to return to *Albania*, we shall find her on the Plains of *Rolando*, which I shall so call for his Sake who loved them so well, perfect Mistress of Rural Sports and Pastimes. *Hunting, Hawking, Cocking, Horse-Racing*, were all Princely Sports, and might possibly be made to relish with a Woman who was made up of *Tenderness* and *Compassion*; soft Female Virtues, which were by Degrees to be harden'd, and made more Masculine.

Albania cou'd not be made sensible of the Diversion; but since she found it serviceable to her Health, she

past away the Time with Chearfulness, and a great deal of Security of Mind. This pleas'd *Zarah* to see, for it answer'd her Purpose to find *Albania* easie, so that she cou'd pursue her Game with the greatest Satisfaction; for all she had to do, in order to answer her Designs, was to draw *Albania* to *Cambriensis*, to visit *Urania's* second Daughter; tho' she was sensible how the eldest had resented the Favour she bestow'd on her, yet to show the Temper she publicly profess'd to *Albigion*, she was easily prevail'd on to go, where all the Entertainment and kind Reception was given her that the whole Family was capable of. Nothing was too costly, nothing too good, that they cou'd treat her with; and *Albania* receiv'd their Expressions of Love with mutual Satisfaction.

This prosperous Advance elevated *Zarah* and *Volpone* to the highest Pitch of Pleasure that cou'd gratifie their Desires. They found this Daughter of *Urania* in a Disposition of Mind suitable to theirs, for she was inclin'd, as they imagined, to those Terms of *M——n* they had propos'd to establish throughout *Albigion*. Nor did she only receive *Albania* with such Demonstrations of Joy, but she caress'd *Volpone*, *Somerius*, *Fuimus*, *Tonnerius* and *Devonius*, the very Persons *Zarah* had pitch'd on to propose the Matter to her, for which this grand Expedition was made, and upon which Account she procur'd Honours to be conferr'd by *Albania* on several of the Family.

This so pleas'd the Mistress, who is an ambitious Lady, that she told them all *Cambriensis* was at their Service, and she had Interest enough to engage that Place: This tickled their Ears, for this Declaration was what they wanted, and the Business for which they came there. *Fuimus* told her the Person they design'd to recommend was no less than a *Zarazian*, one who had married *Zarah's* Daughter, and was *Volpone's* Son.

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The *Academician* Lady soon gave her Consent, and promis'd her utmost Assistance, told *Fuimus*, she was sensible of *Volpone's* Qualifications, and that he was the Man in the World she shou'd most willingly espouse, not only for his own Sake, but that he was the Son of such a Father, and ally'd to such a Mother; and she knew very well from their two Interests her Family were to expect all that they could wish for or desire in *Albigion*. Much more she said on this Subject, to induce them to believe she was entirely theirs, and they need use no more Artifices to engage her further. So that now it was high time to haste to *Lodunum*, and consult what was further to be done in order to establish a firm and lasting Interest in the Senate of *Albigion*.

In order to which, *Foeski*, a Seditious *Zarazian*, and a virulent Pamphleteer, was set on Work, and encourag'd to abuse all the able Patriots of *Albigion*, Lists of T—— were publish'd and dispers'd abroad, to render them odious to their Friends and Neighbours, but without the least Effect, except near *Lodunum*, where they had the Opportunity of improving their Designs by more Ways than one. For M——y about this Time circulated apace, Lands were bought in all the Provinces near that Populous City, to make more V—— for D——s than had been known before since *Albigion* was a Nation. *Bruscus* and *Macains* were stigmatiz'd by all the *Zarazians* for Ringleaders of a Party who were very zealous for Prelatical R——n, which they said brought Dissention among the People, disquieted the Repose of *Albania's* Government; tho' she was suppos'd to profess the same, having been Educated in those Principles which *Zarah* and *Volpone* made her believe were destructive of that M——n she had promis'd to maintain in *Albigion*.

These Disputes rais'd great Heats and Feuds every where, which were supported and carry'd on by Means of *Zarah's* Partizans, who were very Numerous, tho' of little Account, in respect of others, who were the Chief of the Gentry and Ecclesiasticks of *Albigion*; a Country where the better Sort were always fast Friends to the C——. This disquieted the *Zarazians* not a little, tho' they were more industrious, in their Way, abundantly than the others, who depended altogether on the Establishment of their Country for Protection, while the *Zarazians* were finding out Ways to avoid the Force of 'em, or, if that fail'd, to procure Power enough to overthrow 'em.

Accordingly *Zarazian* Governors were set over the Provinces of *Exesia*, *Canutia*, and many others, in order to bring the several Petty States to their Lure, and gain such an Interest among them, as might secure themselves and their Adherents, when the Grand C—— of the Nation shou'd sit: For they dreaded this *Critical Time* of erecting themselves into a *Body of Men*, that for the future shou'd influence all Affairs in *Albigion*, and the very People shou'd hereafter be known by no other Name than *Zarazians*. This very Thought pleas'd the Ambition of *Zarah*, and made her stick at no Difficulties to bring it about; and since she had now both new Modell'd the C——t and C——y, she thought there remain'd nothing to do, but set herself in the full enjoyment of her Labour; for every thing seem'd now to be out of the Reach of Malice, or the Power of Capricious Fortune, to prevent; for there was scarce a Borough in *Albigion* into which her *Ferrets* had not crept, so that she was almost confident there were no C—— left to undermine her.

However, we may see the greatest Politicians sometimes deceived: For what she thought herself the most
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secure in, first baulk'd her Expectations, even *Sancta Albania*, where all her E—— had play'd their Game, despis'd her Overtures of *Greatness*, and laugh'd at her *Threats*, as the trifling Passion of a weak Woman, whom they knew too well to trust in, and hated too much to be flatter'd by. Tho' she wou'd have perswaded some of them to believe she was *Liberal*, who at that time tasted of her Bounty, the rest knew she was ——, and therefore scorn'd her ill-timed Munificence. Like true Lovers of *Albigion*, they search'd into the Bottom of the *Zarazian* P——, and found out the hidden Mystery of Iniquity that has spread it self so far on this Side the River *Tweed*. Nor was this the only Disappointment her Illustrious H—— met withal, but that well laid Train at *Cambriensis* was discover'd, and the Miners themselves blown up. For when they expected with Assurance to hear of the promis'd Fidelity of the younger Daughter of *Urania*, she prov'd as Errant a B—— to'em as the Eldest^c and, instead of chusing a *Zarazian* of any Kind, sent them a Red Hot C——n, an *Albigensis*, worse, if possible to them than a *Bruscus*.

This Action set the whole C——t in an Uproar for they had all talk'd with Assurance of *Cambriensis*, so that this was the most Considerable Disappointment that cou'd have happen'd to the *Zarazians* at this Juncture; and it not only lost their Interest there, but the Noise of it reach'd as far as the Lands-end; so that they durst not venture a Second Defeat at *Exonia*, where they had as large Promises as at *Cambriensis*; nay, so far they had prevail'd there, as to engage her Perlate, who had been one of their Virulent Enemies, to espouse *Volpone*; yet when it came to the Trial they declin'd it, and left that entirely to the Disposal of Old *Somerius*, who hated a *Zarazian*, and us'd his utmost Power, which was very
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considerable, to throw out Men of their Principles everywhere in that Part of *Albigion*.

Zarah was in a Consternation to find herself outwitted, and it put her to the Rack of Invention to find out Ways to prevent the further Progress of these Malicious Enemies, to her and her *Zarazians*; and accordingly she resolved to visit *Roffensia*, one whom she had but little Value for, and would ne'er have taken notice of, but on such an Occasion: However, she resolv'd with chearful Smile in her Countenance, being an Excellent Mistress in the Art of *Dissembling*, to feign an extraordinary Friendship for her, and to use her utmost Power with her Husband, in an Affair of Importance, that nearly concern'd her; *Madam*, answer'd *Roffensia*, who knew *Zarah* very well, *what can your H—s propose too difficult that I can deny you, if in my Power? For the Honour you do me in asking a Favour, is sufficient for me to grant it.*

That is enough, said *Zarah*, *to persuade me you have a Friendship for me, which I could heartily wish; but not to trifle time away in Compliments, pray tell me, has my L——d secur'd his Interest in —? You know Madam*, continu'd she, *what I mean? This Question rais'd great Suspicion presently in Roffensia that Zarah was come to Pump her, which brought her into some Confusion, which Zarah observing, presently replies, Madam, I find you hesitate, but let me assure you it will be his L——p's Fault if the Business be not done.* With that she shew'd a pretended Letter from the Governor of — to her H——s, written to that Purpose, at the Request of the State of —, and said the Inhabitants had such a Respect for her Husband, that there was no Doubt but his Affair wou'd take Effect. This Sham Letter pleas'd *Roffensia* wonderfully, and now took off all Jealousies she had entertain'd of her, tho' she cou'd not but remain in Surprise

pri'ze at this sudden and unexpected Kindness of *Zarah's*. But not being enough upon her Guard, together with *Zarah's* subtle Insinuations, she discover'd the whole Business of her Husband, what Interest he had in—, and who were the Chief Men that oppos'd him: She was secretly pleas'd to hear this; but, the more to cover her *Treachery*, told her those very Men were particularly obliged to her, and if she would engage her Husband to write Letters after such and such a Manner, she wou'd find out Ways to make them take Effect; adding, that that State was very Neccessitous, and the only Way to Establish my L—d's Interest was by B—s convey'd the Right Way, and by a *Zazarian* Hand, which was the surest Way to succeed.

Roffensia was prevail'd upon to take her Advice, and directly went to her Husband, who hastily, and without further Consideration, yielded to his Wife's Solicitation, and dispatch'd Letters according to *Zarah's* Desires, which she soon sends away, with Secret Instructions to expose them publickly abroad, and so ruin the Interest of R—, in order to bring in *Coragio*, a M—n of hers, and S—y to *Hippolito*. This piece of V—y succeeded even beyond her Expectations; for there happen'd to be a Particular Sort of *Zarazians* who espous'd the Cause, and resented R— with a great deal of Indignation. They caus'd his Letters to be expos'd on the Town Cross, and cry'd upon *Zarah* for a great Friend to *Albigion*, in detecting this piece of V—y she had been the Inventer of. On the other Side, some of *Zarah's* private Conspiracies were discover'd, and made as publick here as they had been before at *Santa Albania*, where Letters of the foulest Designs were expos'd, and the Character known to be that of her H—s's own Hand-writing.

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But all these things, some say, proceeded from a Zealous Desire she had to *promote Religion*, which was sinking to nothing in *Albigion*; and unless it was followed with Fervency, People wou'd not distinguish *True Zeal* from *Hypocrisie*, but take the first for a Temptation of the Devil, and the last a pernicious Design to ruin all Mankind, under the Hellish Mask of M——n.

170 It is true indeed, we may be tempted to our Perdition, under a fair and false Appearance of Religion; which commonly proceeds from the Discontentments of Life, or from some Capricio or Fancy of the Brain: And therefore it is very necessary to sound to the bottom of Mens Hearts, to know whether the Religion they profess spring from pure Principles, or be polluted sensual Appetites? Whether Ambition be not the most prevalent, either to forward or hinder it; and that since Honour is so tempting, and we have no other Hopes to attain it, whether we do not aspire to it by Means of Religion? In short, there is an infinity of false and treacherous Motives, which bring Men to Perdition, instead of Religion.

How many are they who affect it from a Principle of Vanity and Presumption, and do all they do out of Design and *Vain-glory*? Some pretend to it in order to be *Statesmen*, and make a *Mystery* of all Things, and by a certain counterfeit and studied Art labour to pass for great Men; others dispose of themselves by *Interest*, and insinuate with the Multitude to be protected by them, that so they may exact upon the World; All these People make *Religion* the highest Point of their *Politicks*; for by this Pretence they Reign imperiously over many, and captivate the obstinate and unthinking Vulgar, who are charm'd with their promising Outside, and never enquire farther, but let such Men dispose of them at their Pleasure.

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And it is a common Trick with them, who study to sooth and gull the World with specious Artifices, to make frequent Use of Sentences in pleasant Matters, and in grave Ones, of *Religion*; which are as so many Precious Stones to embellish their Designs, and dress up their *Secret Mysteries* in such a pleasant Garb, as may excite the Minds of Men to Curiosity.

But to return to *Zarah*, we find her pluming herself under her treacherous Conquest over poor *Roffensia*, and glorying she cou'd act her Revenge upon any of the Enemies of the Family of *Zarah*. This animated her so, she immediately dispatch'd her E——s to *Woodstockia*, where a *Zarazian* was oppos'd by *Walterius*, who till then had always had the Favour of that State; nor had he been rejected now, but by a Secret Stratagem of *Zarah's*; for *Cadogonius's* Interest lay entirely upon her Management, which was more close and Secret, tho' not of half that Importance as that of *Cambriensis*. And this was owing, in a great Measure, more to the quick Thought of *Zarah's* F——V——, than to her own Contrivance; and the whole Scheme of this Affair was laid by *Vobpone*, *Fuimus*, *Somerius*, and the rest of the *Zarazian* Conspirators; for they were all in the Interest of *Zarah*, to destroy the F——m of all the States and Provinces of *Albigion*. The People were reduced to such a Condition, that they were no longer their own Masters, but were turn'd this Way, and that Way, as they were mov'd by their Governours and Superiours, which were now almost all *Zarazians*, throughout the Kingdom of *Albigion*.

This made the poor Wretches complain heavily, that they were toss'd to and fro like Waves by the Tempestuous Winds, and were not at liberty to do what they had a Mind. They were compell'd to divide their Lands without Purchase, and give their

V——

V— without Pay. They were hurry'd from their Houses in the Night, nor suffer'd to return Home when they saw the Day. They were taught to Swear against their Friends, for those they knew to be their *greatest Enemies*.

Here they saw, to their Sorrow, Men of *Vicious* and *Corrupt Lives* and *Conversations*, without one good Action to recommend them, rais'd in a Trice from *Slaves*, to be *Governors of Provinces*, from *Poor*, to be *Rich* and *Powerful*, from *Base* and *Unknown*, to be *Noble*, and *Chief* of the *State*; honour'd for their *Merit*, that is to say, their V—y, because they were *Zarazians*, and *Zarah* got by their Service. There was no such thing as frowning or grumbling for the rest of the *Albiginois*, if they expected to obtain any thing they desired; in short, they were for Exercising a kind of *Arbitrary* and *Despotick Government* against all that were not *Zarazians*, or at least something of their *Kidney*, who banish all the Signs of *Generosity* and *Publick Spirits*, and encourage little beside *Vanity*, *Fraud* and *Cheatery*, which runs in the very Blood of the meaner Sort of the *Zarazians*, and is to be found too exuberant in those of higher Rank. For *Self-interest* and C——th Designs spring from their *Pedigrees*, as *Herbs* from *Plants*.

This is too manifest in the Character of *Artonio*, the vilest *Zarazian* in *Albigion*, and one who is universally hated, even by his own Party. Who is so far from being rul'd by *Reason*, that he suffers himself to be carried away by every little *Perfwasion* of *Interest*; for whose Sake he certainly precipitates himself upon some *cholerick Action*, the Event whereof sullies his Honour with the darkest Stains of *Infamy* and *Disgrace*; but that he values it no more than he does *Religion*, which he observes as little as he does *paying his Debts*. But Generous Spirits exercise more Hu-
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manity towards them who have oblig'd those, than they whom they oblige, as we may see by Experience practis'd in the Triumphs of Great Men. All the World knows it is an Heroick Action not to be transported by our Passions; and tho' they may chance to assault our Wills, yet that Judgment that governs 'em, will make us relish our Reasons. In short, the ill Life and Conversation of this *Zarathian* has obscur'd all the Great Achievements of his *Politicks*.

Nor had *Zarah* her self been less admired for her Policy than she is now for her—— if she had truly followed that Policy which is the only and true Means to govern well, which every Day produces various Changes in Affairs; wherein the Reasons of State are so numerous and so ambiguous, as to hold the most Subtle Ministers in suspense, and wherein there are so many nice and abstracted Precepts, that unless Judgment or Experience give the Art to apply them, the Event thereof cannot but be pernicious or fruitless. For Policy composes the Union of Men; and we should not know how we lived, if we were not taught; so that it is not only necessary for Conduct of States, but useful also in such private Conversations as ours; and that it is exercised upon sensible and particular Objects, tho' it be of a great Extent, and of an eminent and superlative Original.

Society is a Character which Nature has imprinted upon Man, by a certain Instinct, or natural Law, which gives him an Internal Motion or Propensity to it, and this Motion is afterwards seconded by the Imitation of external things, which are the Conveniences and Commerce of this Life.

The Object of *Policy* took its Principle from particular Societies, and so by degrees, in Progress of Time, rose from small ones, to great ones, The First Man,

Man, and the First Woman, made the First Society in the World ; and afterwards their Families and Posterities aggrandiz'd it so much, that of one particular Society were made many ; and so it necessarily follow'd, that what was proper to one Generation only, being augmented by different Families, must grow to be variously divided ; that *Houses, Boroughs, Forts, Towns*, and whole Provinces, must be Built for Lodging and Habitation, and Convoys appointed for the Security of Commerce, and that all must be deducted in fine into Kingdoms and Common-wealths, and other Forms of Government, that so by the Direction of one or more, *Order* and *Policy* might be kept in Communions, which were made by Mankind, for its Safety and Conversation ; and consequently that whatever might prove hurtful, either to the Publick or Private Interest, might be removed and avoided : This *Order* hath always been accounted something more than of bare Humane Invention ; and tho' it may look as if the Body acted principally therein, and that Care, Vigilancy and Labour wrought most in it, yet it seems to derive its Origine from a higher Source.

For even Irrational Creatures, without Art and Study, are as capable of it as we, and seem to put this of Policy in Practice, to teach us how to guide our selves in the Management of States, and the Direction of Nations. For *Bees* are a perfect Example of Policy, and that Policy of theirs is so well ranged, and so firmly establish'd in their *Swarms*, which are their Communities, that we must absolutely conceive there is something more than Natural Instinct given to them, for the Instruction of our Government, in regard there are, in the Conduct of these Creatures, such certain Maxims, and so well regulated in an *Order*.

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So that it has been a Dispute, whether Men ought not to follow the natural Reasons of those Creatures which are their Authors, and which we find to be as Potent as Just. And it has been judiciously decided, that *Religion* is the Principle and Foundation of *Policy*; and that those States are always in Danger and Disorder in which it is not firmly settled: So that the *Bees*, which never go out of their Hives, according to Tradition, without first crossing their Legs, and kissing them, by an Instinct as it were of *Religion*, shew us what we ought to do before we undertake any Business; and ought of Necessity to Worship aright, before we can know how to govern so.

But this was a Doctrine *Zarah* and her *Zarazians* were so far from practising, that they were rather for abolishing Natural Laws of Government, and instituting New ones of their own, according to their Modern Scheme of Policy, and far-fetch'd Notions of Government, quite different from any yet Instituted by Divine or Humane Right before. For the *Bees* teach us that Men ought to employ themselves not meerly for their own Interest, but their Friends; Labour for their Country, and be Industrious for the Good and Peace of the Common-wealth; and that they ought to be content with what they have, without coveting what belongs to others, as they are with their *Hives*, without Trouble or Discord, and without taking or seizing upon those of their Neighbours.

'Tis the Character of an *Honest Politician*, to contribute as much as he possibly can in order to a general Content of the World; he must always avoid saying or doing any thing which may in any ways disoblige. An unbounded and affronting Raillery is an ill Talent: Men of this Temper spare not their Friends or themselves; I say that of unlimited Rail-

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lery, for nice Raillery is what's most agreeable in Conversation ; but it must be used with the greatest Circumspection imaginable ; just as a *Ragoust* is spoil'd by overseasoning, so by railing too sharply we render our selves offensive and odious to Company.

Those who affect to rail, ought to have a nice Manner of it, which may please reasonable People ; and 'tis even so by those who use themselves to *Flattery* : For those who flatter grossly, without Choice or Distinction, please but few Persons. But as most Men are blinded by their Vanity, and the Complaisance they have for their own Merit, they don't perceive they are flatter'd, but let us understand by their Satisfaction that what was said obliged them, and they much approved it, and that it gave them an extraordinary Pleasure ; for vain Persons cannot forbear shewing the Ridiculousness of their Vanity.

But those who countenance it by false Adulations, deserve to be punish'd as Poisoners of Society ; for a true Complaisance ought to be free equally from Flattery and Incivility ; the endeavouring to please, Politeness and Civility, are the Essential Parts of a Courtier, who aims at being esteem'd above others, and to have generally the Approbation of a Court ; but I cannot excuse their cringing Embraces, base Flatteries, and vain Offers of Service, with which they deceive those who court them ; too mean in giving way to such Conditions.

It is dangerous for Courtiers to be too familiar, for it degrades them, and makes them become less esteem'd, by losing a certain kind of Dignity which a grave and serious Air affords. But notwithstanding, Men of that Rank ought not affect a Grave Air ; for too dull and serious an Aspect, which continues long, is very tiresome, and the greatest Men ought sometimes to unveil themselves, and act according to their Natures ;

Natures; for 'tis not always a *Propos* to be disguis'd under an affected Form.

Some Men have a perfect Fund of ill Humour; capable of disgusting all the Joys of the World; they are pleas'd with the dulness of their Melancholy, and they seem to find a Diversion in creating Strife and Division every where, and setting the best of Friends together by the Ears. They have always something quarrelsome to tell of one another: And when they are at Difference they are pleas'd with the Sport, and hug themselves for it in Secret.

Others less hurtful, but every whit as tiresome, groan continually under their Misfortunes, and complain severely of their Destiny; let the Year be never so Fruitful or so Barren, let there be either War on Peace, the Taxes doubled or lessen'd, 'tis nevertheless to them an everlasting Fund of Lamentation.

It signifies little to have Wit, Sense, or such like Qualities we must likewise have Proofs of a certain Character which encourages us, and makes our Merits valued. Without all that, Persons that have no Merit nor Wit, who neither labour for the Church nor State, but have good Patrons, undo Person of the greatest Merit, and will always exceed Men in their Dispensation of Favours. A Man that for his Share has Wit and Sense, is not fit to rival a Man that is very Rich, and very Foolish; 'tis but a Jest to compare them, and to prefer them first; for Women, who naturally love Interest, generally judge in Behalf of Riches.

A Rich and Liberal Lover, tho' never so great a Fool, is generally preferr'd before a Plain Honest Man, who is not in a Condition to supply their foolish Expences; they have banish'd from their Companies those Eternal Lovers, who spend their whole Life in saying Soft Things to them, and make no Ex-

pences but of Tenderneſs, they deſire ſomething more Real and Solid. I know no Reaſon why the Women ſhou'd be reproach'd with being *Mercenary* and *Coquet-iſh*, 'tis a Piece of Injuſtice done them. I think they ſhou'd be ſo, and as all things make uſe of their Charms to pleaſe Men; we may find the ſame Deſires in both Sexes.

I can by no means approve of thoſe Vapouriſh Ladies who pretend to be melancholy when they are out of Humour, ſince the Nature of the Sex obliges Women to be pleaſant; and they ought never to diſengage themſelves from that, if they have a Mind to have the Men eſteem them. They abuſe themſelves when they believe the Glory of a Woman conſiſts in the Character of her Beauty; no, for it is rather comprehended in the Regularity of Conduct. A nice Behaviour much becomes a Woman of Faſhion, who ought not to permit any Emancipation or Preſcription of Rules, but thoſe which good Senſe teaches.

I do not pretend to mean by this that they ought to live like *Savages*, nor look on Men as *Seducers*, but that they may with Civility receive the Praises they give them, and the Homage which they pay to their Merit.

Thoſe Women that take a Fancy to Severity, are generally too formal, and the Affectation of Wit which they ſhew, when their Conduct is not entirely regular, renders them much more deſpiſeable; we ſhou'd have much more Charity for them if they did not ſo abſolutely ſet up for *Nuns*; their *Reputation* does not depend on the capricious Notions of Men, and the Applauſes they give them, but on their *Merit* and *Virtue*.

The Diſtaſte of ſome fiery proud Women is not of that Service that they imagine, nor does it cauſe them
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to be the more respected. Those hot kind of Ladies have an odd Sort of Dulness in their Faces, and an Impression of ill Humour, which deprives them of one Part of their Charms, by lessening their Enjoyment; but when they have taken upon them this Humour of Peevishness they obstinately maintain it, and make good the Honour of their Characters.

There are some who have that Opinion of their Wit and Merit, that their Presumption carries them to think themselves above all the World. They have Notions which seduce them when any thing is to be decided, and the Precipitation with which they are carried away, hinders them from finding the Circumstances of any Subject. 'Tis those Opinions spoil them, and make them always take the wrong Side, and false Measures, when they are to do any thing that is difficult or uncertain: And when they have given themselves the Liberty to think, their Obstinacy hardens them against all the Remonstrances that may be given them. They say and do a hundred extravagant things to support them in this Humour; like those who dispute on the wrong Side, they do it with all the Fire imaginable, for Fear of being contradicted: But they care not whether what they say be supportable or no; they think the Point of Honour is not to yield; and fancy they have received the greatest Affront that is possible, if they are obliged by substantial Reasons to subscribe to the Truth. That is the Effect of a ridiculous Positiveness and foolish Pride.

But how hard is it to find a solid Judgment in Women, or indeed to know what it is; either in Men or Women. Good Judgment extends it self infinitely large, and supposes very extraordinary Qualities; it enters into and makes every thing seasonable, but it is not so common as 'tis thought to be; many People flatter themselves with having it most exquisitely nice,

altho' they only follow their own foolish and capricious Notions. 'Tis almost impossible to reform those that are possess'd with that Evil, because of the natural Aversion some Men have of being convinced; those who really have Judgment suffer themselves to be less bias'd by their own Opinions, and are not known to boast so much of their Talent, as those that want it. Persons that are beautiful easily perceive what is fine in themselves, but then they fancy that others may be more agreeable.

An excellent Artist is not like the *Phoenix*, for he does Justice to the Merits of others; for Judgment governs our Thoughts and *Ideas*, and makes us know our selves to be what we are. Those who follow their Inclinations, have little or no Judgment, because in a great Measure they resemble the *Beasts*, that act only by Instinct and Nature: Whereas good Judgment is the Effect of a true and perfect Reason, which always takes the right Side in Things doubtful or uncertain. After all this, the Rareness of it is not to be wonder'd at, since so many People who think they have it, flatter themselves with very little Reason.

But they cannot long impose upon the Publick, for their Weakness and ill Judgment is soon discover'd when they meddle either with Judging or Deciding Controversies: But what appears more troublesome and ridiculous is, that they wou'd have Men applaud and agree with them in their Notions, how inconsistent soever. Nevertheless, different Opinions claim some Grains of Allowance, and ought not to be confin'd under the narrow Limits and Circumspection of common Judgment, for every Man is not endowed with a penetrating *Genius*; therefore they ought not to condemn other Mens Opinions, because they are contrary to their own; but before they condemn them,

them, their Reasons for judging as they do ought to be consider'd, and after all those Precautions they may be mistaken. For in most Affairs there are generally many opposite Circumstances, which quite alter the Case: 'Twould then be very rash to censure those who are not of the same Opinion with themselves; for 'tis exposing their own Want of Judgment, to condemn others.

It may be taken for a general Rule, that there are few but have Judgment in one thing or another; the meanest Sort of People, who have no Education, and seem very dull, argue right in their own Cases, and their Arguments appear then more refin'd when they are for their own Interest. The most essential Thing is for a Man to know his own Excellency, and to confine himself within his proper Sphere, without desiring to go beyond his Bounds: But suppose it never so unpleasant, capricious or false, Men always desire to dispute about Things much above their Capacities.

There is a certain Self-conceit or Opinion that enters into the Actions of all Men, and that's the Reason they are determined for one thing rather than another; some have a Fancy for Musick and Symphony, others of a more lively Temper love something tumultuous, and the Noise of Drums and Trumpets please them. If it was to be enquired why so many People undertake Employments which seem so laborious, there can be no other Reason assign'd, but that 'tis according to their Fancy, for otherwise they might accept of more pleasant Professions; but we can never better dispose of our selves than after our own Inclinations, for we generally succeed in what we do with Pleasure.

'Tis *Fancy* that embellishes every Thing; even the Products of Nature and Inventions of Art cannot be thought excellent, unless they be pleasing; 'tis that

which makes *Paintings* and *Musick* of different Kinds have different Admirers; it appears in the meanest Things; many Women in *Stuffs*, by Reason of their dressing with an Air, make a better Figure than others who are dress'd in the richest Cloaths, and have not a good *Fancy*. And tho' it be a difficult Matter to determine wherein this consists, yet we must not believe it to be barely *Whim* and *Imagination*, but something that is Real; 'tis a Sort of something which pleases us, and we cannot exactly express it. 'Tis by Virtue of this we judge of *Dress*, *Building*, &c. It serves us for a Guide, and conducts us everywhere.

Nature is a kind of Harmony, which, by a strange Collection of Things, makes an Impression on our Senses and our Reason. This is the Origine of all our Passions, which is excited by the Agreement we find between our Senses and their Objects; 'tis that Likeness and Sympathy which gives us the Pleasure of our Senses; Sympathy consists in the Disposition of one Object in Favour of another. A certain Collection, which agrees with the Organ of Hearing, excites in us the Pleasure which causes the Harmony, and the well Understanding of Musick. In like Manner, as the nice Mixture in Sauces causes a certain Relish, which by its Delicacy pleases all Persons of a good Taste.

But as the Organs in most Men are differently dispos'd, for that Reason the Object works differently on their Senses; 'tis that is the Cause of the Natural Aversions which are observable in some Persons that can neither suffer the Sight nor Approach of some Objects: We may from the same Reasons concede to different Opinions, since the same Objects excite different Sensations, according to the Dispositions of the Fibres; and that which Pleases the Palate of one, causes a great Distaste in another.

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'Tis not Tasting alone that causes such different Impressions on our Organs, 'tis very probable, that other Objects may have the same Effect. Perhaps what seems to one *Black*, may seem to another of a different Colour; in short, we cannot absolutely determine, whether or no the Eyes are not like Glasses differently cut, which after that Manner changes the Colours of Objects.

There are Men of Sense, as well as Wit, who think differently of every Thing. Those who are endow'd with a fine and delicate Manner of discerning, conceive those Things under nice *Ideas* to be the same as they really are: *Wits* of a narrower Size generally conceive but the superficial Part of Objects. Subtle *Wits* define too much, and evaporate all their Conceptions into vain Imaginations. The Difference which is observable in these, arises from the Disposition of the Organs, Diversity of the Fibres of the Brain, and the Substance wherewith it is fill'd. It is not to be doubted, but that these Things, altho' purely material, contribute to the Beauty and Nicety of Wit, because the Soul, when it is enclos'd in the Body, depends on the Organs, and those, when well-dispos'd, are of much greater Aid to it in the Performance of its Duty. Suppose a Painter be never so expert, he must have a Pencil for his Purpose, when he has aim'd to draw fine and delicate Lines.

According to the Maxims of this Philosophy, it is easie to judge why Persons of Quality have generally more Penetration, Vivacity and Spirit, than those of a meaner Rank: For tho' good Education infinitely contributes to the polishing and perfecting of Wit, yet 'tis certain, that good Nourishment, and the Juice of nice Meats, which mixes with the Blood, and other Humours of the Body, subtilizes them, and renders them more proper for the Functions of Nature. 'Tis
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perhaps for this Reason Men of Spirit have an odd Fire and Liveliness in their Eyes, which distinguishes them from other Persons, whose Stupidity is perceiv'd by their dull and languishing Eyes.

The little Care taken in forming the Reasons of some Men, is the Cause why they produce so little in their Actions; Children have Masters to teach them to *Dance* and *Sing*, &c. but few or none to form their Minds, and teach them good Sense; that is not thought of; which is therefore the only Reason why most Men are more govern'd by *Caprice* and *Fancy*, than by the Guide of their Reason, which is not sufficiently cultivated. It must be observ'd too, that few Men are willing to curb their Passions, for all their Applications are only to find out Means to justify them, and when they are forc'd to own themselves to be in the wrong, they answer they cannot help it.

'Tis not enough for Men to know in what Condition they are, and their Duty in that State, if they have but Courage to maintain it; but they generally flatter themselves that the World has nothing to reproach them with, tho' gross Faults expose them with Justice to the Publick Censure; Vanity and Presumption hinders them from knowing themselves, and doing themselves Justice, because they have not the true discernment they ought to have. Mens Self-conceit suggests them a Thousand false Maxims to render their Faults unperceivable to themselves.

'Twould without doubt be a very bold Enterprize to endeavour the ——— of some Men; for to do it, the whole Course of their Lives ought to be chang'd: This Project is as difficult as that of endeavouring to change Features of their Faces. But as there are Ways to whiten, and take all Blemishes from the Face, so perhaps there may be Means found out of

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reforming their Manners: Conversation, or Knowing the World, is of the greatest Importance to it; for People Bred at Court, tho' they are not always of the most sublime Genius, yet they judge indifferently well on most Subjects, and speak reasonably of every thing. Men, tho' but of indifferent Sense, who use good Conversation, appear much more Polite than those of readier Wit unus'd to Company. Those who are not accustom'd to good Manners, know no better than to discourse of things out of the Way, which happen not in the Conversation of the World, for they have no Knowledge of what is truly agreeable: Their Language is meer Jargon, and they appear aukward in the Company and Conversation of Polite People, and for want of studying the Gift of Pleasing, they become Noisie and Troublesome.

The Knowledge which teaches Men to live among People of Civility and Manners is certainly preferable to any other; for tho' the Precepts are but few, the Practice of them are very difficult, and require more Care than every Body will take: A Man must learn to dissemble his Dislike of every thing under the Disguise of good Humour and Pleasantry. Knowing how to converse, is knowing how to Oblige; in fine, it is the best Method of pleasing, the shortest Way of gaining the Good-will of every Body. Men ought to fashion themselves to the Humours and Opinions of their Friends. If they are Fickle and Capricious, the others ought to be so too, and endeavour to comply with them in their Fancies.

Vain Persons are easily perswaded that they have some extraordinary Qualifications, whereby they out-do all their Rivals; their Folly is to Esteem none but themselves, and to have a Disregard for the rest
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of Mankind. If they are oblig'd to allow that they have committed some Faults, they are soon reconciled to themselves again, because they think they are made up by some other rare Perfections they are Masters of. 'Tis thus that the Love of themselves seduces them: But if they indulge themselves much, they treat other Men with the more Severity, and pardon nothing they find amiss in them; for they have a Secret Pleasure in Backbiting those whose Personal Merit surmounts theirs.

But it is high time, after this long Digression, to return to our Story again, where we shall find *Hippolito* acting the most Generous thing, and *Zarah* the most Niggardly Unfriendly Part in the World. A certain Old Acquaintance, both of *Hippolito* and hers, making Application to her Highness, amidst the Suitors that waited on her for Preferment, got, after much Solicitation, the Promise of Favour, if he would bring her Information of a Vacancy proper to be bestow'd on him: He waited some time with Patience, as those that attend on Courts must do; at last he heard of something which he thought was for his Purpose, tho' it was with much Diligence he got the first Intelligence: he was satisfied for all the Pains he had taken, because he was sure his Interest was good, and rely'd entirely on it; accordingly he went, and told *Zarah*, *He had got Information of something whereby she might make his Fortune for ever, and he was confident he was come early enough, before it could possibly be dispos'd of.* *Zarah* seem'd pleas'd at this Relation, and told him, *She was glad he found out such a Thing that she could serve him in, and therefore promis'd him, if he would attend on her next Day, she would give him an Answer, which she did not question but would be to his Satisfaction.* Away went our New Courtier with full Expectations

ons of being put in Possession of his Desires when he came again; he cou'd not forbear smiling to himself to think of the Old Proverb, *That a Friend at Court was as good as Gold in a Man's Pocket*. But it wou'd have mov'd a Stock to some extravagant Action to have been disappointed after that manner this fancied Favourite was.

The next Morning, according to Appointment, he waited at *Zarah's* Apartment, with Pleasure in his Looks, and Satisfaction in his Mind, when in a short time her H——s came to him, and thus accosted him. *I am heartily sorry Sir, you have given your self so much Trouble to enquire after that Business you were telling me of, for it was Yesterday dispos'd of before I had Notice to make Application for it.* These Words struck the Poor Gentleman all on Heaps, that he had not one Word to say for himself; which *Zarah* perceiving, and knowing what a Treacherous Trick she had play'd him, in disposing of that she had actually promis'd him, and which he had inform'd her of first, nay, which she was in Gratitude for former Services oblig'd to do for him, she proceeded thus, *Sir, you seem concern'd, but I promise you I will do whatever lyes in my Power to serve you. The Gentleman that has obtain'd this Preferment I believe is Needy, and I fancy I cou'd prevail upon him to resign it if you will give Five Thousand Florins, which it is very well worth.* Madam, said he, *I am not worth One Florin in the World, and I can assure you if I had been worth Five Thousand, your Highness shou'd have been the last Person in World I wou'd have ask'd a Favour of.*

Zarah was something concern'd at his Resentment, for fear of Stories, and therefore endeavour'd to soften him as well as she cou'd, for Five Thousand Florins was dearer to her than the best Friend that had spent his

his Fortune in her Service. However, she pacify'd him for the present, and sent him Home with Assurance, as she thought, of her future Favours, which he seemingly shou'd a Belief of; but went away with the utmost Resentment in his Breast, and resolv'd he wou'd acquaint *Hippolito* with her Usage to him, which he did by the first Opportunity he cou'd meet with: But, good Heavens! How was *Hippolito* amaz'd when heard him relate the Particulars. *Is it possible,* said he, *that she can be so ungrateful and perfidious to you whom we both owe so much to? I am asham'd of it, and blush to think it shou'd be named, therefore let it be forgotten, nor let her know I have heard of it, but take Five thousand Florins here, with that he gave him a Bill for the Money, and pay it her for her Place; for she will be Zarah in spite of Hippolito.*

Much about the same time *Ufrania*, a Lady about the Court, one who had good Interest formerly in the House of *Albania* made Application to *Zarah* for a Favour, but at the same time knowing her Highness's Disposition, brought a Pledge along with her, which without Ceremony she offer'd to her; with earnest Solicitations that she wou'd please to accept of it. *Zarah* took the Present, and looking upon it very narrowly, found it was not worth what she might get, or at least what she expected, for such a Piece of Service, return'd it to the Lady again with this Compliment, *Madam*, said she, with all the Subtilty of the Serpent, *methinks I am loth to rob you of such a Jewel as this; it looks like a Family Relick, and I don't question but you set a great Value upon it; besides, I am cloy'd with Presents of this Kind, and have great Occasions for Money; Five thousand Florins wou'd please me much better, and it may be you may esteem that Jewel at double the Value; when at the same time she knew the Jewel cou'd not be worth above a Thousand*
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Florins, and that was as much as was thought fitting by the Lady to offer for the Favour she ask'd of her; for she knew beforehand it was necessary to bid a Market Price, but cou'd not believe *Zarah* had been so unconscionable as to overstand the Market. Therefore she went away with Regret, so Noble a Present wou'd not prevail with an Old Acquaintance to use her kindly.

But alas, this was nothing to *Zarah*, for a near Relation of hers making a kind Entertainment for her One Night; in the midst of their Satisfaction, thought it might be proper to move her Highness, out of Compassion to do something for an Infant or Two she had sitting with her at Table: *Madam*, said she, *these are some of your own Blood, that may one Day live to thank you, if you will be so kind as to remember them when Opportunity serves.* This, tho' spoke with all the Modesty and regard possible to *Zarah's* Quality, put her in such a Passion, as her Highness was subject to when she had not a mind to be troubled with Solicitations, *Madam*, answer'd *Zarah*, *I thought you had known me better; what, do you take me for Queen of Albigion, that you apply your self to me, as if I cou'd grant what I pleas'd? I'll assure you,* continued she, *I have the Disposal of nothing but——;* and so she broke up the Entertainment abruptly; mean while the poor Lady was ready to expire betwixt Grief, Anger and Resentment.

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